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VOICES OF PEACE

A LITERARY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
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VOLUME I

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Victory, Peace, Progression, three
Offered themselves in the making of me.

I was reborn, and it happened thus:

Cold in my closet under the dust
Each year had laid, as each year must—
Some thirty years I had lain by myself—

Oh, a cry I heard, upon my shelf,
For a paper for Peace. I heaved a sigh.

Perhaps,” I thought, “it can really be I,
Even though old and forgotten I lie.”

And I hastened to answer, and sprang into view.

Certainly now, when I’m fresh and new,
Each page of me, reader, holds something for you.

M. C. H.

VOICES OF PEACE

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1920

No. 1

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VOICES OF PEACE APPEARS AGAIN

After twenty-five years of obscurity, VOICES OF PEACE is making its appearance once more. The Literary Society which has the higher average for the quarter in the English classes has the privilege of editing the magazine for that quarter. Although this time that privilege falls to the Sigma Phi Kappa Society, the magazine is representative of the whole student body. It is with the greatest enthusiasm that we undertake to place a magazine for Peace before the public.

We are hoping for big things through our magazine, and with the assured coöperation of our student body we feel confident that it will mean a really progressive step for Peace. We want our magazine to be the embodiment of our life here and the ideals for which we stand. For this type of magazine every single one of us must coöperate. Are we as a whole going to stand behind our new magazine and make it what we really want it to be?

WHAT ARE WE CONTRIBUTING TO PEACE?

What are we contributing to Peace? Are we doing all in our power to make it a bigger, better place than it was when we came? And do we realize that every single thing we do to make Peace broader and better makes us individually just that much broader and better?

What are our ideals for Peace? We wish nothing less than the very best for her. How shall we get this? Let's keep up that fine spirit of loyalty for her which will be the strongest bond of union we can have in our student body. Let us take an active interest in school activities. Our studies do not offer us the only benefit we should receive from our life here. Let us be interested in athletics, in our societies and in our class activities. Let us always be willing and ready to do our part, whether it be that of leadership or of loyal support. Let us show that we are a live part of our school. What are we going to contribute to Peace?

THE TENNIS BALL

It was one of those invigorating spring afternoons, in late March. The fresh air of the little flower garden was filled with the mingled breaths of hyacinths and violets. The rose vine spread itself proudly on the white fence. The small walks were smooth with a recent raking. The little white gate opened and two men, clad in white trousers and tennis shoes, strode into the garden, swinging tennis rackets.

"Well, Bob! I'm in a fix now! Those school girls make our house a Saturday night eating-place because it's so near and 'Sis' won't stop 'em! She just called up from over there and said she was going to bring another one of those silly idiots for dinner tomorrow night!" All this tall, dark-haired Jake blurted out sarcastically. "She said if I didn't like the one she was bringing this time, she'd never bother me with the entertainment of another of her friends! But I politely told her I'd leave town if she did!" he snapped in triumph. Then as an uncertain frown crept over his face, he added half dejectedly, "You see, Bob, I'm doggone tired of this Saturday night entertainment!"

Bob laughed, though a little dubiously, as they passed on through the garden and neared the tennis court, at the further end. Just as they were about to proceed to their respective sides, Bob twisted his racket in the earth for an instant, then turned to Jake and asked, "Jake, what kind of a girl do you admire, anyway?"

Jake rested his racket on the ground and propped one hand on his hip, "Well, I'll tell you!" he replied. "I like a good sport that has some sense! And black hair is preferable!"

Nothing else was said, each strode to his side of the court, in silence.

"Ready!" snapped Jake.

"Serve!" came in response and the deferred tennis game began.

One side of the tennis court was bordered with a hedge, and on the opposite side of the street rose a high, board fence, over which, at present, floated echoes of "Put 'er in, 'Sil'!" "Guard 'er, Ruth!"

But the tennis game went swiftly on, undisturbed.

"That's the second one in succession, Bob! I'll beat this one! Just wait and see! Ready!" he yelled as he tossed the ball into the air and whizzed it over.

With a swift sling of the racket, Bob returned it and stood back with a broad grin.

Then, with a quick "Unh!" Jake leaped back and with a fierce sweep, sent it over the hedge and on over the board fence.

"Gosh! You sure gave her a lick, Jake! Better cool down a little, old fellow!" laughed Bob.

"I'll be back in a minute!" announced Jake, and, as he threw his racket on the grass, he sprang over the hedge and across the street. Then while Bob spread himself lazily on the grass and chuckled, he clambered over the board fence.

As he jumped down into the weeds on the other side, he noticed with a disgusted grunt, the crowd of excited girls, clad in black bloomers and red caps, formed by middy ties; then he began the search.

"Well! Hello, Bud! Where'd you come from?" yelled one of the excited girls. "Oh, you've lost your tennis ball, have you?" she inquired, as he straightened himself to meet her. "Come on, girls! Let's help him find his ball!" she called enthusiastically.

About ten girls ran from the Basketball Court and searched in the weeds with pretended eagerness, all the time eyeing Jake, while a few loitered in groups on the court.

"Here it is! I've got to go, Martha!" exclaimed Jake, and turned disgustedly to recross the fence.

"Say, Bud! Wait a minute!" pleaded Martha, and Jake eyed her with an almost malignant gaze.

"'Sil', come here a minute!" she called.

"'Sil' turned quickly from the group of chattering girls and looked in Martha's direction. Then, trying in vain to push a black curl back under her headgear, she walked confidently towards them.

"Brother! Miss Gish, I want you to meet my brother!"

Instantly the disgusted frown disappeared and a pleasant smile took its place.

"Why, Miss Gish! I'm very glad to meet you!" he forced.

"Thanks! I'm glad to meet you! Glad you found the ball so easily!" returned "'Sil" indifferently, and she turned to walk away.

Jake tossed the ball in the air a second and then, as he watched the slim retreating figure, he looked at Martha mysteriously.

"Sis, if you *will* have somebody Saturday night, let's have her!" he suggested earnestly.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, '20.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY INNS

When one enters the modern hotel of today and registers for a room, he accepts as a matter of course the services which are rendered him, the comforts and conveniences, the modern appointments, the well prepared food and efficient waiters. But if he should be suddenly transplanted to a fifteenth century inn he would without doubt encounter remarkable differences. These inns were as a whole of the same type, but different in degrees of size and management. The types which we shall study are those described in Charles Reade's book, *The Cloister and The Hearth*.

The first inn which Gerard sought shelter in during his long and wearisome journey to Italy, was scarcely worthy of the name but is interesting on account of its unique character. Gerard, after parting from his sweetheart and turning his head towards Rome, was lost in a dense forest and was stumbling blindly through a pouring rain when he suddenly perceived a light in the distance. He hastened towards it and found himself before a small, one-room house, lighted with many candles. Opening the door, he peered inside and the following picture met his eyes: A large, low-ceiled room, in the center of which was a huge, round stove. Grouped around this stove were some forty or more rustics—men, women and children. A vigorous steam issued from clothing none too clean, and mingled with the odor of garlic. Gerard, forced by the elements, finally entered, and after asking a few questions of the natives, who seemed surprised at his ignorance, discovered that the name of his present lodging was the Star of the Forest, and that the good dame in a far corner of the room was the landlady. Inquiring for supper, he found that the hour for dining was past, and on humbly asking for a place to sleep, he was informed that the beds had not yet come, and, moreover, that "Inns were not built for one." On

this latter remark our hero quietly subsided and "awaited the beds," whenever and from wherever they might be coming. Eventually, they arrived, thrust in through the door by a pitchfork and proving nothing more nor less than fresh hay. The hour for retirement had now come, "and soon they were all asleep—men, maids, wives, and children, all lying higgledy-piggledy, and snoring in a dozen keys, like an orchestra slowly tuning."

Such was Gerard's first adventure in a German inn. The second was more typical of its kind. Arriving late one evening at a small village he approached the inn, where he detected no signs of life. On hallooing for the inn-keeper a head was thrust out of an upstairs window and an indifferent voice directed him to a side entrance. He entered and found himself in the public room, which corresponds probably to our lobby. He waited patiently by the stove for nearly an hour and then addressed the waiter, asking when supper would be ready. The answer was that it would be when thrice as many guests had arrived, and the waiter added what seemed to be the slogan of the time, "Inns are not built for one." However, the meal when it was served was plenteous, if not of the most digestable nature. Such a conglomeration of broths, spiced meats, peppered meats, salted meats, and, in short, nothing but meat, if we except the inevitable beer and the last unique dainty, the cheese. Gerard's sleeping quarters were a slight improvement, in that he was assigned to a bed, but this luxury was probably overbalanced by the fact of the room-mate he was obliged to share it with, said roommate being extremely active and talkative, whether asleep or awake.

Although he was very glad when the time for departure came, we doubt if Gerard's next lodgings were more commodious. The next inn was unable to provide food, but was glad to furnish a place to sleep. Gerard slept that night among the kine and awoke next morning to discover that one of the gentle

creatures had calmly devoured his pillow while he slept; not knowing that her breakfast of hay had served for such.

We now come with Gerard to Burgundy, the beloved country of his companion and friend, the irresistible Demp. At their first stop they were met by the landlord, bowing and smiling. A chair was dusted by the mistress and they were begged to "make themselves the trouble of being seated." Supper was ordered for two, it seeming that here one guest was as important as forty. They were entertained by both the landlady and her daughter, and when bedtime came, were shown to a room with nice white beds and clean linen.

The two companions left next morning with something of regret, and well they might, for their next night's repose was far from peaceful. We shall not describe their encounter at the next inn with robbers too fully, because it would not be just to give so much space to this house, which was an exception. Suffice it to say that Gerard and Demp escaped without serious injury after having killed or taken prisoners the seven men leagued with the landlord to rob and kill them.

There was one more pleasant inn, the Fête d'Or, but Gerard was robbed of any enjoyment he might have had in its accommodations by the foolish behavior of the landlady, with the beautiful white hands, who was forever trying to draw attention to their perfections. He doubtless had other experiences at similar places, but they are not recorded, and we must be content with these few glimpses which, nevertheless, tell us much of the customs and people of that day.

JEAN McGINN, '21.

THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

The rising gong was awful late,
It didn't ring till nearly eight;
And when it rang the heat was on,
And all the rooms were nice and warm.
The proctor smiled, and shouted, "Well,
We'll all sleep on till breakfast bell."
But no one was sleepy, and so we rose
And every girl put on her clothes
Inside her room, not on the stair,
And every girl arranged her hair.
As soon as we heard the breakfast chime
We left our rooms, and got on time,
And on the tables were bowls and bowls,
Of fruit, and nuts, and quail, and rolls.
And the coffee was hot and the teachers were there
With fancy combs stuck in their hair,
With lips rouged red, and cheeks rouged pink
And eyes as black as the blackest ink,
And some had even had their brows pecked,
And some wore ear-bobs that reached their necks.
When the meal was finished, we started to talk,
But no bell rang to go to walk;
And none of us had to go to school,
Do you believe that?—*April fool!*

M. C. H.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS IN THE SOUTH

Superstition has existed among the negroes ever since the beginning of the race itself. In Africa, they worshipped idols, and had many curious and superstitious ways of serving their gods. When African slaves were sold to the American Colonies, they were still as ignorant and superstitious, and as devoted worshippers of "stocks and stones" as their ancestors, and naturally brought with them to this country their ideas of spirits, ghosts, witches, and devils, which were as real to them as the people with whom they associated.

The South is the home of superstition because it is the home of the negro. Only those people who live in the South know to what extent superstition has continued throughout the ages, and how much it has affected the negro race. All my life I have lived on a southern plantation and have been directly associated with the negro and his numerous superstitions. Having been nursed by an old-time negro mammy, I naturally imbibed many of these superstitions, and, as a child, had the utmost faith in a rabbit's foot and an asa-fœtida bag.

We are told that the Africans worshipped the moon. We can therefore see today why the moon inspires the negro with peculiar awe, and the darkness fills him with dread. "De elements," as the heavens are termed, are studied for signs. The belief in the moon as having more influence than the sun is prevalent. The average negro has not the faintest notion of astronomy, and of all the planets, the moon alone gets his real attention, unless there is a comet, when there is more or less fear. The negro will tell you that a red moon is a sign of cold weather, and a very pale moon a sure sign of snow. He has many ways of telling by the moon when it is going to rain. When the ends of the crescent moon turn up, he knows there will be a long dry spell, but when they turn down, there

will be a long wet spell, for then the moon is believed to empty the rain upon the earth. Hogs should always be killed in the full of the moon, because if they are killed at this time the meat and lard will turn out better. The negro also makes his soap in the full of the moon. Beans, too, must be planted then, in order to make them mature early and be plentiful.

The negro resorts to some curious methods of warding off diseases. His most common preventive is an asafœtida bag which he wears around his neck. His faith in the asafœtida bag is described in the poem, "Diseases," by John Charles McNeill:

I once et too much sparrow-grass
Dey thought I's dead 'ill I breaved on glass,
Consumption wrastle mighty strong;
St. Fighters dance fou't fast en long;
De fox-fire got among my spleen
En yallar Jonnies turn't me green;
Brown skeeters wouldn't lemme breave,
En de collar marbles made me heave;
But I kyored myse'f as you kin see,
Wid calamis root en hore houn' tea.
Nen all my life I ain't seed fit
To go to no horse-spittle yit.

Dis here nigger he don't brag,
But 'round his neck he totes a bag,
En in dat bag jis sniff en see—
Bees a ball of assyfidity.

Almost every old southern negro wears a brass ring on his thumb. If you should ask why he wears a ring on that finger, he will answer, "Lordy, chile, I put dat ring dey two years ago and I ain't had no rheumatism since." Flannel strings tied around the ankle are also said to prevent rheumatism. A dime with a hole in it, attached to a string, tied around the ankle is said to keep one from having dropsy.

Not long ago, I asked Mandy, the washwoman, what her baby's name was. She said she had named the baby six different times, but yet she hadn't found a name that suited

it. Then I asked her how she could tell when a name suited the baby, and she replied, "Well, when dey cries all de time and ain't sick, jus change de names and dey'll be good, and *den* if dey ain't good—well, you'll jus have to keep on changing dey name 'till dey are." I told her that perhaps the child was fretful because it was teething, and not because it disliked its name. Mandy replied, "Nowm, 'tain't dat, 'cause when dey're teethin' I keeps buzzard's quills strung around dey neck and de'll sho keepum from being so cross." But I asked, if the quills would not stick in their eyes? Mandy answered, "Oh no'um, Miss, I cuts um fine lak beads and strings um and dey plays wid um and chews um, an' it beats dese pacifiers and rubber rings dat cost so much!"

Negroes have three ways of getting rid of warts. One way is dipping the hands into a decayed stump where rain-water is, and, with the face turned towards the stump, saying, "Barley-corn, barley-corn, injun meal short, spunk-water, spunk-water, swallow these warts!" Then one must walk away quickly, eleven steps with his eyes closed, turn around three times and walk home without speaking to any one; for, if he speaks, the charm is broken.

Another way of removing warts is with a bean. You split the bean, then cut the wart so as to get some blood, and put the blood on one piece of the bean. Then you bury this piece about midnight, in the dark of the moon, at a cross-roads, after having burned the rest of the bean. The piece of bean that has the blood on it will keep drawing to get the other piece to it, and that helps the blood to draw the wart, and soon "off she comes."

A third way to get warts off is taking a dead cat about midnight to a grave-yard, where a very wicked person has been buried. Soon some devils will come. You will know the devils are present because you can hear their voices, which sound like the wind. When they begin to talk, throw the

cat at them and say, "Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with ye!" A darky will tell you that this way will "fetch any wart." This, however, is the last tried means of getting warts off, because it is almost impossible to get a negro near a grave-yard at night.

The negro lives in never-ending fear of "evil eyes," or omens. An owl is considered the bird of ill omen, and for an owl to hoot close to the house, is a sign of death.

"W'en de screech-owl on de gable en',
En holler 'Whoo-oo, oo-oo!'
Den yo' bettuh keep yo' eye-ball peel,
Kase 'e bring bad luck to yo'!"

But there is a way to make the owl leave, and I learned this from the hired man, who, by way of apology for being late one morning, said he hadn't slept well the night before, because just as he had fallen asleep an owl began to "screech" nearby and he was obliged to get up, turn his left shoe upside down over a straight crack in the floor, and knock on the floor three times before the owl would go away. But this was not all of Jake's trouble; he had a dreadful nightmare and had to put some scissors in his bed to make the nightmare go away.

The smallest negro can always predict rain by the actions of fowls. For instance, when birds and small chickens fly close to the ground for a yard or two at a time and light, there will surely be rain.

"Wen de puddle-duck 'e leave de pon'
En start t' comb e' fedder,
Den yo' bettuh tek yo' omberel
Kase dey's gwine tubbe wet-wedder!"

The negro's method of "making it rain" is to kill a snake and hang it on a bush. This will bring rain within three days.

Lightning bugs or "jack-o'-lanterns" are objects of supreme terror. They are supposed to be luminous ghosts, rather playful than wicked, but at the same time greatly feared. If you want to see a negro really run, let him come suddenly to a swamp where these "will of the wisps" bob around. He will "go so fast he whizzes," as one of them described the flight of another. Fox fire on the ground or on wood is said to be a witch's footprints. A black cat with yellow eyes is another sign that witches are around.

"W'en de ole black cat, widde yaller eyes,
Slink aroun' lak she atterer mouse,
Den yo' bettuh tek cayre—yo' se'fen frien's
Kase dey's sholy a witch en de house!"

Friday is considered the most unlucky of all days. Negroes say if a task begun on Friday is not completed on the same day, you will never live to finish it. If you are born on Friday, you will be unlucky all your life. If you are born on Saturday you will always have to work hard.

They say that if the owner of a bee-hive dies, the bees must be told about it before sunrise the next morning or they will all weaken, quit work, and die.

The darkey has the greatest horror of death, but occasionally you will find one brave enough to try his fate by looking into a well on the longest day in the year at twelve o'clock. If he sees a coffin, it is a sign of a sudden or unusual death. He declares with wide-open eyes, "It sho is de truff."

The negro bad luck signs are numerous. The most common, and the ones that he avoids constantly, are, meeting a hearse, carrying a hoe through the house, raising an umbrella in the house, and, worst of all, breaking a mirror, for that means seven long years of bad luck. Then you should never count the things to be put on the table, or shake a table-cloth after sundown. If a rabbit should cross the road in

front of you, better stop and turn your pockets wrong side out before going further or there is bad luck ahead for you. If you should forget something so that it is necessary for you to turn and go back for it, before turning around you should make a crossmark and "go 'round" three times. If you should kill a toad-frog, your mother or some near relative will die.

I once knew a lady whose cook was to be married on Valentine's Day. The lady kindly offered to make the wedding cake, and she thought it would be very appropriate to decorate it with red hearts. When the cook came for the cake the next morning, the lady brought it out and asked her how she liked it.

"All 'cept dem red hearts, Miss Win'."

"But Martha, you know it's Valentine's Day!"

"Yessum, I knows dat too, but Miss Win', didn't you know dat red am a sign of blood?" Whereupon the red hearts had to be taken off.

There are good luck signs as well as bad luck signs. If you should find a rusty horseshoe in the road, it will bring good luck to you if you hang it over the gate.

Belief in conjuring is another thing that stirs the imagination of the negro. A conjurer is thought to be a very wise person, whether a man or a woman, and is believed to have magical power. The conjurer gets pay from your enemy to conspire against you or "put a spell on you." If you have been conjured, the only way to be cured is to call in a "witch doctor." He is said to cure the conjured person by building a fire in the center of a circle and stirring it with a black stick until the stick has been entirely burned. Then he takes two bottles. In the larger one he puts a dried frog with a neck-tie of red flannel, and, in the smaller, a bug fixed in the same way. The large bottle is then wrapped in red flannel and buried under the house, directly under the sick

person's bed, while the small bottle is buried under the front door-steps. There are many ways of curing a conjured person, but this is the most common way.

The belief in ghosts and "hants" is very amusing. Ghosts are rarely ever seen by negroes in the day, but after night-fall they lurk behind every black stump and tree, and not the bravest negro would willingly go through a wood after sundown without a hare's foot in his hand. A hare's foot is thought to contain some unusual strength that the "hant" will not approach. The ghost is supposed to be the apparition of a departed soul who before death had some special grudge against you, and who punishes you by returning to "hant" you. An old colored woman died on my father's plantation last year, and when I asked her son if she were to be buried that day, Ike answered, "No'um, Mis', we always keeps our folks out until the sun has risen and set again after they dies, for if dey are buried de same day, dey'll sho come back and hant you." Ike also told me that when money is put on "dead folks' eyes," all the mirrors and pictures must be turned to the wall, for if you see your reflection you will die within three days.

The negro believes that after a person dies, he longs to be on earth again, and is allowed to return to his favorite haunt after sundown. Last summer I happened to overhear a conversation between our cook and the cook next door. The cook next door had started home and the nearest way was through a small stretch of woods. Near the woods was a small log cabin where Aunt Clarisse, an old darky, had died shortly before. Since her death the path through the wood had seldom been used after dark. The conversation was as follows:

"Lily, come walk to the woods with me."

"Oh go on, nigger, Aunt Clarisse don't want you."

"Now Lily, if you don't go wid me I'll haf to walk all de way 'round de road."

"Oh go on! If she gets atter you, jus' run."

"Now Lily," came the pleading answer, "you know I can't out-run a hant!"

Last year Colonel Olds took a crowd of Peace girls to walk, and we visited a colored cemetery in South Raleigh. We noticed that many of the graves were covered with broken bits of looking-glass. We asked the keeper, who was an aged colored man, the reason for this, and he replied that it was to keep out the "hants" which usually infest grave-yards. He told us that this kind of "hant" flies low to the ground, and looks quite closely to see if there is any way of getting into the grave, but that, when it sees itself in the looking-glass, it is frightened by its own reflection and gets away as quickly as possible. Colonel Olds told us that in Africa bright colored objects are put on sticks near the graves, and are hung so that they flutter in the wind, and frighten the "hants" away.

I have given a few examples of the weird beliefs and superstitions which have dominated the minds of the negro race in the South for over four hundred years. Superstitions is indeed the chief characteristic of the Negro race. However, during the last decade, as the negroes are becoming educated, many of these ideas and superstitions have been gradually passing away.

There is a poetic sadness in the disappearance of the old "Uncles" and "Aunties" of our childhood, who, to us, have immortalized the nursery rhymes. We shall miss the dusky old brow whose wrinkles told of toil and sweat and sorrow, the old black hand which rocked our cradles and fanned the fever from our brows. Old Black Joe is gone, his little log cabin is crumbling and the owl and the bat seek shelter amid its ruins. The "Old Oaken Bucket" and the familiar well-

sweep have disappeared. Gone, too, are the fiddle and the bow. "Once their irresistible witchery charmed the wee sma' hours and inspired the song and dance the live-long night."

"God bless the forlorn and ragged remnant of a race which is now passing away. May the green turf rest lightly on their ashes, and the wild flowers deck every lonely grave where 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' May their golden dreams of golden slippers, of golden streets, of golden harps, and of golden crowns have become golden realities."

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22.

SAID JAMES PETER BRAWLEY OF PEACE

Said James Peter Brawley of Peace,
"The stars from their shining do cease.
Now heed my advice
Or you'll pay the price
And be wrapped up in flannels and grease."

Then spoke Miss McLlland of Peace,
"We'll risk it this one time, at least,
And if you get wet
Don't grumble and fret,
Run quickly and swiftly to Peace."

And so to the concert we went,
Hearts solely on pleasure were bent,
But, oh, how it rained!
Our best clothes were stained!
For not minding we sore did repent.

And now, "Prophet Brawley" of Peace,
Good opinions of you increase,
So tell us again
If it looks like rain
That we may shun flannels and grease.

L. W., '22.

PEACE AT THE DES MOINES CONVENTION

Peace was to be represented at the Student Volunteer Convention! This thought brought a thrill to the heart of every Peace girl. Needless to say, the hearts of those of us who were to represent her beat with a peculiar fierceness whenever the thought came to us. For some reason it seemed unreal, rather like a dream. Our Christmas holidays were filled with thoughts of the Convention.

Finally the day of our departure, December 29th, arrived. Arrangements had been made for the delegates from both the Carolinas to meet in Asheville. It was late Monday night when our train pulled in and we were shown our berths. When we awoke Tuesday morning we found that the Carolina Special had already carried us far from our homes. We were somewhere in Kentucky when the train suddenly came to a standstill. We first thought we were sidetracked, but found we were in a very small town, known as Pine-Knot. There was a wreck ahead and there would be no diner for several hours. The two small combination stores of which Pine-Knot boasted were stripped of everything to eat. This made our breakfast consist of cheese, lemon-snaps and sardines. The railroad tracks served as a dining-room, and thus the hours passed merrily. Finally, at a signal from the conductor, we found our way back to our cars and again we were on our way. Before we reached Des Moines, we had passed the High Bridge in Kentucky, we had seen the moonlight on the Wabash, we had seen the beautiful Ohio, and the Mississippi frozen over. We had ridden on the Southern, "Big Four," and Rock Island railroads.

Our arrival at Des Moines was ideal. Snowflakes fell thick and fast as we got off the train. Registration came first, after which we found our assigned homes. We Peace

girls were delighted to learn that we were all assigned to the same home. This proved to be quite a delightful place. Our hostess, Mrs. Boyd, was a French instructoress at Des Moines College, while Mr. Boyd was studying law at Drake University. Through an accident, while with the Marines, Mr. Boyd had lost his sight. His cheerfulness was one of the most inspiring things of the trip.

The morning meetings were held in the Coliseum. It was dazzling to see this immense building, which seated seven thousand people, filled to the brim. It was wonderful to realize that those seven thousand students, from all parts of the United States and Canada, were gathered for the same serious purpose. This in itself would have been quite worth the trip, but it was only one of the many worth while things. At each morning and night meeting we had the privilege of hearing such men as Dr. Mott and Mr. Spear.

The afternoon meetings, which were held in the different churches, were of a more personal nature. It was in these meetings that we learned about agricultural and medical missions. Here also, we met our own denominational missionaries. It made the meetings doubly interesting for the missionaries to tell of their work, and then for some of their converts to tell their experiences. After such a meeting could any one doubt the need, or the wonderful work, of missionaries?

Sunday, the day set for our return, came all too soon. We had not seen half enough, nor heard half enough lectures. Even in this short time we had been made to see the great need of the world for missionaries, and to realize that the world is looking to America to supply that need.

GRACE McNINCH, '21.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Association had its first meeting in the early part of the year. Everybody was wide awake and full of enthusiasm. The new girls were as interested as the old ones. The following officers were elected:

Anabel Sloan, President.
Laura Bell French, Vice-President.
Eleanor Hales, Secretary.
Dorothy Alderman, Treasurer.

After the election of officers, Miss Cornick explained the various ways in which points could be won for P. I.'s and for the two sides. A committee was appointed from the Greens and Whites, to choose the new members.

The Greens and Whites have not yet had a regular basketball game. But there is a practice game between the teams every day. Volley ball seems to be the most popular game. Every day the court is crowded to overflowing. Then follow such shrieks and yells as one has never heard before. A passer-by would be tempted to believe that there was more rooting than playing; but such is not the case. In the fall tennis was also a popular game. The courts are now practically deserted, but there is no need for worry for spring will end this.

Oh, those walks! Everybody cannot play volley ball, basketball and tennis, but everybody *can* and *does* walk! With at least two of these sports going on each day, there is no reason why every girl should not get at least an hour of exercise, thus making a point for her side toward winning the cup.

The athletic spirit could not be finer. Rivalry between Greens and Whites continually grows keener but we have not dug up the hatchet which we buried at the very close of last year.

NEWS NOTES

A few days after our arrival at Peace, the Faculty, Senior Class, and students of Wynne Hall, entertained the student body on the lawn at Wynne Hall.

Early in October the faculty entertained the students with a reception in the Peace parlors.

About three weeks before Initiation, the Pi Theta Mu Literary Society entertained the new girls by a moving-picture party.

The following Monday the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society took the new girls for a visit to the Country Club.

One day during the fall, Mr. Allen, the manager of the Superba, gave the Peace students and faculty a moving-picture party.

November 1st. Heart thrills and throbs! The Peace girls attended the annual "Ag" reception at State College.

Vice-President Marshall honored Peace with a visit! He made a short but interesting and impressive talk.

Thanksgiving Day! Will it ever be forgotten? Practically the whole student body went to Chapel Hill for the Carolina-Virginia game. It was the most exciting game that the majority of the girls had ever witnessed. Everybody was hoarse for the next week—Carolina won!

Just after Thanksgiving the Presbyterian Church gave the Peace girls a reception.

On December 3d everybody went to hear John MacCormack at the Auditorium.

The Dramatic Club presented two one-act plays. Both were great successes.

The night before we went home Christmas, the Choral Club gave its semiannual concert.

On January 21st, everybody went to hear Galli-Curci.

The editors have a few copies of VOICES OF PEACE, sent to them by Mrs. Lily H. Brown (Miss Lily High), formerly of Chadbourn, now living at Chapel Hill. The copies were printed May, 1893, and January, 1894. The editors of the former were Misses Annie E. Rankin, Pattie Morris, Bessie Wharey and Ella McNeill. The first named is the mother of Katharine Carr. Bess Wharey is now Mrs. Charles Grey, Hendersonville, N. C.; Pattie Morris, Mrs. E. A. Cole; Charlotte, N. C. Miss Ella McNeill is very well-known as a trained nurse. She is now living in Laurinburg, N. C.

We find the following in the issue for May, 1893:

"Miss Augusta Graves, Class of '86, will sail this fall for Hangchow, China, where she purposed to assist Miss Helen Kirkland in her Mission School. The Girls' Missionary Society of Peace has decided to appropriate its offerings to the support of her teacher."

Miss Augusta Graves is the mother of Agnes White, 1917. She is now living in Yen Cheng, China. Agnes is there now with her mother. She studied at Agnes Scott for two years after she left here. Last spring she returned to China to be with her parents.

JOKES

Apply early so as to avoid the rush for "Pinkey" Boyd's blushes.

Cassandra Penn (wearing glasses for the first time): "What did you say, Miss Graham? I can't hear with these glasses on."

Miss Reid: "Compare *ill*."

Rachel Witherington: "Ill, sicker, worst."

Carrie Cheatham (who had just noticed the photographer taking pictures at the Carolina-Virginia game): "Oh look! You know this is going to be a rough game. There's the doctor already out there with his satchel."

Madame (in class): "What is the French word for molasses?"

Ruth Bowen: "Zip."

One of the new girls (when the elevator had stopped) turning to the elevator boy: "How much do I weigh?"

Miss Kelly: "What is the first thing we have to avoid in thinking?"

"Cat" Brewer: "Ourselves."

L. Pate (discussing the "Great Schism" in History Class): "The French cardinals revolted and decomposed the pope."

Janie Stevens (in History Class) giving a report: "Another man threw a taunt at him and hit him on the nose and disfigured him for life."

Mary C. Howard (in looking through a 1919 Goucher Annual for Miss Pfaff's picture and seeing on the college seal, ("Founded in 1885")): "Was this annual printed in 1885?"

Miss Ingraham: "Girls, what is a periodic sentence?"

Lucy Cooper: "One with lots of periods."

The following notice was found in the Chemistry Lab:
"Do not touch Susie Monroe."

Wanted: A new Senior Chemistry Rag.

Bennie Lee: "What is the root of all emotions?"

Margie Benoy: "The heart."

D. Lumley: "I wonder if we can get our pullman reservation all right?"

J. Eason (very much concerned): "I thought you all took the *sleeper* home."

UMBRÆ CÆSARIS

Three little girls went to a show;

Downtown at the Rialto.

They walked within and looked around

And then Jane made a sudden sound—

"Look at that sign above the door,

This high-brow stuff sure makes me sore,

EXITIO — EXITII,

Think they're classy, don't you see?"

She gave the sign a scornful look;

"They took it out of a Latin book!"

• • • • • • • •

Then suddenly she felt a start,

A palpitating of the heart,

Her gaze intent and closer grew;

She scanned the classic sign anew.

Then knowledge came like light from Heaven—

EXIT 10 and EXIT 11.

J. McG.

PEACE DIRECTORY

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President Senior Class	ELIZABETH ANDERSON
President Junior Class	GRACE McNINCH
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VOICES OF PEACE

VOL. I

MARCH, 1920

No. 2

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TAKING STOCK

Our year's work is nearly done. We have either lost or won. Whichever it be, we will do well to look back over the past months and see wherein we have failed and wherein we have made good.

If we have failed, let us not be discouraged but remember the story of Bruce and the Spider. Perhaps the remaining few weeks will furnish our seventh time, and if we try, try again, we too shall succeed.

If we have made good thus far, let us not stop till we have made a day's work of it. Let us not rest on our oars but take them up again and make the remaining weeks even better than the preceding ones, so that we may be a credit to ourselves, to our parents, and to our Alma Mater.

FOR MAN MUST EAT

"Naw suh! I jest ain't gwine stan' hit no longer! I jest naturally gonna assert my rights!"

The ancient darky seated on the wood-pile, addressed himself solely to the small, yellow mongrel at his feet, which gazed back at him with sympathetic eyes.

"Lydie jest allaz a'nagging and a'fussin', and she don't never let me git no res'! Seem lak she ain't satisfied less she got me working."

His gaze rested with an injured air on the half-split wood-pile, and then turned with a look of sullen defiance to the small negro cabin, from the chimney of which a line of thin, blue smoke curled lazily.

Presently the door opened, and a stout negress, whose gingham apron and flour-smeared hands betokened that she was in the process of cooking, stepped outside and gazed for a while in stern silence at the figure on the wood-pile. Righteous indignation was evident in every line of her figure.

"Marcellus Johnson," she demanded in a stentorian voice, "ain't I done tole you to bring in dat sto' wood? How I gwine cook 'thout no wood? I done tired o' your foolishness. You git up from there now and bring me in some wood! I ain't never seed such a trifling, no-count nigger in all my life. I got a good notion to come out there and knock you in the haid with a stick!"

With this dire threat, the wrathful form vanished into the house, slamming the door viciously to emphasize her last remark.

Marcellus had received this tirade in silence, but as the door closed upon his faithful spouse, he straightened himself with a look of determination.

"What I done tole you?" he inquired of the small dog. "I'se a peaceful man, I is, and I jest can't live here no longer. She jest pester the life outen me, an' I ain't gonna stan' hit. Lydie sho' is a argufying woman! She jest don't do nuthin' 'cept argue. Ain't I done 'nough work 'roun dis place 'thout I gits fussed at ever time I sets down ter res'?"

"Naw! I ain't gonna bring in no wood! I ain't gonna bring in no wood fer nobuddy! I'se tired o' work. I'se gonna stan' up fer my rights! I'se ——"

At this point, his soliloquy was rudely interrupted by a threatening voice from the kitchen window. "Marcellus Johnson, I ain't gonna tell you n'er 'nother time! Ef you don't bring that sto' wood in here immejiate, I ain't gwine give you nair bite 'er supper. Not nair bite!"

Upon the delivery of this ultimate statement Marcellus looked somewhat abashed. He half rose—then sat down again. "No, suh! I ain't gwine do hit!" he declared, but his tone somehow lacked conviction.

He gazed at the still sympathetic puppy as if for advice, but the faithful animal only wagged his tail in mute despair. Marcellus stirred uneasily. From the window there floated a delicious odor of frying bacon and boiled cabbage. The expression on the old darky's face was almost tragic. He sighed gently. To these other tantalizing odors was presently added the fragrant aroma of boiling coffee. Marcellus rose and stood for some minutes gazing silently towards the house. Then, stooping, he gathered up an armful of wood and started slowly towards the kitchen.

"Come on, dog," he said resignedly.

JEAN McGINN, '21.

SMILE

When the rising gong rings early,
A little after dawn,
'Course your eyes are very heavy,
And you'd like to stretch and yawn;
But though you'd like to stay in bed
And not get up at all,
Just forget that you feel sleepy,
And meet the proctor on the hall
With a smile!

If your work seems all a jumble,
And you flunk that awful test
You'd just set your heart on winning—
Do your very best;
If life doesn't seem worth living
And you almost want to die,
Give the world the best that's in you—
Hold your head up high—
And smile!

There's just lots and lots of trouble,
In this world today;
Life can't be all sunshine
No matter what we do or say.
We may not be so happy,
But if the other fellow's down,
Make his heart feel gladder,
And, instead of that sad frown,
Just smile!

Being happy never hurts—
It always does some good;
And we could all forget our troubles
If we only, only, would.
We may not dance, and play, and sing,
But there's one thing we can do;
It'll make ourselves feel better,
And help the other fellow, too:
A smile.

Lots of things are very catching—
For instance, Spanish "flu,"
But germs are not the only things,
For smiles are catching, too.
So forget your cares and troubles
And wreath your face in smiles,
And perhaps the thing you started
Will travel miles and miles—
One smile!

There are smiles, and smiles and smiles;
But all smiles mean the same;
They mean that you are trying hard
To be a sport, and play the game.
A smile is just a little thing,
But make it broad and snappy;
And if you pass it on today,
The world will be made happy
By a smile!

MARY E. BOOKER, '22.

THE RESOURCES OF ALASKA

Alaska was once believed to be economically valueless, and in 1867, Secretary Seward was violently criticized for his efforts toward consummating its purchase, but to-day America realizes that through the energies of this far-sighted statesman, it obtained not only a land of beauty—for Alaska is “a fairyland in the magic beauty of its mountains and waters”—but a land of wonderful resources. The worth of its stock-farms, agricultural products, forests, seals, fisheries, and mines is a story untold, since its development is hardly begun.

Twenty years ago, when the American Government introduced 1,280 domestic reindeer into those arctic regions, few realized the meaning this had for America today or for the world to-morrow. Then, the sole aim was to give the Eskimo economic independence—a sort of charity—but to-day Alaska's stock farms are very valuable. There are from one million to two million square miles of land available for grazing, in a climate which is too severe for cattle, but in which reindeer and musk-ox can exist for the entire year. Alaska is able to produce seven times as much meat as Canada—not mutton, but venison from herds of reindeer, for in due time it will support more than seven million reindeer, producing as much meat as fourteen million sheep, or seven times the present produce of Canada. Therefore she is able to feed a large part of the world.

Besides the stock farms, there are others which mean much—the truck farms of its great interior. The favorable geographic position aid these greatly, for the distribution of the mountain ranges and the diversity of climate and vegetation equal that of any other area on the globe. The climate of all the southern coast is greatly modified by the

warm Japan current. Through the long summer months of continuous daylight, nearly all kinds of temperate zone vegetables flourish in the broad fertile valleys. In 1907, the value of products from truck farms around the city of Fairbanks equaled fifty thousand dollars. Wheat, oats, and barley have matured at Rampart, not far from the Arctic Circle, and from this point through the southern coast, many of the field and garden products of the Northern States will grow with profit.

Alaska's vast forests are very valuable. These, rising from the coast and covering the mountains to a height of two thousand feet, consist of very durable yellow cedar, spruce, larch, fir of a very large size, and also cypress and hemlock. The Sitka spruce is the most characteristic and universal tree. It produces excellent timber. These great spruce forests are one of the principal lumbering resources of the United States, and rival the fir and pine forests of the Pacific Northwest and California.

The seal fisheries for many years constituted the chief effective resource, and the revenue derived from these always paid a good rate of interest on the government's outlay for the purchase of it. The annual catch of fur seals in the world has been estimated at 160,000 animals, of which 100,000 are taken in Alaskan waters. Congress has endeavored to enact laws which will regulate this industry and prevent the utter extinction of the seal, for from this source, the United States gets considerable income, especially from the rent of the islands of St. Paul and St. George—the home of the seal—and from the tax on seal skins.

The coast and rivers swarm with fish. These are economically most important. Fishing grounds extend along the coast from the extreme southeast past the Aleutians into Bristol Bay. Salmon are found in almost incredible numbers. The salmon output is more than one-half the total out-

put of the United States. The halibut, cod, and herring fisheries are one of its greatest assets. Herring and cod are especially abundant. Herring furnish oil and guano, and the young fish are packed as "sardines" at Juneau and exported.

But Alaska's mines are its greatest asset. Its vast mineral resources, in which both precious and useful minerals are well represented, are just beginning to be appreciated. Alaska produces more gold than California, Australia, or South Africa. The annual gold output of Seward peninsula alone, nearly equals the purchase price, and expert geologists say this contribution promises to remain as great for many years. The annual gold output of Alaska far exceeds the other industries—but only temporarily so, for the development of railroads will give copper and coal mines a fair chance. Alaska has more copper than twenty Buttes. In the valley of the Copper River, the world is likely to behold the most gigantic of all mining industries, for here are mountains ribbed with veins of the highest grade copper. Gravels of all the valleys are full of it. In many instances veins twenty feet in width and traceable for miles have been found. Most of these ores range in value from twenty to thirty per cent copper, and many carry as high as thirty dollars' worth of gold and silver in addition. One or two bonanza properties have uncovered large bodies of ore, sixty to seventy per cent copper. At Mt. Wrangell, the richest known copper fields in the world are found. Within an area of two hundred miles there is what expert mineralogists estimate as one billion dollars' worth. There is enough rich placer and latent quartz mining to employ five hundred thousand miners for the rest of the century. Near the coast, in the vicinity of Juneau, extensive quartz veins have been discovered. Some of them are "situated so advantageously with respect to working and transportation, that even with low-grade ore, large

returns have been obtained.” But coal is the greatest of Alaska’s minerals. In this she has no competitor. The coal mines cover more than six hundred thousand square miles, of which eight million acres have been surveyed in more or less detail. Coking, anthracite, and bituminous coal are to be found. The area of coking coal, which is of great value in a metaliferous region, where it is needed for ore-reduction processes, is considerable. The coal in Chickaloon Valley is one of the richest deposits in the world. “On this river one may view a geological phenomenon that nature has provided nowhere else. At certain points, the banks of the river rise in towering bluffs of anthracite coal, so that with pick and shovel the miner can fill his boat,” and float down the river to his home.

Once Alaska is opened to the sea, it will grow faster than Northwestern Canada, for here is room for thousands of prosperous farms and homes under the American flag. It is no longer a desolate land of ice and wolves, but a land of furs, forests, fisheries and wonderful mines.

MARY E. CORNELIUS.

THE MODERN GIRL

The girls of today
Have all gone astray
Concerning their mode of dress.
The clothes they wear
Make everyone stare,
And they continue to wear less.

The shoes they wear
Would drive to despair
Anyone longing for ease!
The high French heel
Makes the wearer feel
She'd fall down if she'd sneeze.

They fix their hair
In fashion so rare;
It seems to be quite the fad
To curl and rough it
Tangle and puff it;
They all seem to be going mad.

To paint the face
Was quite a disgrace
To the girls of long go;
But now, today,
Just the other way,
They must have it on—just so.

Now and then, in the crowd,
There's one not so proud
To be called a modern girl;
But she, instead,
Likes to have it said,
"She's a good old fashioned girl."

LUCY COOPER, '22.

THE FRONT SEAT

It was one of those hot, sultry afternoons in early August. Not a leaf on the maple trees in the Darwin's front yard stirred. An eager faced, golden haired girl appeared at the screened window of the big, white brick house. Her mouth dropped open and she whizzed away again, shouting in a clear, girlish voice, "They're comin' now! Hurry, Florence! Don't primp so much! Do come and help me with the tomato sandwiches!"

A big green car rolled up and honked in front of the walk, and a crowd of giggling girls and boys peered out.

"Come on! It's late now!" yelled Bill, the neat driver of the occasion, as he honked again.

Two excited girls rushed out, one with a basket and the other with coats, and scurried down the steps.

"Mary! Here's room for you in front!" called Bill confidently.

"Here's plenty of room here!" put in John as he gazed in Mary's direction and patted the back seat invitingly.

Mary carelessly climbed into the back seat and flopped down between freckled Dixie and John, while Florence energetically bounced in at the front. A disgusted frown crept over Bill's face.

"All right, Bill! Let's go!" suggested slender little Nell from a small seat in the rear.

Bill sulkily pulled back the gear and the car moved off.

"My! Doesn't this breeze feel good?" sighed Kate, by Nell's side.

"By Jove! I nearly forgot the candy!" exclaimed fat John as he laboriously stretched down to get it. So the feast began.

On they sped, first over asphalt streets and past pretty homes, then on to country roads and trees.

"Have another piece, Florence?" asked John, as he pushed the box over the back of the seat.

Florence nibbled on a piece and asked Bill if he would like some.

"No, thanks! How do you think I can eat and drive, too?" he snapped.

"Feed him, Florence! Don't let the poor boy starve!" urged Dixie, her tiny black eyes twinkling.

Thus persuaded, Florence ventured a piece in Bill's direction. His face flushed and he glanced malignantly toward her. The car glided to the side of the road and, with one big "chug," stopped.

"What's happened?" carelessly asked John.

"My goodness! What's the matter, Bill?" chimed the chorus of girls.

"Don't ask me! Swear if I know!" returned Bill in a puzzled tone, as he swung himself over the car door and stalked around to the side.

"Holy Smoke! The whole side's in the embankment!" he gasped.

With this, everybody tumbled out and gazed bewilderedly upon the scene.

"What on earth happened, Bill?" inquired Nell, excitedly. "Wouldn't the wheel work?"

"Well! I swear, if that ain't a mess! Get in, Bill, and start 'er!" commanded disgusted John. "I'll push!"

Bill clambered dejectedly in and started the engine, only to feel the wheels whirl under him.

"Push, everybody!" bossed John "All right—now!" But still the wheels whizzed in the sticky earth.

With this, Bill slid from under the wheel and sprang to the road. He threw off his coat, and, with lips firm and eyes

sparkling, jerked his cap from his smoothed hair and slung cap and coat into the car. Then he crossed the road, and in silence pulled an old log back across and poked it under the rear wheel.

"What you fixin' to do?" asked John; but not a word in response. Instead, Bill repeated the action and poked a second log under the front wheel.

With a disgusted grunt, fat John went over to the group of hot, frightened girls and joined in their chatter.

"I'd like to know what he's goin' to do!" Dixie blurted out. "Bill, can't we help? It'll be night when we get to the Springs, now!"

"Land! But it's in bad!" said Florence timidly. "Bill, can I help?" But with the same stolidness, Bill knocked the logs further under with a stone, the perspiration raining from his crimson face and dripping from his hair.

John watched critically, fanning himself all the time with his prized panama. "Gee! But it's hot!" he drawled.

"Bill, don't you want your cap?" suggested Kate.

"No, thanks!" he snapped, and swung himself into the car and under the wheel. The engine buzzed, the gear snapped into place. Then a slip—a slide, and the big car rolled backwards into the road again.

"Glory!" screamed the girls. But Mary said nothing. Instead, she eyed the flushed, panting face behind the windshield, then glanced at the fat figure on her left. Her eyes softened, her lips trembled slightly, and then, as everybody scrambled in again, she went up to the side, looked pleadingly into Bill's red face as he mopped his forehead and hands, and murmured, "May I ride in front the rest of the way?"

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, '20.

THOUGHTS OF FEAR

A girl came to my door and knocked;
I straightway said, "Come in."
She op'ed the door which I unlocked
And said, "You're wanted, friend."

I quickly turned and to her said,
"Who sends for me, O Ruth?"
She answered as she outward fled,
"Miss Graham! I speak the truth."

I sprang in haste, with thoughts of fear,
My cheecks grew very pale;
And from my eye rolled down a tear
Which hit the floor like hail.

I from my eye did wipe the tear,
Put powder on my face;
I tried to put away my fear,
And down the stairs did race.

I reached the room all white with fear,
And knocked upon the door.
She sweetly said, "Come in, my dear,
And let us talk it o'er."

And then I said, "What have I done?"
I felt as though I'd die.
She smiled and said, "Let's have some fun."
And then—I gave a sigh.

She laughed and said, "My child, don't fear;
I only sent for you
To have a little chat of cheer,
That you might not be blue."

And so it is when we are sent
For by our teachers dear;
We need not always be o'er bent
With dreadful thoughts of fear.

DOROTHY ALDERMAN, '21.

FAMILY EXPECTATIONS

We all have ideals of our own which we try to live up to, but it is the ideals and the expectations our families have for us, which are somehow harder to realize. As in all things, that which we set for ourselves always seems more attainable than that which others set for us.

When we were children, our families wanted us to be model children, and in all our youthful pranks we must never overstep the bounds of polite society. As we grew older, our responsibilities to our families naturally increased —also their expectations of us. They formulated their opinions of our characters and were often woefully disappointed to find that we turned out to be only ordinary children instead of the prodigies they had expected us to be. When we did reach the highest place in our classes or became important in our youthful circles, how proud they were of us! And then there were murmurs of, "Oh, it is just what we expected. A child of her ability and opportunities could not have done otherwise."

And so it goes! They set comparatively impossible ends for us to gain and are so disappointed when we fail to meet requirements. And somehow they generally set for us and expect of us, those things which they feel they could never achieve themselves, or even attempt to achieve. Alas! Such is life!

But the main trouble with the expectations our families have of us, is the fact that, no matter what seeming impossibilities they desire us to attain, we always have the feeling of not wanting to disappoint them. For, after all, it is the opinion our families have of us that we value the most. They generally know our true characters and understand us better than any one else. So if they feel that we are capable of

achieving great heights, in no matter how limited or unprepossessing a field, we are willing to make the attempt and do our part towards realizing those expectations.

KATHERINE CARR, '22.



SOMETHING HAPPENS

Edith threw down her long yellow pencil and looked with disgust at the confusion of half written sheets of paper on her table. She brushed her disorderly brown hair back from her puckered brow, sighed deeply, and said in a desperate tone, "Here I've spent this whole afternoon, trying to write a story, and haven't even found a subject that suits me yet!"

There was the sound of flying footsteps in the hall, and Annette, dark eyes shining and cheeks flushed, came dashing into the room. "Wake Forest and State College are going to play at the Auditorium tonight, and we can go! It's posted on the bulletin board!" She raised her hand to her throat and stopped for lack of breath. Then she put her tennis racquet away, seated herself on the edge of the bed, and hastened to get off her tennis shoes. "You'd better hurry up and get ready!" she admonished. "We have to dress before dinner."

"I simply can't go, that's all! I have to stay here and do this English," replied Edith disconsolately. She began to put away her papers, recklessly tearing up most of them and throwing them in the waste basket. "Why is it that I always have to study and then don't get anywhere, while you go to everything that comes along, and lead your classes, too!"

By this time she was unfastening her serge dress at a rate that threatened to tear all the buttons off.

"What's the matter with your English?" calmly questioned Annette, as she coiled her heavy dark hair neatly.

"My themes are 'high-schoolish, stilted, and exceedingly uninteresting,' to quote Miss Evans. And I spend more time on my English than on any other subject." *Slosh!* went the water in the bowl, and *kuplump!* the pitcher was banged down in its place again!

"Well, you'd better hurry!" said Annette, leaning toward the mirror to powder her dainty nose. "But if you'll do as I say, I'll guarantee that you will get your story written."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Edith rather hopefully.

"Will you do it? You'll have to promise before I tell you," Annette replied decidedly.

Edith laced up one shoe before she answered. Annette was to be depended upon, but English was not a thing to dally with. Yet she reflected that she couldn't do much worse than she had been doing.

"Yes, I'll do it!" she at last decided. "What are your orders?"

"Go to the basketball game tonight, have a good time, and keep your eyes and ears open. There goes the gong! I told you to hurry!" And Annette was gone, leaving Edith to scramble into her coat suit in a somewhat dazed state of mind.

A few hours later the two girls were part of a gayly cheering crowd of school girls in the big auditorium. Opposite them was a solid section of khaki-clad boys, all cheering and yelling at the tops of their strong young voices, "Hold 'em, boys! Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!"

The game was in full swing and it was close. Boys in red and white were working hard against boys in gold and

black. Suddenly a tense silence fell! A slender, wiry boy in red and white had the ball, and was dribbling it, at a rapid pace, across the court. Before his guard could snatch it from him, he mustered all his strength and threw it. It landed squarely in the basket! The audience rose like a wave, in one mad cheer, and the boys shouted, "Johnson! Johnson! Johnson!" A whistle blew for the end of the game. The State College boys lifted the hero of the evening to their shoulders, and cheering admirers surrounded him.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" rapturously breathed a radiant little girl at Edith's side, clutching her arm. "Did you see Joe?"

"I surely did!" smiled Edith, very much thrilled herself. "Aren't you proud of him? I didn't know he played on the team."

"He doesn't as a rule," responded Edna, drawing her fur up around her neck. "He was only substituting tonight, but now perhaps he will get a regular place on the team. He has worked so hard for it!"

"Tell me about it," urged Edith, fastening her glove. And while the crowd was clearing out of the auditorium, Edna had time to tell Edith how her friend, Joe Johnson, had worked against various odds to make the basketball team, and how tonight's success might insure his reaching the coveted goal.

"Why, that sounds exactly like a story in a magazine!" exclaimed Edith. Then she caught her breath and clapped her hands together. "I have it!" she said exultantly.

"Have what?" asked Annette, coming up just then. "Stay away from me if it's anything contagious!"

"Only an idea," replied Edith taking her room-mate's arm and pressing toward the door. And that was all Annette could find out.

About a week later Edith came flying into her room, her

face fairly beaming. She was scarcely in the room before she said, "Miss Evans read my story in class and said it was very good—true to life and interesting!"

Annette was curled up luxuriously on the bed against a pile of red and blue and yellow sofa pillows, reading a magazine. She looked up now. "Fine!" she said. "What was your title?"

"How Hale Made the Team," answered Edith, laying her books down on the table.

"Well, I congratulate you!" said Annette, teasingly threatening to return to her magazine. But Edith was too quick for her. She gained possession of the magazine and asked, "Now what would you have done if something hadn't happened?"

"I was sure you would hear something exciting if you sat near Edna," evaded Annette.

"What if I hadn't sat next her?" persisted Edith.

"Oh, something else would have happened. Something always does. All you have to do is to watch for it."

And that was the only secret of Annette's plan that Edith could find out.

LAURA BELL FRENCH, '21.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF EXPRESSION

Before I made a study of expression, it was hard for me to understand why some people could speak more clearly, more distinctly, and more sweetly than others. It seemed to me that the person that had this gift was more attractive and popular than the rest of us. Since then, however, I have found it is not a gift, but that we all may speak clearly and distinctly, and have sweet tones, if we just learn and apply the fundamentals of expression.

“Expression is thought taking on embodiment, thought completing itself so as to be understood by another’s mind,” declares Powers. By this he means that we must first take the thought into our own bodies in such a way that it becomes a part of us, then keep the thought in our minds long enough to get the complete meaning, and finally give the thought to others.

In the fundamentals of expression there are four important steps. The first step is the supporting of the tone, this being accomplished by correct, diaphragmatic breathing. This is the most important step in the fundamentals of expression, for expression is based upon correct breathing. The second step is freeing the tone, which is accomplished by relaxation of the muscles in the throat. When the muscles are contracted the throat is tight, and this causes a hard, harsh tone instead of a free, easy tone. The third step is reinforcing the tone, and this is done by opening the resonant chambers. When the resonant chambers are closed one speaks in a hard, stifled tone. Opening these chambers clears and frees the tone. The fourth step includes pitch, tone color, and inflection. Pitch is the key of the voice. There are five kinds of pitch; high, low, very high, very low, and medium. Medium pitch is used more frequently, for it carries better. Tone

color is the color given to one's words, to express different feelings. It may be defined as a "painting of the words." Inflection is the rising and the falling of the voice. This fourth step puts a veneer over the other three steps.

Each of these steps is very important in expression. They all link in such a way that the four are required to enable one to grasp the fundamentals of expression. It is natural for one's thoughts and emotions to change very often in conversation, and with a change in thought comes a change in pitch, and with a change in emotion comes a change in tone color.

Expression teaches us to slight the unimportant parts, and to emphasize the important parts of a reading. The unimportant parts are called parentheses. To make a parenthesis, one lowers his tone and quickens the rate at which he is speaking. There are three organs of speech; the lips, the tongue, and the teeth; and speech is any intelligent use of these organs.

The four physical instruments which we use in expression are the abdomen, which we use for exhaling; the diaphragm, which we use for inhaling; the throat, which we use as a passage way for the tones; and the resonant chambers, which we use to give clearness and beauty to the speech.

One should never do anything to distract, when he is giving a reading. The audience should not see the reader, but should see the person or thing about which he is reading. If the reader allows himself to come between the reading and the audience, he fails as a reader.

Emphasis plays an important part in a reading, for if one did not emphasize different words by different tones, he would talk in a monotonous voice and no one would enjoy listening to him. True emphasis is secured by tone color, grouping, pauses, change of pitch, and change of inflection, and it is true emphasis that we are working for.

In the fundamentals of any subject, technique is one of the first things to be considered. Technique may be defined as "the most successful way of making the material instrument reflect the mind's message, at the same time calling the least attention to itself."

Before one reads a selection, he should know what to read. "Literature depicts life in chosen terms." In good literature one will find truth, beauty or power, and we should all be on guard to find at least one of these three essentials in literature that we read. There are three classes or zones in literature. These classes are mental, moral and vital. The readings that teach, or instruct, are in the mental class. The readings that persuade or inspire are in the moral class. The readings that arouse interest are in the vital class. In studying literature one has two impulses, either a keen desire to express himself, or a love of form and beauty.

There are two kinds of expression, conversation and reading. Conversation is putting one's own thoughts into his own words, and reading is expressing the author's thoughts in the author's words.

My idea of a good reading is for the audience to get a complete impression from what is given. For the audience to do this, the reader must get the thought clear in his own mind, and keep it until it becomes a part of him, before he gives it expression.

Like all other things, Expression is based upon its foundation.

When the fundamentals are gained the foundation is built. With these fundamentals in view, one can more easily see how some people can speak more clearly, more distinctly, and more sweetly than others.

LENA LINEBERGER, '20.

MIRANDY ANN'S PIECE

The rostrum in the colored Methodist church was decorated for Children's Day Service. The pulpit had been removed, and huge baskets, draped with white crepe paper and full of pink Dorothy Perkins roses, bordered the edge. At the back there was a thick embankment of deep green forest ferns. A slender table stood at the left side and on it was a small white basket of trailing yellow jessamine. The air was filled with the mixed fragrance of spring flowers, and perfumes of all kinds. The congregation silently waited for the next number of the program.

Presently, little ten-year-old Mirandy Ann darted up the stair of the rostrum and switched to the front, her stiffly starched white organdie dress rustled as she came. The saucy white bow of her sash, a little on one side, seemed to grow bolder at every step. She wore white slippers and stockings and white gloves reaching to her elbows, where her sleeves stopped. On her head was a stiff, huge, white butterfly bow, which seemed to flap its wings in accord with the rest. From all this dazzling whiteness, Mirandy Ann's soot black face beamed. She was not at all self-conscious or afraid, but was excited all over because she was going to "speak." She smiled at her teacher, showing her glistening white teeth, and her black eyes sparkled like jet beads. Then she began in a thin, snappy voice—

*"I'm God's li'l snow white angel
From the far, far Heaven above."*

RACHEL GRADY, '22.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT

Pitifully bashful and afraid, James summoned his courage to knock sharply on the rude door of the little mountain home. What in thunder, thought he, did a fellow do and say when he went to see the "gals"? Of course, you took off your hat, so off came his flaring green one. Footsteps approached; poor James' heart pounded harder and harder. The woman who opened the door was thin and hardened by long years of work.

"Why, come in and set a spell," she whined. "Maria'll be down in jist a minute."

Muttering an embarrassed greeting, James shuffled into the stiff parlor. Here he sat gingerly on the very edge of the stiffest chair. Agony darkened his usually pale green eyes, that were set close to a long, crooked nose. Enormous, ugly hands dangled from the too short sleeves of his bright blue coat; and long, flat feet, in tan brogans and lavendar socks, stuck out from his "pant" legs. His large mouth was like "Pa Wig's"; and a mop of red hair completed his brilliant color scheme.

Just as James was ready to jump out of the window, Maria came. Her pale-blue dress was loose where it should have been tight and tight where it should have been loose, but to James she was beautiful, though very terrifying.

Clearing his parched throat, he drawled, "Did you iver see air rabbit?"

"Yis," came faintly from the pale, sandy-haired girl.

"Brown, ain't it?" continued James.

"Yis," again was the faint response.

A long silence, during which James stared stonily at the fire, and twiddled his thumbs.

"Did you ever see air dove?" miserably asked he.

"Yis," said she.

"Gray, ain't it?" responded the pitiful young man.

"Yis," again she answered.

Rising awkwardly, James blurted out, "Do you like molasses candy?"

The only response was another faint "Yis."

"Well," said James gallantly, as he strode from the room, "the nixt time I come, I'll bring you a great big gaub of it!"

LILY WINN, '22.

NEWS NOTES

January 31. The faculty entertained us with a performance which appealed to our highest intellectual and æsthetic tastes. They came as the Peace Vodivil Troupe and presented the following program—

I. Faculty Ballet:

Miss Courtney	Miss Bradbeer
Miss McDade	Miss Byrne
Miss McLelland	Miss Heuer
Miss Price	Miss Huffman
Miss Herrmann	Miss Reid
Miss Boyce	Mrs. Moore
Mr. Brawley	

II. Vell Den:

Story by Miss Hubbard.

III. Mityl and Tityl:

Mechanical doll dance	
Miss Pfaff	Miss Boyce

IV. Benjamin and Mary Ann (Shadow Play):

Miss Bradbeer	Mary Ann
Miss Reid	Benjamin
Miss Price	Lord Mortimer
Miss McLelland	Father

V. Antony and Cleopatra—Tragedy of the Snake (Interpretive Dance):

Miss Huffman	Miss Heuer
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VI. The Old Fashioned Wife:

Solo—Miss McDade

Chorus—

Miss Courtney	Miss Huffman
Miss Byrne	Miss Reid
Miss Heuer	Miss Pfaff
Mrs. Moore	

February 2. Fearing that the ground-hog's prophecy would prove true for the "flu" as well as for the weather, Miss Graham had us go into winter quarters.

February 7. Among the saving graces of our quarantine were our Saturday night parties. Knowing that we became tired of seeing only each other and being only ourselves, Little Miss W. Y. C. A. invited us to go back with her about ten years or more and come to her party dressed as little girls and boys. The members of the faculty were included in this invitation and they showed remarkable powers of rejuvenation. We had a most lovely time playing games, dancing, and eating ice-cream cones.

February 10. A memorable night! The beginning of a series of Tuesdays with ice cream.

February 14. Lest we forget good old St. Valentine, the Juniors gave us a delicious dinner party—a masquerade ball. All kinds of people were present. There were clowns, French maids, Colonial ladies and gentlemen, gypsies, Scotch lassies and animated valentines. Fairyland was represented by brownies and fairies. After dinner every one was remembered with a valentine.

February 21. On this night the Sophomores made us happy by giving us a George Washington's birthday party. After a delicious dinner in the dining-room we went into the chapel which was gaily decorated in red, white and blue. There the Marys and Georges danced the minuet and other dances of 1766. Ice cream and cakes in shapes appropriate to the occasion were served.

February 28. This was stunt night and every class had a chance to show off. The Seniors set the ball rolling by presenting a moving picture entitled "Why a Girl Leaves

Home in Four Parts." Leading parts were taken by experienced movie stars. Following this, each class did herself proud in an attractive stunt. The Seniors capped the climax with a take-off on the Faculty.

March 2. On this night a rally meeting was held for the Million Dollar Campaign. The sum of \$1,700 was raised.

*You've not finished, gentle reader,
For you'll learn of fashion's fads,
If you'll simply turn the pages
And peruse the latest ads.*

*If, instead of fine adornment,
You should start a hunger quest,
You may learn of all the places
Where refreshments are the best.*

J. M. G., '21.

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HELLER BROS.

SHOES HOSEIERY

BEST QUALITY

JOKES

Miss Heuer, in Household Management Class: "What makes automobile stock go up?"

Eva Bullock: "Cold storage."

Miss McLelland, in Bible Class: "Carrie, name the three Israelitish nations that were stationed on the south of the camp."

Carrie Cheatham: "Reuben, Gad and Cinnamon."

M. Moore wanted to know what color blue vitriol is.

Miss Kelley: "Is Elizabeth ill?"

A. Sloan: "No'm, I think she must be sick."

Miss Pfaff is so polite that she knocks at the library door.

Miss McLelland: "Now, don't anybody that knows it say it. Just those that don't know it, say it."

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VOICES OF PEACE

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WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

As our school year closes, each of us unconsciously turns to the making of plans for the summer vacation, and for the school year which is to follow. Are we going to make plans that will count for something in our lives? Or are we going to let the time pass with nothing done of which we may feel justly proud?

Some of us will leave school to spend the vacation in various pleasures and to return again in the fall. Let us bring back with us new ideas and inspirations which will help us in our school life next year. Let us remember, in our pleasures during the summer, to gain from them not only recreation, but ideas that will build up our school.

Others of us are leaving Peace for good. As we go out, let us take with us a firm determination to win out in whatever we shall attempt. Whether we continue our studies or apply our efforts in some other line, let us resolve not to lose out in the game. Let us make our lives count for something.

APPLES AND APPLE PIES

A comical little figure, clad in a faded red shirt minus one sleeve, and tattered blue overalls, walked leisurely down the middle of the road and jingled three silver dollars in his left trousers pocket, the only pocket not afflicted with holes. For three solid weeks, Smutty had worked faithfully in Deacon Stubbs' blacksmith shop, and now his reward had come—three dollars. Smutty was thinking hard. Should he go to the circus next week, or should he buy skates? Three dollars was a very awkward amount. Obviously, it was too much to spend entirely on the circus, and he was afraid it was not enough to purchase the skates. So a compromise was necessary: fifty cents would take him to the circus, and the remainder could be saved to apply on the skates when he had more money.

Satisfied with the decision, the little darky began to whistle "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," when suddenly a delightful odor greeted his sensitive nostrils and he stopped short in his tracks. Almost overhanging the high board fence of Doctor Mose Jenkins' orchard was an apple-tree limb, laden with large, ripe fruit. The boy gazed at it longingly, and then in every direction to see if the old colored physician were anywhere around. Then, without more ado, he clambered to the top of the fence, in easy reach of the best apples. He hastily selected a dozen, and, after looking furtively around again to see if he had been observed, proceeded on his way.

The thief had just succeeded in easing his conscience, when he spied a boy about his own size, a short distance down the road. The dusty, grey-sweatered figure sidled along, in one grimy hand clutching a discarded cigar stump, and with the other shying a rock at a stray cat. Smutty knew well enough

who it was; it was Jimmie Brown, the meanest white boy in town. Smutty immediately crossed to the other side of the road.

Jimmie, observing the maneuver, also crossed.

"Hello, Smutty," was his salutation.

"Lo," growled Smutty.

"Gimme a apple!"

The negro attempted to pass, but the white boy again demanded:

"Gimme a apple!"

"I ain't no apple factory. Go git one yerself!" He dodged by, and dashed down the road, with the other boy at his heels.

An apparently innocent, inoffensive, and uninteresting rock lay in their path. With a yell of pain the forward racer went down, and twelve apples, slightly bruised, were buried in the dust. The pursuer grabbed the fruit and darted away. Meanwhile, the defeated one sat mournfully on the rock, bewailing his fate and nursing his toe. Anxiously remembering the money, he thrust his hand into the depths of his pocket. The three dollars were safe, and again he smiled peacefully.

Nevertheless, the robbed thief still had an ardent desire for apples, so he traced his steps backward along the road, in the hope of having another chance. This was not to be, however, for Doctor Jenkins was himself gathering some fruit, and Smutty marched manfully past.

.

Jimmie's mother was busy preparing dinner when the man of the house appeared in the doorway, clasping a dozen apples to his bosom.

"Oh, ma, look what ole Doc Jenkins gimme!" dumping the apples on the table. "Won't you cook some apple pies?"

The proud mother surveyed her descendant, thinking that, during her whole life, she had never seen a better and handsomer boy.

"Why, bless your heart, you know I will! And you see what you get for being kind to colored folks, like I allus taught you to be." Jimmie fingered a beanshooter which bulged from his pocket. This beanshooter had not many days ago seen service in transporting a rock from the deft fingers of its owners to the woolly head of Doctor Jenkins.

.

Smutty had unconsciously wandered back into town and presently found himself in front of the Brown's residence. Here he faintly detected a scent of apples—of apple pie.

Cautiously making his way towards the rear of the house, the boy was delighted to see three beautiful pies sitting in the kitchen window. If only there were no one inside! The piccaninny raised himself carefully up on a soap box and peeped in. The room was empty. The little black head disappeared, and the pies with it.

Three pies are entirely too many for a boy to eat at one time, but Smutty felt it his duty to break all records. The third pie at last disappeared, and a distrustful boy wended his way homeward.

"Chile, whar on earth has ya been? Dinnah's done been done foh two living hours!" inquired his mother.

"I don' want no dinnah, nohow," he answered.

She looked upon him with amazement at this astonishing announcement, and set about her work with a wrinkled brow. Such a thing was unheard of in the Hooker household.

Throughout the afternoon, Smutty assumed a most serious air, but in response to his mother's inquiries concerning the cause thereof, invariably replied, "Nuthin." The wrinkles in Mrs. Hooker's brow increased in number and depth.

Night came, and the boy grew worse. At last his mother became too worried to stand the strain any longer, and sent for Doctor Jenkins.

"Well, ma'am, I don't think there is much the matter with him except a case of temporary indigestion. He's eaten too much of the same thing—maybe apples."

There was a suspicious gleam in the physician's face as he said this. The absence of the dozen apples had not gone unnoticed.

"What has yo been eatin' now, yo little black scoundrel? Tell me or I'll tan yer hide!"

The boy's eyes wandered from the woman's face to that of a big black cat.

A mile away in the city Mrs. Brown had just concluded the administering of a full dose of hickory to her son.

"And I told you to leave them pies alone till supper!"

"But, maw, I didn't eat 'em! I declare, I didn't!" he weepingly protested.

"Don't lie to me like that! They're gone and I know where!" She struck him with the switch once more.

Doctor Jenkins at length finished writing a prescription.

"Take two every half hour," he explained. "My fee is three dollars."

"Smutty, give the doctor the money you made down at Deacon's. I ain't agoin' to pay for it!"

Smutty drew the money from his pocket regretfully, and muttered, "A dozen apples at three dollars a dozen! Wah prices!"

MOZELLE MARKHAM, '21.

OWED TO SPRING

(Apologies to Tennyson)

Though to love a young man's fancy
Lightly turns in early spring—
To a maiden, very different
Are the thoughts the season brings.

In the spring, the fragrant South-wind
Gently sways the budding rose—
In the spring a maiden's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

Then a maiden thinks of ribbons,
Thinks of hats and silken hose;
And a maid buys jars of cold cream,
For the freckles on her nose.

But when she is clothed in raiment
Which outshines the burnished dove;
Then, at last, a maiden's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

J. McG., '21.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

The big, full, yellow moon made a long, golden pathway on the water's shimmering surface. All over the river the crests of little waves danced and gleamed in the soft radiance. The box-like bathing-house stood like a sentinel at the water's edge. Near it, a gay naphtha launch rested, as if rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the waves. The fresh odor of marsh grass floated on the cool, night breeze. At the end of a broad, white walk, and almost hidden by moss-covered oaks, stood an old, Colonial house. From the depths of the stateliest oak, a mocking bird trilled and whistled its everchanging song, then, with a soft whir, darted away. On the broad veranda of the big, white house, a house party of young people gaily laughed and chatted.

"Weren't those trout, that we caught this morning, just great?" enthusiastically inquired tall, brown-haired Billy, as he balanced his strong, lithe body on the banister. "Molly, I don't wonder that you never leave in the summer and go to the mountains."

"Well, of course," said pretty, auburn-haired Molly, "I think that Thunderbolt is the nicest place in the world."

"Oh, yes," said a giddy-looking little blonde in a thin, slightly querulous soprano, "I know that you have a good time in the summer, when you have such lots of company and can go fishing and everything. But, I'll just tell you, I wouldn't live here for anything. I'd move into Savannah so that I could have a big time!"

"Well, everything depends upon what you mean by a 'big time,'" laughed Molly, in her soft, full voice. "I don't mind being by myself, for I can always read or sew; and

whenever there is anything really good in the city, Father always takes me in to see it."

"I don't care," continued the little blonde, with a shrug of her thin shoulders. "I'd die, if I had to stay here in the winter time. It's too lonesome for me."

"Talking about lonesome," said a fat, good-natured boy, "Whose house is that down the road? The yard is a regular wilderness. I'm not strong on imagination, but I could almost believe that's haunted."

"It *is* haunted!" exclaimed Molly, her brown eyes, bright with excitement. "It *is* haunted!"

"Aw, now, Molly," teased Billy, laughing at her earnestness, "you know you don't believe in 'hants'!"

"Yes, I *do* believe that house is haunted! Old Mr. and Mrs. Earl used to live there. Last year Mr. Earl died, and so Mrs. Earl went to live with kin people in Florida. And for the last month the old man's ghost has haunted the house."

"Molly, I'm afraid old Mammy Sue has made you superstitious," insisted Billy, grinning indulgently at Molly's earnest, young face. "Now you know that is all stuff and nonsense."

"You can say 'stuff and nonsense,' if you want to," replied Molly, with a stamp of her little, white-clad foot." I happen to know that Frank Saunders decided to stay there one night last week. Just at midnight he heard some one walking and dragging chains after him. Now there!"

"Ah, rats! and I just bet he ran," disdainfully replied Billy.

"Yes, he *did* run," she admitted, "and I don't blame him one bit! I just dare *you*, Mr. Billy Carter, to go there and spend the night!"

"She has you, Bill!" chuckled one of the boys. "I wouldn't take a dare like that, old fellow."

"Yes, we all dare you to go!" chorused the others.

"All right," consented Billy, "here goes," and, whistling a gay, little tune, he marched off up the Augusta gravel road.

As Billy entered the weedy yard, the old house looked very ghostly in the moonlight, and strange shadows moved stealthily in the overgrown shrubbery. Billy, however, assured himself that he was not the least bit afraid. With a firm step, he strode up to the big door. He turned the knob, and, with a weird creak, the door swung slowly in. Damp, musty air greeted Billy, but he marched determinedly on and into the large, old sitting-room. The stale, damp air, sent little shivers up and down his spine. By the faint moonlight, that filtered through the closed blinds, he saw dimly the ghost-like forms of linen-swathed furniture. Groping his way, he touched the cool, smooth cloth and drew back in sudden horror. "Don't be silly!" he told himself, and sat down gingerly on a hard, cold chair. There he sat, it seemed, for ages. Rats ran and squeaked in the walls; sometimes it sounded as if they were playing croquet. Far off he heard the hum of the trolley, as it made its hourly trips to and from the city. When the eleven o'clock car clanged off, Billy heaved a sigh of relief. By this time the moon had waned, and Billy was left in pitchy blackness. Would the night never end! All was deadly still.

Hoo-oo-oo-oo! came from just outside the window. Billy's hair stood on end; his knees shook. He strained his eyes to see the awful monster, but all was black around him.

Hoo-oo-oo-oo! came the doleful cry again.

"Aw, shucks, what a fool you are, Bill, not to know a screech owl, when you hear it! I must have gone to sleep," he muttered to himself.

Just then the midnight trolley clanged in.

"Well," said Billy, "twelve o'clock, and nothing's happened yet."

Stealthy footsteps sounded above. Chains grated across the floor. *Tip, tip, tip*, the hollow footsteps descended the stairs and drew nearer and nearer. Billy froze to his chair, as if chained there. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came. Billy's knees shook; his fingers trembled; cold and hot waves tingled over his tense body; red and green lights danced before his peering eyes; and cold perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. A cold, bony hand grasped his shoulder! A shiver of terror shook his body! Billy tried to move, but his numb limbs refused to move. He tried to shake off the awful grip, but the iron clasp only tightened. Slowly he fumbled in his pocket for a match. He searched in first one pocket and then another, until he finally found two. With nervous fingers he tried to strike one. It broke in two! Cautiously he struck the other, while the iron grasp still held his shoulder. The match flared, and Billy turned slowly around like someone in a dream. To his horror, two beady eyes in a dark face gleamed at him. A wide-spreading mouth grinned at him. Then by the flickering light he saw the thin, hairy body and, tied to the foot of the creature, a long, heavy chain. The match burnt out.

"Well, old chimpanzee," said Billy weakly, "you gave me a scare! So you're the ghost! I'll just tie you by this chain that you've brought with you. Wonder how on earth you got here, anyhow," and in the darkness Billy fumblingly tied the chimpanzee to a heavy lounge.

With a light heart he walked quickly home. When almost there he met all the young men of the house party.

"Why, what's all this?" inquired Billy.

"Well," replied the sandy-haired boy, grinning sheepishly. "Molly just wouldn't let anybody have any peace. She's been crying all night, so we came after you. Have you any experiences to relate?"

But Billy only replied provokingly, "You just wait and see!"

The next night all were gathered around the supper table. The fried chicken, fresh butter, salad, vegetables, hot rolls, and batter cakes looked good to the hungry, tired crabbers. From the head of the long table Molly's beautiful mother beamed happily upon every one.

"Now, come on, Billy," teased the sandy-haired boy, "tell us about the ghost."

"Yes, indeed," chorused the others. "How does a ghost look?"

But Billy only chuckled and helped himself to more hot batter cakes and Georgia cane syrup.

"Now, you leave Billy alone," said Molly's mother, "and let him enjoy his supper."

"We never have seen a ghost, and I think he ought to tell us what it is like," said the little blonde peevishly.

"Humph, I don't believe he stayed to see the ghost," teased Molly. "I bet he left just as soon as he heard its footsteps. Now, didn't you, Billy?"

"Don't see why you can't let a fellow eat his supper in peace," grumbled Billy.

"That's all right *for you*," taunted Molly. "We won't ever believe that you stayed long enough to see anything."

"Oh, well, let's leave him alone," said one of the boys. "What's the program for tonight?"

The door opened and in came Molly's father. "Look here!" he exclaimed, as he spread a newspaper before their astonished gaze. All heads bent over the paper.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF YOUNG MAN AT THUNDERBOLT

"A young man at Thunderbolt spent the night in a haunted house. Just at twelve the ghost came and grasped the young man's shoulder. But the ghost proved to be the chimpanzee that escaped from Barnum and Bailey's circus, when it was

in the city not long ago. The brave young man securely fastened the animal by his chain and then returned to Mr. and Mrs. Brown's house, where he is a guest."

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Molly. "Why didn't you tell us? Suppose it had hurt you!"

"Yes, I tell you, I just wouldn't *live* here for anything. You have bats and bugs and now chimpanzees!" shrieked the little blonde.

LILY WINN, '22.

TO PEACE'S IVY

Ivy of dear Peace, growing steadily,
Of every life thou art a part;
Thy tendrils, as they grow through all the years;
Reach out, and twine 'round every school-girl's heart.

Traditions, memories of the long ago,
Hopes each departing class has planted with thee,
Have found expression in thy perfect growth,
And stand, developed, for the world to see.

So may our lives, as they broaden each day,
Influence everything, both near and far,
To become beautiful through contact with them;
May Peace's ivy be our guiding star!

L. A. S., '21.

A REMINISCENCE

If my elders are a little inclined to smile at the idea of one not yet in her twenties recalling with something of sadness her childhood days, let me remind them that it is of the ages between six and twelve that I speak—years which seem very far behind, and which held nothing of responsibility or sense of duty to mar their pleasure.

As a very young child, I was fond of visiting my aunt's home in the country, and most of my vacations were spent there in company with my country cousin. The amount of mischief that we could create in one day was remarkable. My uncle being a Presbyterian minister, the family resided at the Manse, a large white house set in the midst of a magnificent grove.

My cousin, who was a few years my senior, was often inclined to take advantage of my "sublime ignorance"; for instance, telling me that the noise which I heard when we were playing in the woods, was a lion, when in reality it was only an old black cow crashing through the bushes.

Another time, I was sorely puzzled as to why the hens always insisted on laying in the right-hand nest in the loft, which was Mary's property, instead of in the left-hand one, which I claimed. This happened daily, until finally I suggested that we change with each other. Immediately, the hens took to the other nest, and I decided that the perverse creatures simply did not like me. My cousin solved the problem for me, some years later, by reminding me that she always mounted the loft in advance, thereby giving herself time to place all the eggs in one nest.

I often wonder if my aunt was puzzled as to why we were so willing and eager to make our bed after breakfast, instead

of going out to play. The reason was very simple. The bed in which we slept was what is called a "four-poster," and had formerly had a pair of miniature steps with which one was enabled to ascend to the sleeping quarters. The posts had been somewhat lowered so that the steps could be done away with, but the bed was still very high and was topped by a huge feather bed. The attraction lay in the feather-bed. By dint of much beating and patting, we would get it into the proper shape, and then, climbing on the foot-rail of the bed, would balance for a precarious minute and plunge headlong into the billowy mass. This performance we would repeat again and again; until finally we would weary of our sport, and, smoothing the covers and giving the pillows a few gentle pats, would descend the stairs with the calm air of satisfaction which comes from a sense of duty performed.

One of our favorite pastimes was to go out in the grove after a heavy rain, and, with an umbrella over our heads, stand under the trees and shake the water from the limbs. Despite the fact that I always knew what was coming, I was scarcely ever quick enough to escape when Mary darted out from under the tree with the umbrella, and left me to the deluge.

Not being averse to a slight difference in color, we sometimes permitted the cook's little daughter, who went by the cognomen, Odessa, to join us. Subject, of course, to all our orders. Dess, as she was conveniently called, always played a minor part, such as the baby, when we were playing house. As the youthful member of the family, Dess was subject to many spankings administered by the parental arm. This form of punishment was always submitted to by the victim, with mild indifference, unless it were an occasion when the arm of justice descended a little too strongly, at which time the young Ethiopian would burst into loud sobs. Hoping

to quell the disturbance, I would rush to the house for a stick of candy as a peace offering, but on my return, the sobs having subsided, I would calmly devour the morsel myself.

I might recall many other incidents of like nature, which left no distinct impression upon me at the time, but which served, nevertheless, to broaden my childish experience, and which I think of now with the same pleasant regret with which I shall doubtless look back on my present life when I shall have reached the "last of life for which the first was made."

Jean McGinn, '21.

COMMENCEMENT

'Tis the day before commencement,
And dear old Peace rejoices;
Peace is jolly "Laughter,"
And the girls, her many voices.

'Tis the day of our commencement,
The best yet saddest. Why?
The voices still are happy,
But Peace is just "Goodbye."

'Tis the day that follows commencement,
The world seems sad and gray;
Peace silent stands; she's "Lonesomeness"—
The girls have gone away.

—M. C. H., '23.

THE QUEST OF THE PRINCESS ANNENNE

Once upon a time there lived a king who had only one daughter. She was very beautiful and everybody loved her. The king was old and anxious for Annette, his only daughter, to marry. He sent for several very powerful princes from the neighboring kingdoms and then he called Annette to him and told her to choose one of them for a husband. Annette would not consent to this. Instead, she inveigled her father into letting her go alone, with the exception of one maid, to search for a suitable husband. Annette and her maid started on their search early the next day. They journeyed all day, and as the sun was setting they grew very tired and hungry. At one side of the road was a beautiful glass castle, and the maid begged Annette to go in and ask for a night's lodging, but Annette would not do it. She wanted to ask aid only of those people whom she could repay for their kindness. They hadn't gone much farther when they came to a little old cabin. Annette descended from her horse, walked up to the door of the cabin, and knocked. Her knock was answered by a little, ugly dog.

"What can I do for you?" said the little dog.

Annette told the dog that she wanted a place where she and her maid might spend the night.

"Very well," said the dog, and led the way into a little room. "There is bread and milk on the table for you."

Annette thanked him, and she and her maid began to eat their supper.

The next morning, before continuing their journey, Annette thanked the dog and asked him what she could do to repay him for his kindness.

"Carry me with you," said the dog.

The maid objected seriously, and told Annette that if she allowed the dog to go with her, she would not go.

"Ungrateful creature," said Annette, "go then, and I will continue my search with the dog. He will be at least faithful."

Annette and the dog had not gone far when they came to a kingdom where much excitement prevailed over the disappearance of the king's son six months before, when he had left the palace to search for a wife. Now the king was ill and his son couldn't be found anywhere.

Annette and the dog were very hungry. As they were passing by the palace of the king, the dog ran through the gate and into the kitchen, and, seizing a ham in his mouth, came running out again. The servants ran after him. The poor little dog jumped into his mistress' arms. Annette was very much surprised when, the next instant, some servants of the king seized her and took her into the palace. There, because she would not allow the dog to be killed, the king gave orders to have her executed. Unless she could perform the three tasks that he assigned to her, she would not be freed from this punishment.

The first day she had to find some medicine that would cure the king. She was awe-stricken when she was told this, but, as she sat by the only window in her cell, her little dog came running up and said, "Don't worry, Annette. Just put me out of the window, and in one hour I will return with the medicine."

In exactly one hour, much to Annette's surprise, the dog returned with a bottle of magic medicine in his mouth. That night when the servant came after the medicine Annette handed him the bottle and said, "After the king has taken three doses he will be entirely cured."

The next day there was much rejoicing, and Annette was told it was because the king was himself once more.

The servant came in again and told her that her task for

the day was to find a ring that the prince, the king's only son, had worn when the king had last seen him. Annette thought this task was quite impossible and began to weep, but the dog said, "This task, also, is very easy. If you will only lift me out of the window, I will find the ring for you and be back in less than an hour."

True to his word, in less than an hour the dog returned with the ring. When Annette handed it to the servant he was nearly speechless. "Tomorrow," he said, "don't fail to bring the prince to the king."

That night Annette could not sleep for worrying. What would become of her!

"My Princess," said the dog, "don't worry so much. If, at the rising of the sun, you will lift me out of the window, I will find the prince for you. You have been good to me, and it is my fault that you suffer so much."

So at the rising of the sun the dog left to hunt for the prince.

Annette waited all day long, but in vain. She was wondering what was to become of her, when the little dog jumped in at the window, and said, "Annette, the prince refuses to come, unless you promise to be his wife."

Annette, discouraged and longing to return to her father's palace, but unwilling to return without a husband, finally consented to marry the prince.

When she turned around, instead of the dog, there stood the prince himself. "At last I have found my princess and am out from under the spell of a wicked witch, who changed me into a dog."

"And my search is ended and you have freed me also."

"Now, I should like to show my princess to my father, the king."

The king was very happy to see his son again, and gave orders to prepare a big wedding feast.

LUCY W. COOPER.

I WISH I WUZ

I wish I wuz a little rat
A livin' in a school.
I'd do 'most every single thing
That wuz against the rule.

I'd sit up late 'most every night,
And eat, and eat, and eat;
And then I'd plunder round about,
To see what I could meet.

I'd make just lots and lots of fuss,
And walk with stately grace,
To see if I could scare a girl
By running 'cross her face.

I wish I wuz a little rat,
Instead of what I am;
I would not fear a single soul—
Not even Miss Graham.

—A. S., '20.

BLACKBERRY JAM AND BETTINA

"Bettina! oh, Bettina! Where are you? Come here to me this minute!" Young Mrs. Nelson's voice, coming from the region of the pantry, rang shrilly through the house, and caused a sudden stir of the cretonne frills surrounding the living-room couch. But there was no answer to her repeated calls, and she came into the room, a frown on her pretty face. With practiced eyes, she took in the whole scene at a glance.

"Where can she have gone?" she murmured, a perplexed note in her voice. "I am sure that I heard her in here, singing, less than ten minutes ago."

Suddenly, her attention was arrested by a slight movement of the couch-draperies. A knowing expression crossed her face, and she hurried quietly to the couch. Kneeling, she thrust a slim hand beneath the folds, and grasped a small, slippered foot. There came a muffled scream.

"Bettina, come out a once," ordered Mrs. Nelson, emphasizing her command with a determined tug. "You went into that jam after I told you not to, and you must be punished."

"Mamma, I *didn't!* And 'sides, I'se playin' a game under here. Why you think I ate your ole jam?—We-ell, I'se comin'—just gimme time. Ouch!"—at a particularly urgent jerk.

Cautiously, there slid into view two tiny feet, a pair of chubby pink legs, a small pink-clad body, and a head covered with tousled flaxen curls. But Bettina lay on the floor, face downwards.

"Get up, and come with me," ordered her mother.

"What you treat me so bad for, mamma?" whimpered Bettina, slowly rolling over and standing up.

Mrs. Nelson eyed the small culprit, and her mouth shout with a click that reminded Bettina of her beloved daddy's silver match-safe.

"I tell you, I'se just playin' a game under the couch, and I isn't had a speck o'—"

At this a firm hand descended on her shoulder, and Mrs. Nelson whirled her daughter around to face a big mirror. A rumpled, dusty, pink-clad figure confronted them. Cob-webs clung to the short mop of curls. Big blue eyes flashed rebelliously, and tears hung on the long lashes. Around the corners of the red mouth and on both cheeks, there were unmistakable signs of blackberry jam.

LULA STOCKARD, '21.

AN EVENT

"We will wait here for Dr. Bell," said the nurse kindly, as she brought my rolling-chair to a sudden standstill, and softly closed the big glass door behind us. So this was the operating room. My, what a ghostly, spooky place! It was a huge room, with white walls, white frosted windows, white shades, white screens, and white—operating tables. White-clad nurses, and doctors in white coats and aprons, flitted to and fro. Indeed, even the sky looked pale, through the sky-lights far over-head. I felt like a fish removed from its native element and left panting on the sand. Somehow, I had not pictured a scene like this. I must have thought I would rush blindly into an operating room, have my tonsils snipped out, and rush out again, quite well. I clutched the arm of the chair. I could feel the color slowly leave my cheeks; my hands were stone cold, and cold beads of perspiration stood out on my brow.

"Whom are we waiting for?" I asked. My voice quivered, but I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"For Dr. Bell, who is going to put you to sleep," the nurse said, smiling down upon me.

I wondered how she could look so composed and so utterly indifferent. I admired her spunk. I took a long breath and braced up. The room was filled with steam from the sterilizing room. There was a faint odor of carnations and ether. I felt faint, my feet were numb. Everything was quiet, except for an occasional groan from the direction of the sun parlor, or the *bump, bump*, of the elevator as it stopped and the door swung open on squeaking slides. The doctors and nurses were talking in subdued whispers. I wondered if they were talking about me— No, indeed, I wasn't scared! I gave that look to a doctor who passed and winked at me.

Then my attention was drawn to a tall, dark-clad figure striding down the corridor. As he reached the door, he paused, threw his cigarette into a basket, opened the door quietly, and beamed upon me, saying jovially, "Well, are you ready for the flight?"

I grinned bravely, and, clutching at my wildly, beating heart, nodded assent.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22.

EDUCATION

"Tom!" a gentle voice floated out to Tom, who, with two companions, slouched lazily on the front steps. The soft, hazy twilight of an early spring day was slowly falling. The balmy air was filled with laughter and screams of children playing in the village streets. Frogs croaked the arrival of

spring and a few early fire-flies glowed here and there. Silence fell on the three lounging figures, dimly outlined in the gathering dusk. But nothing more was heard of the voice from inside, and presently their mumbling continued in softer tones.

"Tom! O-o-o-oh Tom! Tom Brown. Where are you? Answer me!"

A trio of groans arose. "Better answer her this time, Tom. She doesn't sound so sweet now."

"Yessum."

"Come in this instant! It's almost eight o'clock and you haven't opened a book!"

"All right'm."

"Ain't it th' limit for a boy to have to study on a evening like this! You-all meet me at Jones' Corner in the morning at quarter to nine. Hear?"

Tom pulled himself together and shuffled lazily into the house. As he entered the living-room, his green eyes blinked and his sulky face squinted. The big chair closest to the table moaned as he flopped his inert body into it. He leaned over and dragged some tattered books from the table, dropping one or two as he did so. Opening a dirty red book, he idly fluttered the leaves. Presently, two long legs pushed two big feet straight out in front, and two muscular arms stretched out. The bushy red head fell backward and the big mouth swallowed the rest of the face.

"Oh," groaned Tom, running a grimy hand through his tousled hair, "I sho' do wish folks were born educated!"

ELLEN C. SEAWELL, '21.

SPRING GARDENING

Mrs. Brown sat in a rocking chair under the shade of the large maple tree, knitting. She was a plump, round-faced little woman, with kind gray eyes, and smooth bands of brown hair combed down over her ears. She was knitting rapidly, with apparently no thought of anything but her work, yet now and then she would raise her eyes and let them rest for a minute on Teddy, the handsome little four-year-old boy playing near her. He was completely absorbed in his work. Digging small holes in the ground with his chubby, brown hands, he stuck in chicken feathers, and with his dirty little bare feet pressed the dirt firmly around them. Having used all the feathers in his box, he went over to the near-by spigot, filled his small red bucket with water, and carefully watered every feather.

At last, Mrs. Brown's curiosity at the actions of the little blue-overalled figure was more than she could stand.

"Teddy, what in the world are you doing?"

Teddy put one wet, dirty little hand in his curly black hair, and said, with a tired sigh, as he raised his serious brown eyes to his mother's, "I is doin' to raise chickens. I'se planted the feathers so I'll have some little biddies for Easter—and I is so tired!"

LILLIAN JORDAN, '22.

NEWS NOTES

March 6. Joy unspeakable! Seniors out of quarantine! First basket-ball game with Peace representatives.

March 13-15. Peace Institute sent four delegates to the State Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Training Council held at Meredith College.

March 12-16. We were ably represented at the Student Volunteer Convention at Davidson, by three members of our student body.

March 25. The end of spring vacation! The campus began to look as it had formerly looked. Excited voices rang out: "Hey! Glad to see you! Had the best time in the world!"

April 4. This sunshiny Easter suited the mood of the Peace girls, bedecked in their Easter frocks and Easter flowers.

April 5. The majority of the Peace girls attended a hard-fought baseball game at State College.

April 7. We attended the Ganz-Lazzari concert, the last attraction of the series presented by the Rotary Club of Raleigh. All these concerts have proved a treat to us.

April 8. This was a busy and exciting day of days. Half of the girls, the very ardent suffragists, attended the Democratic convention.

Probably the most exciting baseball game of the season occurred in the afternoon between State College and Carolina. State College won and gave us the largest serenade that we've had this year.

April 10. The Juniors had charge of everything this evening. They gave the Seniors a reception. After the guests had gone down the receiving line, they were served with delicious punch in the parlor. Before the evening was over, each girl had a chance to propose to each boy. Don't be alarmed, it was only in fun. After the proposals, a salad and ice course was served. At a late hour, the "good-nights" were reluctantly said.

April 16. Mrs. Dowell, our former voice teacher, came back and delighted us with several selections during our chapel exercises.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

And now at last the time was here,
The long-planned time of pleasure;
But the Juniors rushing up the stair
Did not have time for leisure.

Some in the kitchen making punch,
Some cutting up the bread;
Some fixing salads for the lunch,
Some wishing they were dead.

The central hall we decorated
With ferns and violets sweet;
On parlor walls we elevated
Fresh ivy quite complete.

Eighteen lovely palms we rented,
To decorate the rest.
All were helping, none resented,
To make it a success.

Our cheeks were pale, our hair not fluffed,
Our aching bones were weary;
Our hands were rough, our eyes were puffed,
And everything was dreary.

How we did envy our grave guests,
The Seniors dignified,
Who lay in bed to take their rest,
That they might not be tired.

Their hair was up on curlers fine,
Their nails, all polished bright;
Their silks and satins in a line,
All waiting for the night.

When they had taken sweet repose,
How lovely they would look;
And, after they had caught the beaux,
We'd hide, off in some nook.

But be consoled, oh Juniors brave!
For next year we shall doze.
Another class shall be the slave,
And we shall catch the beaux.

—D. A., '21.

JOKES OUT

Ruth: "There are some people at home, who don't eat any meat."

Sprunt: "Well, they must be vegetarians."

Ruth: "No, they are not. They are perfectly good Baptists."

"Miss McLelland makes us carry umbrellas in the day-time when the sun shines, to keep the freckles away, but I don't see why she makes us carry them at night when the moon shines."

"You don't? Well, I do. She is afraid the moonshine will make sparks in our eyes."

Laura Page (rushing into a roomful of girls): "Did you know Miss Graham is going to ship the steam-pipe at the laundry, for smoking?"

Louise Graves (answering roll-call in class): "I don't know whether I'm present or not."

A girl who had just returned from Spring holidays: "Did you have a good time at Miss Graham's house party?"

Helen Lonon: "Yes, indeed, we ar-r-r-r-ked and par-r-r-rked and pulled a par-r-r-r-pty every day."

Miss Burwell: "Girls, here is a picture of Beethoven's mother and father. The one at the top of the page is his mother."

English clippings: "Please send me your rates for a front room with bath per week."

"On the east side of the building is a large room for patients containing twelve white single beds.

Miss Reid: "What is *politesse*?"

A brilliant student: "It is the chief food of France."

WANT ADS

Wanted: Every afternoon, a baseball game at State College.—Miss Kirkpatrick.

Wanted: A few more minutes.—Tyne Johnston.

Wanted—A Perfect Day.—Susie Monroe.

Wanted: For Governor, Miss Graham.—Peace Suffragists.

Wanted: Some new Red Seal records for Mary Rozier Norment's Victrola. This is for the social enjoyment of Peace Institute, so please contribute.

Wanted: To teach gym (Jim) in a country village. Apply to Lena Lineberger.

Wanted: For Mr. Brawley, a prepared speech, with no words used more than once in the entire discourse. — Peace girls.

"I 'ont a booful, sweet girl wif hair and eyes like Marfa's, 'n I 'ont care wevver' she's large or small, jes' so she looks affeletic."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

If Rena were Young, would Elizabeth be Long?

If Edith were a Hen an' ant (Hinnant), would Lucy Coop-er?

If Mary were Brown, would be Edna be White?

If Margaret Sprunt were a Hall, would Catharine be a Brewer?

If Katharine bought a Carr, and Claribel a Fountain, would Carrie Cheath'-em?

If Dorothy were an Alder-man, would Eugenia treat her Fairley?

If Clara were Wood-all, would Sadie be a Living-stone?

If Miss Louisa could Reid, would Miss Harriet Byrne?

If Evelyn's Fish-burn, would Nannie Burwell's Crow?

FAMILIAR "VOICES OF PEACE"

Isabel: "Ikie's up."

Mary Rozier: "I'm just about to die."

Agnes: "There's one thing I woon't do, fuss."

Bennie: "One, two, one two—whoof-whoof— Let's go!"

Martha: "Hello, dear! How are you?"

Lucy: "I've lost something, but I don't know what it is."

Lena: "She's so sweet. I'm gonna marry her, sure."

Miss McLlland: "You're nothing in the world but babies. Don't even know when to take umbrellas."

Emma-Kate: "The mis-chief!"

VOICES OF PEACE

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 4

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YOUR REPRESENTATIVE

Did you notice the title of this magazine, Student of Peace? And you think of it as just a mere meaningless title, perhaps pretty in print, musical in sound, but nevertheless, just a title? Look at it again—"VOICES OF PEACE." Peace is the school you attend, the school you live in, the school which gives you your friends as well as your book learning, the school which develops you, mentally, physically, spiritually, the school you love. Is it not worth working for? Is it not worth putting forth strenuous efforts for? You could not show your genuine school spirit in any better way than by helping to improve something which represents the school, and which goes to many places where you will never go, speaks to people whom you will never see, who will never see you, or your school—your school magazine.

Look at the name again. VOICES OF PEACE. This magazine speaks for Peace—and for you—to the people who read it. It represents you, whether you want it to or not; it is the only medium through which some people judge your school—and you, as a member of its Student Body. What have you done for it? Are you co-operating with the staff to make this year's magazine a success? Have you subscribed yet? Have you contributed? Does this number contain any of your work?

THE HIGH SOUL

“The high soul climbs the highway,
The low soul gropes below;
And in between are mystic flats,
Where the rest drift to and fro.”

There are many classes into which we may divide the people of the world; for instance, we may say they are either good or bad, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, religious or irreligious. But we would rather divide the people who belong to our little school world into the three classes of which the poet speaks: the “High Soul,” the ambitious girl who has “hitched her wagon to a star,” and whose every thought, aim, and purpose in life is to achieve some definite goal; the “Low Soul,” the girl who doesn’t care, who gropes blindly through her school work; and the “rest,” who drift “to and fro.” If we consider it thoughtfully, most of us will agree that the majority belong to the third class. Sometimes, when things go to suit us, when lessons are interesting and easy to learn, when we get mail, and when everyone smiles at us, we feel sure that we belong to the first class. We have ambition, we feel happy, we love life. But how many of us in the midst of our apparently “unbearable” lesson, with every person we care for almost too busy to speak to us in the halls, with mail call after mail call, and yet not a letter, do not practically give up, and decide that we’re hopelessly, helplessly in the “groping” class? We all do. It is not humanly possible to act otherwise. And if we lived up to our ideals they wouldn’t be ideals any longer.

But we can all be “High Souls”—not in the sense of possessing any special virtue, but in the sense of climbing.

In our life here we have ample opportunity to climb. Our school work, classes and gymnastics, our regular habits, our contact with other people, our Y. W. C. A., and the general Christian influence of Peace, in fact, everything pertaining to our everyday life, helps us to "climb." Let us each resolve at the beginning of this new year to be the "High Soul" who "climbs the Highway."

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT PEACE

Even at the risk of being considered trite, we wish to say a few words about student government at Peace. We believe that since Peace adopted her present system, two years ago, she has undoubtedly progressed. Nevertheless, we insist that her student government should mean more. Of course, success depends entirely upon the girls. The "new girls" need to be made to understand and to feel the principles for which the system stands, and the "old girls" need to be reminded of them.

Because of our lack of experience, the student government has necessarily been a slow growth. We believe that when we say we wish this growth to continue, we voice the desire of every girl in the school. This should be an excellent year for progress. We have now had two years of experience. We have made mistakes, but these should only make us stronger, and better able to handle the problems that continually arise. How, you may ask, can we further this growth? First of all, the girls must prove themselves worthy and capable in the responsibilities already intrusted to them. Bells and proctors must be obeyed promptly, and proctors

must make accurate, impartial reports. Many of the girls have complained of interference from the teachers, when Peace is supposed to have student government. What, we ask, can the teachers do, when either the proctor does not perform her duties or the girls do not obey her? If the girls will do their part, we believe that the teachers will be only too glad to turn over the governing responsibilities to them.

Before closing, we wish to speak in behalf of the Student Council. These girls are not just secondary "monster teachers," but representatives elected from our own midst. They do not pretend to be perfect, nor to sit in judgment upon the other girls. But, as elected representatives of the school, they certainly are entitled to respect and obedience in their governing capacities. Moreover, we believe that co-operation among all members of our household will make it possible for our student government truly "*to be rather than to seem.*"

WELCOME

From out the gates of Peace
There rang a welcome true;
A welcome for the old,
A welcome for the new.

“Come back to dear old Peace,”
The welcome seemed to say,
“For Peace is glad to see you
On this arrival day.”

MARY L. PALMER, '23

A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY

"He's so—well, I don't know how to say it, but I guess *sophisticated* is the word," breathed Doris in a sepulchral tone. "So altogether thrilling," she added.

Jane looked at her friend in awed silence. She had never seen her act quite like this before. The two were sitting in Doris' bedroom, after a strenuous day of Senior exams at their High School. Jane was sitting Turk fashion by the dressing table, at which Doris was laboring to arrange her curly hair in a "Suratt coiffure." In her hands Jane held a large photograph of an extremely well-known gentleman—none other than *the Vincent De Laney!* Those famous features were portrayed in all their magnificence. The "De Laney eyes" gazed with piercing directness into Jane's wide-open brown ones. He was good-looking, and this was an unusually good photograph of the celebrated hero of the screen. Doris turned suddenly to her friend.

"Do you think I could possibly go to a poky old Senior picnic with Tommy Harris, whom I've known all my life, on the very same night that Vincent is here in *Gerald, the Blacksmith's Son; or, How Gerald Rose From the Dust?*"

"But, my land, Doris, you've been looking forward to this picnic all year, and wishing Tommy would ask you. You know you were thrilled to death when he did ask you, instead of Dot Boyd. You're certainly beyond me!"

"Oh, but that was before I met—I mean saw—Vincent. He is all I can think of since I saw *Percival's Perilous Pawn*. And that marvelous letter I got from him! You know that would make anyone forget a mere child like Tommy."

Jane refrained, with difficulty, from smiling. The *child* happened to be eighteen—two years older than Doris. She

also remembered having heard that the secretaries of movie stars always answered the storm of letters. But, being a true friend, she kept her thoughts to herself.

As Doris scrutinized her image in the mirror, Jane took note of the array of photographs and pictures which adorned the walls, dressing-table, and mantel. Vincent De Laney was portrayed in every possible costume and position. Jane wondered how large an amount he paid for his pictures if every admirer had the gallery owned by this one small lady.

Doris gave final pats to her sleek head, powdered her dainty nose, and rose from the chair.

"I saw in a magazine that Vincent intended going to Blowing Rock to make pictures, next summer. Of course I'll persuade Dad to go there instead of taking our Canada trip."

"Give up the Canada trip! Why, Doris, you've planned that trip for over a year! The very idea of going to Blowing Rock instead! Now I *know* you're losing control of your senses. And it would be extremely selfish, when your parents are planning to enjoy the other trip. I didn't think that you were such a selfish old thing, anyway. I'm surprised to death." And Jane rose from the floor with a thoroughly disgusted look on her tanned face.

"You'll certainly be sorry," she added, "and when you see Tommy start to the picnic with Dot, you'll be still more sorry."

"Don't be absurd," retorted Doris. "Tommy Harris may go to the picnic with the lady in the Moon, for all I care. *I* am going to see *Vincent*." Then her voice became low and dreamy. "I can see his eyes now. He——"

"Yes," interrupted Jane, "I guess you *can* see his eyes. You've got forty-'leven pairs of them sitting all over the place."

"Oh, Jane, you just don't understand! He's absolutely the only man in the world I can ever love! The way he drives that Stutz Bear-Cat in *Marlowe's Merciless Madness* made me lose sleep for two whole nights. And I couldn't eat the chicken *a la king* that mother had Katie fix especially for my lunch."

This was getting serious, Jane decided! "Come on, let's go down to the drug store and see if the new *Movie World* is out. It's due today, you know. Jane, I'm going to ask mother to subscribe to the *Photoplay Magazine* instead of *The Delineator*."

Jane looked at her friend with a startled expression. This was *too* much! But Doris continued earnestly, as they started down the stairs: "I'm real worried over Constance Bara, though. Of course, you know that she's Vincent's leading lady. Personally, I can't bear her. She tries to copy Madame Petrova, and is a *decided* failure. I don't see how he can stand to act with her, and I told him so in my last letter. I tell him a lot of my troubles. I feel that he *understands*."

"Have you heard from that 'last letter'?" questioned Jane.

"No—he really hasn't had time to answer it. I'm sure I'll get a long letter by tomorrow, at least."

The two girls in their light dresses sauntered leisurely down the wide street. Every few houses they hailed comrades, but accepted none of the invitations to "Come in and dance," or "Come on, let's go to ride." But it was always Doris who responded quickly, before Jane had a chance to accept, "Thanks, we're in a hurry now. We have to go down town. We'll see you later."

At last they reached Davis' Drug Store, and entered, followed by Tommy Harris.

"Hello, girls! Come on and have a drink."

"Thanks, Tommy," answered Jane, with a smile. But Doris had made her way directly to the magazine rack. The cynosure of her eyes was the latest copy of the *Movie-World*, on the cover of which blazed a new picture of the Vincent De Laney. Jane and Tommy talked and laughed as only school comrades can, while Doris stood in open-mouthed admiration, and gazed at this latest marvel of beauty. After buying the magazine, she stood looking through its pages, devouring at first glance all that caught her attention.

A few minutes later Jane looked up from her ice-cream soda to see Doris, coming slowly towards the table. A question was stopped before it left her lips, as Doris said :

"Tommy, have—have you asked—anyone else—to the picnic?"

"Of course not, Doris. You know I wanted to take you, and I had decided not to go since you weren't going. Can you go?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, I can go," replied Doris, falteringly. "I—I find—that I *can* go, after all."

"Well, good! That's a date then!" the boy exclaimed exuberantly.

"Now, will you please explain!" cried Jane, clutching Doris' arm. "I thought I'd die if Tommy didn't soon leave. What in the world has struck you?"

"Nothing at all! I had every intention of going, all along. Of course, this has nothing to do with my going to the picnic, but just read this."

Opening the *Movie-World*, Doris pointed to an article with large headlines:

"VINCENT DE LANEY MARRIED TO CONSTANCE BARA, HIS LEADING LADY."

"Nothing to do with it!" thought Jane to herself.

KATHERINE CARR, '22

THE SOUL OF PEACE

There is something of Peace which will never die,
Which is invisible, permanent, old ;
Which is always changing, yet always the same,
As the pages of time unfold.
Some call it the "spirit" each new year creates,
As new girls replace the old ;
Or the "atmosphere," which affects each one,
And all the girls as a whole ;
But I call it something which means even more,
I call it Peace's soul.

It is something each girl who enters Peace
Must feel, and see, and know ;
Must feel its invisible, unspeakable power,
And obey its whispers low ;
And something each girl of Peace affects,
As she lives in its very heart.
Are you perfecting the soul of Peace ?
Are you sure you're doing your part ?

MARY C. HOWARD, '22

UNITED STATES TRAINING CAMP FOR WOMEN

"Only women over twenty are allowed!" sighed youthful Nancy, clasping her brown hands on her knee, and allowing a discontented frown to darken her freckled face.

"How glad I am that there is no age limit the other way," laughed Mrs. Brown, catching a glimpse of her iron gray hair in the mirror. "Oh, I must show you my new bathing suit! My brown hiking shoes are already packed, and I'll get my uniform at camp."

Of course you have guessed by this time that Mrs. Brown was going to the United States Training Camp for Women at Asheville, North Carolina. Last spring it would have taken longer to guess, for such camps were not so widely talked of then. The camp at Asheville is the first of a kind of camp the United States Training Corps for Women hopes to establish permanently in different parts of the country. The members of this organization have a bill pending in Congress, asking that surplus camp equipment be used for that purpose.

The idea originated during the war. First, the country was aroused by the discovery that one-third of the applicants for military service were physically unfit. Then, people noted a marked improvement in boys who returned after the war. Health specialists and physicians accounted for the trouble in the physical inability of women to properly care for their children. They said, "If the health of men, who are naturally more active and stronger than women, is so poor, that of the women must be worse." Vigorous health campaigns were in full swing when the work took another turn—that of improving women's health, as that of men had been improved, by military training.

In the summer of 1918, the United States Training Corps for Women was formed. The government was having trouble in keeping its clerical force. Girls came to Washington in flocks, but crowded boarding houses, unsatisfactory food, and long hours soon "got the best of them." They grew homesick and discontented, and often, after only a few weeks' work, returned to their homes. To meet this emergency, Miss Susannah Cocroft, the noted health specialist, suggested to the United States Efficiency Bureau a course in semi-military training, drilling, and setting-up exercises in the open air, to build the girls up physically. Consequently every afternoon at four o'clock, 3,500 women and girls from Washington's official offices gathered on the Ellipse back of the White House to drill. Seventy-five military men were detailed to Miss Cocroft to conduct the exercises. Homesick girls were soon a rarity, and government employers reported more efficient workers.

On the night of November 11, Armistice Day, the United States Training Corps for Women, so auspiciously begun, became a permanent organization. A charter was granted to it November 22, 1918, under the Illinois law, as an organization "not for profit, the purpose being to promote the health of women and children in America."

In spite of continued efforts made by those interested, the bill, authorizing the Secretary of War to turn over camp equipment, government grounds, and soldiers, to establish recreational camps for women, has not yet passed Congress. But, undaunted, the United States Training Corps has carried the work on.

During the month of August, 1919, under Miss Cocroft's leadership, an experimental camp was opened on the shores of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The objection, that women would not take advantage of such camps, was proved false at

the very beginning. Every tent in the heavy grove was full. The camp was under military rule. Four army officers were secured as drill masters. The women wore a simple uniform of short skirt and middy, low-heeled, broad-toed shoes, and simple straw hats. Dressing alike and living under common regulations fostered a spirit of democracy that was the camp's most striking characteristic.

Days in camp were systematically planned. On rising, the campers dressed in their bathing suits, had setting-up exercises for from fifteen to forty-five minutes, and a dip in the lake before breakfast. After breakfast, there were forty-five minutes of complete relaxation, during which everyone stayed in her own tent and did not even talk to her tent-mates. Games came next, and then lectures until dinner time. These lectures, on subjects like *Hygiene*, *Child Welfare*, and *Municipal Housecleaning*, were very practical and of great interest to the women.

The camp was a great success. The women were delighted. Miss Cocroft received great numbers of letters telling of gratifying results. The officers of the camp were convinced that women were as adaptable to drill as men, and people all over the country began at least to inquire about "this military training for women." Articles came out in magazines and papers, Miss Cocroft lectured during the winter 1919-1920, and former campers talked, so that, by the following summer, everyone wide awake enough to read his daily paper knew of the camp to be held at Asheville.

North Carolina women were first to apply for a camp and first to get one. The camp was open for six weeks, beginning in the middle of July and continuing through August. One could attend two weeks or longer, but not less than two weeks. Those who came to the camp because of what they had heard about Lake Geneva were not disappointed.

Those who expected only nervous patients and women who were trying to regulate their weight were surprised to find that the greater number were normal women, who had come to the camp for a good time, a bit of instruction, and a rest.

True to the original plan, the camp was military in character. There were squads, companies, and other diversions. Those who excelled in drill were made sergeants, lieutenants, and captains. Just before the camp closed, an exhibition contest in drilling was given, at which certain high officials of the army were judges. There was sharp rivalry among the companies. It was a great honor to win, and the winners wore their stripes and badges of distinction with as much pride as soldiers.

When the campers came home and told of their experiences, they often spoke of "the girls," and, knowing the age qualification for entrance, we wondered of whom they were speaking. It seems that, just as Miss Cocroft foretold, everyone at the camp was a girl. The stories they tell of races down the long hill to mess hall, of pranks played on each other and the officers, of each company's efforts to out-sing the others, sound like echoes from a girls' boarding school. The camp was truly recreational, mentally and spiritually, as well as physically.

Plans have been made for a camp at Asheville again next summer, with more equipment. Perhaps the bill will be passed before then, and the camp will be one of five permanent ones.

And by next year Nancy will be older. We hope she will be old enough to "go too."

LAURA BELL FRENCH, '21

AUTUMN

The summer suns have come and gone,
The winter's almost here.
This is the season we love best,
The autumn of the year.

The autumn of the year is here,
With school bells loudly ringing.
Old Nature's leaves of red and brown
From every tree are swinging.

Yes, dear old autumn's here again,
With all its joys anew;
And all the flowers in the fields
Are tinted a brilliant hue.

Summer skies are bright and blue,
And winter's dark and drear;
But this is the season we love best,
The autumn of the year.

HARRIETT BROWN, '23

CAMOUFLAGED PALMISTRY

"And they say there's going to be a really, truly fortuneteller from New York, Dolly. I can't wait till tomorrow! The Ladies' Aid Bazaars are always so much fun." With a vigorous push of one slippers foot, Kitty set the porch swing in motion, and leaned back lazily.

"Yes, it'll be fun," Dolly agreed, but without her usual enthusiasm. "What time let's go?"

Kitty reached out one slim arm and selected a caramel from a big box on the banister. "Oh, call me up tomorrow, and we'll decide," she said.

"Well, I will. Er—do you really believe in 'em?"

Kitty's gray eyes sparkled mischievously, but her voice was quite sober as she answered, "Of course—don't you?"

Dolly smoothed her pink smock thoughtfully. "Oh, I don't know. I wonder if she'll tell me—nothing, though. I'm not going to believe a thing she says! Have you seen George lately?"

"Uh-huh," mumbled Kitty, between caramels.

"When?"

"Last night. Isn't he nice? I don't wonder that he was the most popular man at school. He's such good company. He brought his guitar, and sang that marvelous Spanish love song. You know—'Dark Eyes, the Light of My Dark Night.'" Her own black eyes twinkled teasingly as she looked into Dolly's blue ones.

"Billy says that all the frats were wild for him," she continued.

"They say he's rushing Sylvia Roland. I guess she'll be wearing his pin soon." The words sounded careless enough. "I'd adore being tall and striking, and a brunette. Blondes always remind me of—weak tea."

At this juncture a gray roadster drew up in front of the house. A tall, broad-shouldered man was at the wheel. He jumped out of the car, and came up the walk gayly.

"There's George now," gasped Dolly, putting her hands to her hair. "And I look *such* a fright."

"Hello, people," greeted the newcomer. "It's time to go home, Kitty. I just stopped to pick you up. How's Miss Dolly?"

"Fine," answered Dolly, without her usual warmth. "Kitty, I'll call you up tomorrow. Good-bye."

* * * * *

Dolly impatiently waited her turn to enter the fortuneteller's booth. Every few minutes she glanced around for Kitty.

"Where can she be?" she wondered. "I've called her up twice, and nobody answers. I'll make her sorry—breaking a date with me like this."

A girl came out of the booth, cheeks flushed and eyes shining.

"Dolly, she's a wonder!" she exclaimed. "Why, she told me all about Tom, and——"

Dolly pulled back the heavy draperies, and entered the dim tent.

It was typically Oriental. Heavy tapestries were hung about. Piles of gay cushions were in the corners. A small pot of incense lent the final touch of mystery.

Her heart skipped a beat. It was all so thrilling! But there was no person visible—only a gold-colored screen and a low carved chair facing it.

A sepulchral voice came to her ears, in command.

"Advance, seeker of the future! Be seated in the Chair of Vision."

Trembling, Dolly obeyed. She sat down in the carved

chair—and proceeded to squirm. Silence! Strangely, her knees could not stay apart. She tried everything she could think of, even to placing her daintily gloved hands on them. But they always came back together, with a knock. Why didn't the mysterious one go on? Having one's fortune told was—well, it was almost *too* thrilling. She contemplated flight.

At last, the low voice began again.

"Put your hands through the Wall of Protection."

Glancing wildly about her, Dolly confirmed her suspicion that the only wall of protection in the room was the gold screen. She stripped off her gloves, and thrust her small pink palms through the slits in the screen. At once, they were tightly grasped. It came to her with a shock that the Mysterious Presence had hands.

"I see," came the murmur, "a cross on your heart-line—a rival in love. Beware of a *tall blonde*. There is a man in your life at present who will play a prominent part in your later life. He cares for you—even though you doubt it. But it will be proven to you soon." Abruptly, the voice ceased, as though its owner were choking.

Dolly gasped. Part of it was quite, quite true. She longed for the voice to continue.

"Shall I tell you his name?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" assented Dolly eagerly.

"It is—let me see. It is a famous name—one that should be honored—for it is the same as the name of—the Father of Our Country!"

Dolly's hands jerked convulsively. The hot blood dyed her pretty face, to the roots of her curly hair. And then—suddenly, she felt the hands that held hers shake. From behind the screen there came a sound which did not go, consistently, with a Mysterious Presence. For it was that

same choking sound, repeated more plainly, a partly stifled, gurgling sound—an unmistakable giggle.

An understanding look flashed into Dolly's eyes. With one mighty tug she freed her hands, and got to her feet, drawing herself up to all the dignity of her five-feet-three.

A startled exclamation came from behind the screen. Then a familiar voice broke out—the voice of her best friend—Kitty!

"Oh, Dolly, it's so much fun! The fortune-teller that was expected couldn't come, so the Ladies' Aiders asked me. In case of emergency, you know. And you're the very first person I've given myself away with. But you were too much for me!"

Dolly smiled. She really couldn't help it, even though it was a very small, crooked smile—at her own expense.

Shoving aside the screen, she faced the Mysterious Presence—gay, irrepressible Kitty.

"I think you're a wonder!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you go into the business?"

But, in spite of the attempt at banter, Kitty detected a hurt note in the voice of her chum. The usual mischievous light in her own eyes died, and an infinitely more attractive one took its place, as she impulsively put her arms around the small figure, and brought her red lips close to the pink ear.

"Listen, honey—I didn't have to be a wonder to tell you what I did. Going home last night, he told me he was going to ask you to wear his frat pin tonight. Now, if that isn't a prominent part in your later life, please tell me what is?"

LULA STOCKARD, '22

MONDAY MORNING

“Hurry! Pick up this dress and pick up that,
And please don’t leave on the bed that hat,
For I hear Mrs. Fowler coming down the hall,
And she is blessing out not one, but all!”

We cleaned up till the room was as clean as could be,
Not a particle of dust could anyone see.
We both sat down, feeling quite serene,
For the room had never been quite so clean.

“Good morning, Mrs. Fowler. Doesn’t our room look well?
How much we have cleaned up you never could tell.”
“No! It looks like a trash-pile to my eye!
Just look under the bed at that tie!

“Look at that washstand with shoe-polish spotted,
And look at the table with red ink blotted!
Look at those pictures on the wall.
I would have decent ones or none at all!

“How did you spill that ink on the floor?
And look at that shade, how badly it’s torn!
To look around this room makes me right mad;
I have never seen a room look half so bad!”

Saying these things, she blustered out;
We looked at each other, feeling quite turned about.

CASSANDRA PENN, '24

SHE WAS DIFFERENT

Wadsworth hated girls. With all the wisdom of his sixteen years, he knew them to be altogether fickle and frivolous. Of course, there were many pretty and attractive ones, but they were mostly flippant, and cared little for the "serious" things of life, such as "Darwinism" and ideals, of which Wadsworth was so fond. Besides, they didn't seem to like the slightly tall boy with the rather serious air, who parted his hair in the middle, and carefully plastered it down on the sides. It made them nervous to be looked at through large, tortoise shell glasses. The opinion of the fair sex did not worry Wadsworth, however, for he knew that he had a poetical soul, and must show it by his dress, and by his expression of detachment.

He wrote, in his own opinion, the most poetical poems. His *To Thou, My Ideal Woman*, beginning

"Love hath passed me by, dear one.
There is no living mortal such as thee.
With sorrow bowed head, I come
To gaze upon thy healing purity."

was, to him, especially expressive. It had been inspired by the portrait of a woman in the Raney Library. He would sit for hours looking up at it, admiring the beautiful white dress and hands. "The blue of her eyes, and the gold of her hair" were truly "the blend of the western sky" to him. She was concentrated perfection. She was his "ideal."

One afternoon he was sitting as usual before the portrait. He was reading, but very often his gaze would rest fondly and thoughtfully for a few minutes upon the portrait. With

a sigh, meant to express all the disillusion and distrust he felt for the fair sex, he would return sadly to his book.

He was rudely awakened from his deep study by the entrance of a group of chattering schoolgirls. They were laughing and talking, and planning a party to be given soon.

"You know that'll be cute!" the one with the loudest voice was saying. "And listen!" she continued more softly, but in a voice distinctly audible to Wadsworth, whom she had not noticed, "we'll have to invite Wadsworth, even if he is so peculiar. His mother would be awfully hurt if we didn't."

"Well," spoke up fifteen-year-old Juliette, who thought she was a great deal older, "I firmly approve of nature *in its place*, but I positively refuse to discuss the birds and the sky, and all that stuff about descending from monkeys, which I don't believe, with him! Margaret will, though. She's kind of inclined that way."

"Ah! Zee beautiful nature!" said Agnes. "Why haven't we all poetical souls?"

"Because it's bad enough for a few to be so afflicted. Please don't wish it on those who were lucky enough to escape. What did we come in here for, any way?" answered Juliette.

At this moment, Margaret, who had gone in search of a book, came up to them and said, softly, "Please don't wait for me. I've found the book I want, and I think I'll stay and read until dinner time. I'll be seeing you."

Wadsworth, whose face was now crimson, thought he had never heard such a sweet voice; such a contrast to those others. She was standing near him, but he was afraid to look at her. He wondered if she had heard what the other girls had said, and if she agreed with them.

He looked at her feet and gradually raised his glance to take in her whole figure. The late afternoon sun was

shining through the window on her. Her dress was white, her hair was gold, and her large, serious eyes were blue. She was truly his "ideal" personified. There was something strangely familiar about her; he was sure he had met her somewhere. He was almost convinced that their meeting had taken place in a previous existence, when he remembered that she was a member of the new family which had just moved next door. His spirits mounted, but soon sank, when he recalled the conversation of the schoolgirls. Did she think as they did, or was she a "kindred spirit"? He looked quickly at the book she was reading, and calm seemed to settle over all the earth. He was satisfied. She was reading Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

ELEANOR ROBERTS, '23

DAYTIME CURLS

There is a job I dare not shirk,
A most unpleasant piece of work,
But nightly done; my hair so red
Is put on curlers, ready for bed.

I hate to think what it will mean;
Many a horrid, awful dream!
But blissful thought—oh, not for worlds
Would I miss the joy of my daytime curls.

SARA BOYD, '23

THE LITTLE GIANTS

"Mama, we are going to have a great big game of ball tomorrow," said twelve-year-old Bobbie, as he walked excitedly from the table to his desk and back again to look for his ball and mit. Bobbie was tall for his age, and thin. His bright red hair was parted on the side and neatly brushed. He turned his big, blue eyes questioningly toward his mother as he asked, "Can our team meet here?"

As he went to the telephone he saw Skeet in the yard. "Hey, Skeet! Come on in here and wait till I call up Shorty, Gink, Sam, and the rest of the team."

Skeet was the Little Giants' star catcher. He wasn't quite as tall as Bobbie, but was more heavily built. His face was so covered with freckles that one had to look at him twice to see where some of them ended so that the others could begin. His brown, curly hair was never in place. He and Bobbie called themselves "tombstone buddies." He sat quietly in a chair and waited while Bobbie talked more to Central than he did to his companions.

In less than fifteen minutes Mrs. Everett's spacious yard was filled with nine eager-eyed, dirty-faced boys between the ages of eleven and fourteen.

"Who are we gonna get to play us tomorrow?" began Captain Bobbie.

"Let's get that team from Peoria to play us," suggested ever-ready Pete.

"Oh, let's!" agreed all.

"Pete, you be shortstop; Skeet, catcher; Gink, first baseman——"

"Oh, let me play firth bathe?" asked Irene, Bobbie's five-year-old sister.

"Aw, go on back!" growled Bobbie.

"I ain't. Hey, Tham! Ain't you glad to thee me?" She smiled up at him as she shook her auburn curls and put her hand in his.

Bobbie started to take her into the house, but Sam stopped him. "We'll have her for our mascot. Teddy Smith's brother has smallpox, so the whole 'Carboro House' is in quarantine. He can't come."

"Three cheers for our new mascot!" shouted the Little Giants, with the exception of Bobbie.

"The rest of us know our places," said Shorty. "You call up Dicky Ross, Bobbie. He's their captain."

"Where am I gonna get any money?" He took up a collection and got the required amount—fifteen cents.

"Did you all know that the Big Giants are beatin' everybody that they play? You know the Little Giants have got to do that, too." As he said this the team began to walk down to the telephone building to telephone Dicky. Each was offering suggestions and telling the best way to beat the Peoria Nine. They left Irene on the porch waving at them.

The next morning Mrs. Everett was awakened by excited and troubled voices. She recognized Bobbie's and Skeet's. Then she heard the machine sewing jerkily. She hurriedly dressed and slipped into the room. Gray shirts and red cambric covered the floor. Bobbie was at the machine, while Skeet was on the floor cutting out red *L*'s and *G*'s.

"Gee, Skeet, this is going fine now. Didn't know that 'twas so hard to sew. Gee whiz! 'Most got my finger. How're you coming along?"

"The scissors slip once in a while. These are funny letters. But ye know we gotta have letters on our suits."

Mrs. Everett smiled as she slipped quietly out to get breakfast ready for these healthy boys.

After breakfast they went off with a large bundle of gray shirts, red strings hanging from them, under their arms. Both were talking seriously.

At two o'clock both teams were lying on the grass in Bobbie's yard. "Where's Dicky?" asked one of the Peoria stars. "I haven't seen him since he's been here."

"I know where he is. He's 'round to Polly King's house. He's been there all day."

All of the boys looked at Bobbie. He sat up straight and burst out, "Where'd you say he was?" The Little Giants laughed teasingly.

"He's come over here and now he's trying to act biggety. Wonder how he expects us to do anything! You all going out to practice in a little while? He's a pretty captain!" muttered one of the Peoria Nine.

"Let's put him out!" volunteered chubby, red-faced, red-haired, green-eyed Fatty Jones.

The game was to be at four-thirty. At four-fifteen Dicky Ross wandered across the playground in the midst of a group of Carboro's young belles. He was a tall boy with a smooth, olive complexion. His straight, black hair was brushed back in a pompadour. His dreamy, brown eyes sparkled as he strolled along at radiant, black-eyed Polly's side.

"Yonder he comes! Guess he thinks we can beat without practice," muttered two of his team.

The boys had been pitching and batting balls since two-thirty. The few young spectators were seated on sweaters and pillows a few feet behind the catcher. Dick spread his handkerchief on the grass for Polly to sit on. He then went to his tired and waiting team. Bobbie eyed him jealously.

As soon as Dicky put on his suit the game began in earnest. The large, irregular, red, frazzled *L G's* on the Little Giants' suits made the small, green *P N's* on the

Peoria Nine's suits look unnecessary and insignificant. Irene, in a stiffly starched, pink gingham frock, was sitting on a box not far behind the catcher. She clapped her hands and yelled every minute. As the Peoria team were company, they were at the bat first. They made six runs. Then the Little Giants made only three. During each inning each side would make enormous scores. At the end of the sixth inning the score was twenty to twenty. The noise and cheering gradually grew less. The young players had practiced so much before the game that it looked as if they were going to give out before the end.

The Peoria Nine had two men out, and Dicky was at the bat. His team was cheering nobly. As luck would have it, he looked at Polly and then struck out. His team made him understand that if he had "let that girl alone" they would have won.

"Trying to be a *ladies' man*," jeered a few.

Two men were out. It was Bobbie's turn to bat. Three men were on bases! He looked neither to the right nor to the left. As the ball came over the plate, Bobbie swung his bat around and sent the ball across the street. Polly beamed at him as he came in home. Bobbie flushed as red as a beet.

His team shouted, "Victory! Victory. Score, twenty to twenty-four in favor of the Little Giants!"

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN, '22

YESTERDAY—AND TODAY

When I think of our walls as they were in past years,
Do you understand why my eyes fill with tears?
Our walls were covered with pictures gay,
From Fisher, Montgomery, the best of the day;
Good looking men with parted hair,
Bending to kiss some lady fair;
A soldier and sweetheart in last embrace;
Or a dear little vamp, with paint on her face;
A big, round moon 'way up in the sky,
A lake, a canoe, and some lovers, oh, my!
But all these things were in days gone by,
These glorious feasts for mind and eye.
In the early part of the opening of school,
This romance was prohibited—'gainst the rule.
Now our walls are covered with pictures staid;
No room for the romance of lover and maid.
Our thoughts are turned toward higher things;
We gaze at long lines of historic kings.
There Mount Vesuvius smokes in print;
And other pictures quite well meant
Are the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
Napoleon shedding a futile tear,
The pitiful ruins of ancient Rome,
The shining beauty of the Capitol's dome.
And I mustn't forget cur dear family,
All hung o'er the dresser, from gran'pa to me.
Now do you see how different we are?
I'm sure we're more intellectual far.

R. WITHERINGTON, '24

NEWS NOTES

On September 9, the Peace Campus became alive again with girls, both old and new. The members of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet were here to welcome all the girls. At 10:45 the following morning the opening exercises were held in the Auditorium. Dr. White, president of the board of trustees, and Dr. D. H. Hill gave short, inspiring talks, and Miss Graham welcomed each of us in her usual cordial manner. Mrs. Webber and Miss Wentzel rendered a delightful vocal program.

On September 11, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the new girls with a backward party. We found the only backward thing about the new girls was their manner of donning their clothes.

On September 13, the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society took the new girls out to the Country Club. A most pleasant afternoon was spent.

On the following Tuesday night, the Pi Theta Mu Literary Society entertained the new girls with a moving picture party.

A large majority of the Peace girls attended the first football game of the season, which was played between State College and Davidson College on September 18. That night we were honored with a splendid serenade from State College.

On October 4, a party of Peace girls attended the concert given by Allen McQuhae, the Irish tenor, at the Auditorium. He rendered a most pleasing program.

The annual Faculty Reception was given on the night of September 25. Composing the receiving line were members of the Faculty, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and several of the trustees and their wives. Members of the Music and Expression Departments rendered a delightful program, after which a delicious ice course was served by the Juniors.

The Athletic Season at Peace has opened with greater enthusiasm than ever before. The new girls have been equally divided between the two teams, the Greens and the Whites. The Association is glad to welcome them and hopes that the old spirit will be continued.

The Misses Martha Fairley, Lucy Cooper, and Rachel Witherington attended the Ferebee-Cheatham wedding in Henderson, N. C.

Other recent weddings of special interest to Peace girls are the following:

Miss Zelma Parnell to Mr. Barbee.

Miss Bradbeer to Mr. Miller.

Miss Rozelle Robinson to Mr. Royd.

Miss Sarah H. Prior to Sergeant Downs.

The total number of students registered this year is 216. They come from the following States and countries: North Carolina, 216; Georgia, 4; South Carolina, 7; Virginia, 10; Tennessee, 3; Florida, 1; Rhode Island, 1; Delaware, 1; Mississippi, 2; Ohio, 1; Alabama, 1; Kentucky, 2; California, 1; Korea, 1; and Canada, 1.

On Saturday night, October 2, the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society gave an elaborate banquet in honor of its new members. It came as a complete surprise to the new girls, who during the afternoon had been subjected to the usual *horse play* on the campus. The banquet was given in our dining room, which had been decorated with the Sigma Phi colors, blue and gold. Baskets of daffodils tied with the colors were on the tables, and the place cards were decorated with the Greek letters Σ Φ K and tiny bows of blue and gold ribbon. The menu consisted of

Grapefruit
Creamed Chicken Rolls Potatoes Peas
Fruit Salad in apple cups
Ice Cream Cake
Demitasse Cheese
After-dinner mints

During the dinner toasts were given as follows: To the Founders of Peace; to the Active Members; to Peace; to the President of the Society; to the New Members; to the Honorary Members; to the New Faculty Members; to the Sigma Kappa Literary Society.

Miss Graham and Eugenia Fairley, president of the Y. W. C. A., attended the Synodical at Concord on October 14.

The entire student body attended the Fair on October 21 and 22. This is one of the important events of the year. The football game between State College and Carolina was greatly enjoyed.

ALUMNÆ

Dorothy Blount, '20, has a position in the office of the Carolina Life Insurance Company in Washington, N. C.

Bennie Lee Upchurch, '20, is studying Voice at Converse College.

Emma Kate Jones, '20, is principal of a school near Sanford. She is assisted by Susie Monroe, '20.

Elizabeth Anderson, '20, is pursuing her studies at Trinity College. She was our guest during the Sigma Phi Kappa initiation.

Isabel Faison, '20, is teaching school in Rocky Mount.

Quintine Johnston, '20, is continuing her study of art at Columbia University.

Lena Linberger, '20, is teaching near her home, Gastonia.

Anabel Sloan, '20, surprised us with a week-end visit last month. She expects to spend the winter at her home in Garland.

Mary Steele, '19, returned to Columbia University.

Of much interest to the students and alumnae of Peace are the marriages of the following: Miss Eloise Wiggins, '17, to Mr. Taylor Marrow, of Tarboro; Miss Ruth Mercer to Mr. Louis Thorpe, of Rocky Mount. These weddings took place last month.

Lois Monroe, '18, is teaching school in Margaretsville.

The girls who were here last year will be interested to know of Mademoiselle Valentine E. Estoppey, our former French teacher. She will spend the winter at her old home in Geneva. Her address is 8 Rue Vieux Billard, Geneva, Switzerland.

INCONSISTENCY

Last year when Peace girls were "called up,"
"Too much rouge," the complaint,
We were told that it didn't improve us,
That horrid, abominable paint!

But now we find the opinion changed
Of even the saintliest saint;
When I asked what improved Peace '20,
She replied with disgust, "Why, the paint!"

M. C. H., '22

JOKES

Mary Stewart: "I'm just thrilled to death! I'm going to play for Miss Eichelberger's athletic dancing class."

Martha: "Lib, do you know where Daniel Lowe is? My watch is broken."

Elizabeth: "I certainly don't. I've never met him."

Miss Hener (hearing a car knocking): "There goes a car running on one syllable."

Mary Brown: "The girls had a beauty parlor at Wynne Hall last year. I had my face shampooed one day."

New Girl: "I can't decide whether to join Pi Theta Mu or Y. W. C. A."

Miss Davis: "Girls, don't anybody say another word. Go to work making out your schedules. Don't sit quiet and do nothing."

Senior: "Pardon me for walking on your feet."

Wise Sophomore: "Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."

New Girl: "Where do you put your quarter to take a bath?"

Molly Pigford (on the tennis court): "Deuce!"

New Girl: "I didn't know they allowed cursing up here."

Una (whose assignment in "Shelter and Clothing" was to look up *Shelter*): "I'm going to find an encyclopedia. Maybe it gives his life in there."

Miss Pfaff: "Are there any questions on today's assignment?"

Mary C.: "Yes, ma'am. What was it?"

Girls (at Mrs. McLelland's table): "Please take us to the movies, Mrs. McLelland."

Mrs. McLelland: "Oh, no! You mustn't go out tonight. The teachers are expecting a serenade."

Miss McLelland (in Bible class): "What did Jacob carry with him when he left the house of his father?"

Martha Stanley: "His birthright."

Martha Fairley (reading an account of a wedding): "The bride paused at the *impoverished* altar."

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME I

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No. 5

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“BUSY”

“Busy.” We are all familiar with that word, for it confronts us daily in the form of huge signs tacked on doors. What does this word mean to you? Does it mean a “keep out,” or an invitation? We all know what a “Busy” really means. It means that the occupant of the room is busy or wishes privacy, and it is purely an act of courtesy to respect the sign on her door.

When one sees PRIVATE on the door of an office, one does not think of intruding, nor does he deliberately walk on grass when there is a sign “Keep Off—\$5.00 Fine.” The *Busy* signs on our doors are as truly laws as other prohibitive signs are.

A “Busy” may mean a hard lesson, house-cleaning, or even a box from home, but whatever the purpose in putting it up, it is meant for outsiders to observe. This little act of courtesy has lately been ignored by many of us, and, whether it be through oversight or thoughtlessness, the observance of these unwritten laws has been neglected. A “Busy” should mean “Busy” to all of us, and “KEEP OUT.”

SPONGES

If we should look in Webster's Dictionary we would see for one definition of the word *sponge*, "To deprive of something by imposition; to get by imposition or mean acts without cost; to suck in, or imbibe, as a sponge; to gain by mean arts, by intrusion, or hanging on."

I wonder just how many of us have ever thought of a sponge in this way, or have ever compared ourselves to sponges. We know that it would make us furious for any one else to call us sponges, but in a boarding-school we are all, more or less, sponges.

We can be sponges in a thousand ways, but our most common way of sponging is borrowing. It is such an easy matter to borrow two or three hair-pins, pins, pencils, or other trivial articles, which really do not amount to very much. But, at the same time, it is sponging. Many of us have experienced the sensation of opening our wardrobes to find that our best hats and dresses have "walked out," we know not where, unless the intruder has been thoughtful enough to leave a little note wig-wagging from the pin-cushion, and saying, "Darling, I borrowed your hat and dress; I knew you wouldn't mind."

Then there is the girl who "absorbs" the contents of your box from home; the girl who never sees the "Busy" on your door; the girl who always turns everything topsy-turvy while looking for your tennis balls. There is the girl who never has pins, hair-pins or powder. She always makes it a point to come to your room to put on the finishing touches, and supplies herself lavishly from your already reduced supply of hair-pins and "Mary Garden."

Everybody hates a sponger, yet we live from day to day absorbing what is not rightfully ours, whether we borrow, intrude, or impose on those whom we *say* are our friends.

To the loving memory of her who has ever been our
staunch friend and loyal supporter

Mrs. Mary Penick Baumann

Born May 24, 1841

Died January 8, 1921

In memory of

Gladys Powell

Our friend and schoolmate

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

Sunday night suppers at Peace
Are always a surprise;
You never know from week to week
What next will meet your eyes.

At first they were *al fresco*,
In cafeteria style;
We sat upon the campus,
And ate and talked awhile.

Then, when at five o'clock 'twas dark,
And southern winds grew strong,
We needs must move inside the house,
And take our eats along.

Next, one Sunday after dinner,
The maid came smiling in,
Surrounded on all sides
By food up to her chin.

Plates and doilies, too, she brought.
And we began to stare;
Then they told us 'twas our supper,
Which we were to prepare.

Perhaps we didn't do it right,
For then they tried another *tack*;
Next Sunday noon we got our lunch,
Dressed up in a paper sack.

There was but one flaw in this plan:
'Twas that in Quiet Hour,
Though knowing it was all we had,
Our lunches we'd devour.

This was met by another scheme,
Which filled us with delight;
Y. W. girls delivered lunch
At six o'clock at night.

With all these clever plans,
We really are perplexed
To know how Sunday suppers
Will be served to us next.

REBECCA STICE, '24, Σ Φ K

THE BUBBLE THAT DIDN'T BURST

Mail-call was over and the "Noble Nine" had dropped into Velinda's room, as usual, to read their mail.

"Oh, Boy!" came a sudden exclamation from the window. Velinda was flushed with excitement as she perused a tiny white card. "Listen, girls!" she cried: "'The Rho Chapter of the Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity invites you to attend its annual dance, May seventh, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty.' Now, you *know* that's sweet of Bob!" she added enthusiastically, as she thrust the invitation into her sweater pocket.

"Sweet indeed," said Sue, unconcernedly.

"What does he hope for putting out invitations over this way?" exclaimed Gertrude.

"Let's all go," said Emily, gayly.

"By all means," put in Katherine, sarcastically.

"Yes," laughed Sara, "better ask Dr. Byrd at once."

"Wouldn't he *drop dead* though?" said Betsie.

"Right sweet of the old boy to *think* of you, any way," said Kate, with a yawn.

Velinda said nothing, but smiled to herself. She had a hunch that—something would happen.

All day long Velinda fingered the invitation that weighed down her pocket. She read it over and over again. She realized that she wanted to go to that dance as she had never wanted anything in her life. She could just close her eyes and see the gayly decorated hall, the merry groups of boys and girls, and—Bob. But, of course, it was absurd to think

of going. Why, no one had *ever* gone to a dance from the school—but, probably no one had ever asked. If she *could* only go, wouldn't it be just the grandest joke *ever* on the girls? They had treated her invitation as a joke—could she get it back on them? Velinda saw but one slim chance. Would she *dare* ask Dr. Byrd?

.

At five o'clock that afternoon Velinda rapped timidly on the door of the President's office. The door was slightly ajar and she could hear the *click, click* of the typewriter.

"Come in and be seated," came a stern, impatient voice from inside.

Velinda entered noiselessly. The man at the large roller top desk did not look up. Velinda was a girl with plenty of so-called nerve and back-bone, but, in spite of that, her knees knocked together as she crossed the room and sat nervously on the edge of a straight mahogany chair. This was her first visit to the President's office, and truly she hoped it was her last. She was feeling exceedingly unnecessary.

It was an attractive room. Velinda realized that it was quite cosy and home-like, but my! how close it was. It was filled with the odor of cigar smoke. A clock on the wall ticked away at a rapid rate, but yet could not keep pace with Velinda's heart. She felt as if she had been suddenly dropped in a desert land where no one existed except herself and a frightful beast, who would turn upon her at any minute and devour her. This horrible feeling faded away as her eyes fell on a picture. It was *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. It seemed to give her renewed courage. She planted her feet squarely on the floor, sat back in her chair, and crossed her arms *à la Napoleon*. Velinda then, for the first time, studied the man before her. He was tall, middle-

aged, and substantial. Rather gray and stout, but *most* distinguished looking. He wore large steel-rimmed lorgnettes, which gave him an air of superiority and made him an object of terror in the eyes of the girls. Finally he turned suddenly around and looked at Velinda over the top of his glasses. Velinda was feeling more and more out of place.

"Well, what will you have?" he asked in rather a bored tone.

Velinda had composed her speech in Chemistry Lab., but alas, it had vanished from her memory and she simply drew the invitation from her pocket and handed it to him. She thought his hand trembled as he took it. His tired smile faded into a stern, hard frown. He studied the card for several minutes—hours, it seemed to Velinda. Of course, he would refuse. He probably thought she was crazy. What would the girls say if they knew she had asked him? What would they say if they knew he had refused? Then he looked up. His face again wore a calm expression. A great storm had passed over. He cleared his throat.

"Well, Miss Velinda," his deep voice filled the room. "Your record, I remember, is very good. I see no reason why I should not allow you this extraordinary pleasure. Give this to Miss Clemson," he said, as he turned and wrote a few words on the bottom of the card. "She will provide a chaperone for you."

Velinda sprang hastily to her feet, took the card, and with a profusion of thanks, retreated.

On the way to the Dean's office she did a few fancy steps that "no Russian dancer could ever equal," and when she reached a large glass door labeled, "Private," she knocked with assurance.

Miss Clemson looked pale and irritable. She took the card indifferently, read it, sat up in her chair, stared at Velinda with a puzzled expression, looked once more at the card, and hanging it on a hook, replied, "Very well."

.

On Friday evening, when the "Noble Nine" rushed in to tell Velinda that the Davidson Glee Club was coming the next week, they found her standing before her long triple mirror, radiant in an evening dress of old rose and gold.

"Velinda," they all cried, "where *on earth* are you going?"

"To the dance. Why not?" she answered, trying to make her voice sound calm and steady. She was drawing an evening coat around her shoulders.

"Who *said* you could go?" they all asked in one breath.

"Dr. Byrd, of course," Velinda said, patting her nose with a powder puff and gazing critically into the mirror.

A car stopped by the terrace below and gave two loud honks. Velinda gathered up her slipper bag and fan, and blew a fleeting kiss to the dumb-founded "Noble Nine," who exclaimed in a chorus:

"*Of all things!*"

Velinda said nothing, but smiled to herself. She had a hunch that—some one was waiting for her.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22, Σ Φ K

AW—FUDGE!

One day in the Fall,
As I came down the hall
I could hardly believe it was true—
A transom flung wide,
And odors inside,
Of soup, fudge, and coffee came through.

I stood there spellbound,
Just looking around,
Wondering who guilty could be;
For it's long been a rule
In this stately old school,
That no chafing-dish pupils may see.

Then I passed on by
With my head held high,
For I knew 'twas a faculty member.
Now I wonder if she
Had forgotten that we
Stay as hungry as bears in December.

N. M. C. H., '22, ΣΦΚ

LIFE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

The tourist from great centers of commercial activity, speeding over "ribbons of steel" through the slumberous South, in search of rest from bustle and care, views from his seat of comfort, vast stretches of apparent desolation, and has often been heard to exclaim, "How do these people live?" The scene justifies the thought. The continuity of miles of brown fields, stripped of their harvests of fleecy white, is in many sections unbroken except by scrubby pines, and the only human habitation is the lone negro cabin.

As great a wonder excites the mind of the rural citizen, when an invisible force carries him to the dizzy heights of the Woolworth building, or the surging throng on Wall Street jostles him to and fro.

Sad to say, we Americans are deplorably ignorant, one of the other. It is not amiss to preface pictures of antebellum plantation life by this reference, for, though the old time South has been spoken of as "a land where hospitality was the religion and chickens were born fried," there is, generally, outside the Southern States, a misconception of typical antebellum plantation life. A true estimate shows that it was a life of peace, prosperity and happiness for both master and slave.

Life and all activities on the plantation centered about the "Great House." This was the name given by the negroes to the home of the planter. The typical southern Colonial mansion was a large two-story structure, fashioned after the Grecian style of architecture. Generally the main part of the house was square and had a wing running off from one

side, or from the rear. One of the most striking characteristics of the house was its large front portico, with huge columns, which often ran the height of both stories.

The location of the "Great House" depended largely upon its ready access to a good spring, for in those days wells were rarely used. The house, usually in the midst of a big grove, sat somewhat off the main road. An avenue, sometimes a half mile long, bordered by cedar or mimosa trees, led up to the carriage gate, with its big white posts, which marked the entrance at the edge of the grove.

The beauty of the stately mansion was always enhanced by the picturesque surroundings. The garden was often a continuation of the smooth green lawn. It was laid off in stiff, old-fashioned walks, bordered with box bushes and flowering shrubs. Here it was that lilacs, sweet-betsies, kate-jessamines and old-fashioned roses grew and blossomed in profusion. Nearby were arbors of scuppernongs. There was always an orchard, spreading itself on a sunny slope near the house. In spring the gnarled old trees showered their blossoms upon the earth, adding to the beauty of the veritable Garden of Eden.

Further on, a gray stone wall inclosed the family burying-ground. Usually, a few old cedars stood as sentinels for the dead, and sweet honeysuckle entwined itself over the wall and about the green mounds.

Imagine the restfulness of sitting on the big piazza, in the soft twilight of a peaceful spring evening, the air pungent with the odor of honeysuckle, and fruit blossoms, the strumming of banjos and the melodious harmony of voices floating gently from the negro cabins!

There were a number of outhouses, which always stood near the "Great House." The most important among these were the "office" and the kitchen. The "office" was a house sometimes two stories high, with several rooms and a piazza.

The planter usually had his desk in the office and transacted all of his plantation business there. Some of the rooms were bed-rooms and were occupied by the men when the main house was crowded with guests. The office was often spoken of as "the house for the men and dogs," for here the gentlemen sat, discussing politics, smoking, and enjoying the companionship of their dogs.

The kitchen, too, was an outhouse, for it always stood some distance from the dining-room. This would seem quite strange now, and would cause many extra steps for the house-wife. But in those days, when servants were plentiful, steps were not considered. The kitchen was thus placed in order to keep the main part of the house free from odors, quite pleasant in the kitchen but very undesirable in the front part of the house. A walk of flat stones, called "flagstones," led from the back of the house to the kitchen, and over this walk the food was carried in big covered dishes, by well-trained servants.

The family which composed the household of the "Great House" was one of gentle birth, culture, and refinement. The mistress and her daughter spent most of their time at home, interested in household affairs, and, according to the old southern idea, lived the ideal life for women, of luxury, ease, and comfort. The planter and his sons were fond of hunting and all outdoor sports. Such a life was on a high plane, led to a fondness for literature and the finer arts, and, altogether developed the nature of the old southern gentleman.

Rolling away in all directions from the "Great House," the plantation stretched for miles and miles. There were hundreds of acres of cotton, for cotton was the main product of the South. Corn, wheat, barley, and oats, spread like blankets, over vast fields. Beautiful meadows rolled for miles, and upon them droves of cattle fed. There were great forests composed of many kinds of valuable trees. Scattered here

and there, in picturesque spots, were the negro settlements. The negroes lived in what were called "slave quarters." Their dwellings were built of logs and sometimes had front and back porches. They stood in two or more long rows with a street between. At the back of each cabin was a garden and several fruit trees. All the plantation spoke of "peace, prosperity, and plenty," and the planter was truly "monarch of all he surveyed.

To us who live in the day of hustle and bustle, when communication, travel, transportation, all is rapid, almost instantaneous, the social life of the planter and his family would be one of tiresome monotony. However, there were social activities and interests which took the place of picture shows, auto rides, and such amusements that satisfy pleasure seekers of today.

Often, within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, there would be only three or four congenial white families. There were no telephones, and the quickest means of communication was by fast horses. When an invitation to a dance or a dinner was issued, it was carried by a negro on horseback. The invitation was prepared with great care. It was written on a piece of foolscap and this sheet was tacked, by means of a bow of colored ribbon, to a piece of cardboard. The cardboard was put in a satchel and the satchel was hung over the shoulder of the rider. The same invitation was carried to first one neighbor and then another.

In case of a death, what was known as the funeral notice was sent. This was a piece of paper prepared in somewhat the same way as the invitation. The paper bore the name of the dead and the time and place of the funeral. In place of the colored ribbon there was always a black one.

On account of the distance and the slow means of traveling, when calls were to be paid they generally turned out to be visits of a day at least. Often the whole family would go

in the big carriage, and spend the day at some neighbor's house. A negro, called "an outrider," would always be sent ahead on horseback to notify the family on whom the call was to be made, of their coming guests.

Two of the most enjoyable social gatherings were the dance and the fox-hunt. The "Great House" was a scene of gaiety when a dance was given. Music was always furnished by the slaves. It is said that no race of people has a more natural ear for music than the negro race. Surely all of this natural gift was poured forth upon fiddle, mouth-harp, and banjo at those old-time dances. Light feet kept as perfect time, in the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned waltz, as feet of today do, in fox-trots and one-steps. At these dances all the kin-folks and neighbors from the adjoining plantations came in carriages and on horseback. They came at sunset, danced until sun-rise, and stayed to breakfast.

Both gentlemen and ladies were great lovers of the chase. Fox-hunts were given, when everybody came and brought anywhere from ten to fifteen dogs. They came in the afternoon and spent the night, so as to get an early morning start. By sun-rise the hunters would be well on their way. Such a scene as it must have been! Fifteen or twenty-five riders, gaily laughing and calling to each other; and about seventy-five dogs, all yelping and barking as they tore across fields, ditches and fences. Sometimes, even when the hunt lasted all day, the sly fox would fool the eager hunters.

The religious interests of the planter consisted chiefly in going to church and Sunday school. The church was usually known as a "union church," for all denominations worshiped there. A Methodist minister would hold service one Sunday, a Presbyterian minister the next, and so on. There was always a balcony in the church, where the negroes sat. Often a drowsy, quiet sermon was abruptly interrupted by a shriek from above, as some faithful black "got happy."

In the home of the planter on the great plantation, there was no lack of educational and literary interests. There was no organized public school system, but schools, known as "neighborhood schools," were in nearly every community. These schools were kept up by the wealthy, and were for the benefit of the poor as well. Children were often taught by a governess. The governess lived in the home and prepared the children for boarding-school.

Through the stage coach or the steamboat, the planter was kept in touch with the world. Often it was arranged with booksellers in the northern cities to send all the newest books and papers at certain intervals, and it was a joyous time when they arrived. Papers were printed in many of the villages and towns throughout the South. A unique case was that of a newspaper being published on a plantation. This was in Georgia. The paper was a success from the beginning. It had a subscription list of two thousand, and its editorials were widely quoted by other southern papers.

Many plantations comprised thousands of acres, and frequently the proprietor of so vast an estate owned several hundred negroes. The management of such possessions required masterly executive and economic skill. The plantation was divided into small farms and settlements, almost villages. Over each of these divisions was placed a manager, called the overseer. Under the overseer were reliable colored men, who assisted in the management of the young negroes.

Every large plantation produced nearly all that it consumed. It was to the master's interest to see that his slaves were well clothed and fed, and that their health was carefully protected. This necessitated extensive grain culture, sheep, hog, and cattle-raising, and scores of mules and horses. Every plantation maintained its own gin-house, mill, carpenter shop, loom-house, blacksmith shop, and shoe shop. For all this work, the slaves were trained.

There were flocks and herds of every kind. Cattle, which furnished milk and butter, as well as beef and hides, were raised. Flocks of sheep furnished wool as well as mutton. There were chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys without number. Hogs, which furnished probably the favorite meat of the Southerner, ham, were raised in great droves. On each plantation there was a man called the "hog feeder," who did nothing but look after the hogs. Before daybreak each morning, the hog feeder, with his watch-dog, started for the hog pasture, which was several miles away. He always drove a mule hitched to a wagon filled with hog feed, and his entire day was occupied in attending to his charges.

Hog-killing time came during the first cold spell, and this was truly a great time for all on the plantation. Great buckets of lard were made. Quantities of meat were ground up, seasoned, and made into sausage. Such parts of the hogs as the hams, shoulders, and heads were salted, peppered, and seasoned with molasses and various other things, and then hung in the smoke-house. In the smoke-house a slow hickory fire was kept burning for weeks, and the meat was "cured."

At the loom-house there was usually one skilled weaver in charge. Boys and girls worked, filling the quills to be in readiness for the shuttles. Here cloth was woven, from which the clothes for the slaves were made. Besides the coarse cotton homespun, handsome counterpanes were woven. As sheep were raised extensively and wool was plentiful, the slaves wove beautiful blankets and woolen goods. Dyes from sumac and other wild shrubs were made so that materials were dyed in many colors. Often the slaves had good ideas about combining colors and produced artistic designs.

The blacksmith shop furnished all the farm implements. Plow shafts, horseshoes, and even the nails used in erecting houses on the plantation, were wrought by the master's blacksmith.

In the carpenter's shop all kinds of woodenware were made: pails, polished trays, kitchen utensils, and even beautiful cabinets and pieces of furniture. There is still in the possession of the writer's mother a bureau and a wash-stand, remnants of a suite of furniture made on her great grandfather's plantation, of maple, which grew on the place. These articles show rare skill in workmanship.

Besides working in the shop, the carpenters were occupied in building houses. If the blacksmith could not furnish iron nails, stout lightwood pegs were used in shingling. A hole was bored, first, through the shingle into the sheeting boards on the roof, then the peg was driven in. On some old plantations, houses with framework joined by large wooden pegs, are yet standing.

Generally, between master and slave there was a feeling that was akin to filial love. The slave's constancy to his mistress while his master was on the battlefield contending against his liberty exemplified the loyalty of the slave and disproved the tyranny of the master. The typical antebellum planter and slave owner was a gentleman of refinement, culture and courage.

ELLA SEAWELL, '21, Π Θ M

RESTRICTED

“Due to the fact that you’ve broken this rule,
Not for a month can you leave this school,”
Was the council’s verdict in the middle of that night,
When they summoned me from bed, all trembling with
fright.

For just yesterday, much to my sorrow,
I had broken the rule, “Girls, do not borrow.”

Just as I was beginning to get reconciled to my doom,
I heard a voice say, “You were out of your room,
One night after room-bell had rung out its call,
And searching for eats in another hall.”

“Had I done it?” I racked my brain to remember—
Yes, I had—’way back in September.

“Oh, why should I be in this trouble?” thought I.
“They all peck on me! Oh, I wish I could die!
I’m punished for everything dragged from the shelf.”
But I can’t fuss; I well know, I caused it myself.
And I know if I ever again leave this school,
I’ll always remember to keep every rule.

SARAH JANE BOYD, '23, Π Φ M

CHRISTMAS AT AMDON HALL

(FROM THE DIARY OF MILLICENT AMDON)

December 26, 1610.

Now that Christmas Day is over, I can write down my account of it. My grandchild, for whom I am keeping my diary, may like the account of my Christmas in 1610.

All yesterday the holly and mistletoe was brought in. With this we decorated the great hall. The great oaken staircase was twined with vines and holly was put above the pictures of my grandsires.

Then my cousin, Amyas Preston, recently come back from the court of Elizabeth, did, with much laughter-making and jesting, put up the mistletoe. Then with a great shout the Yule-log was brought in, hauled by four stout fellows. It was lighted with much ceremony by me. So the happy Yule-tide began at Amdon Hall.

All day the poor people came for the good cheer which is now set forth. My good mother and honoured father have given much to the poor of our parish.

Very early Christmas morning I was awakened by the waits' coming, and never did I hear such sweet carols as they sang in the clear, cold air.

Christmas morning we all went through the snow to the service at the church. All the gentry was there, as well as the poor, the church being filled. The sermon was of the real Christmas spirit of self-sacrifice, and nobody was caught napping.

Returning to the Hall we had the Christmas dinner. Such geese, hams, and pastries, one never saw. There was also a strange root, called the "potato," which Amyas Preston

had brought from the colony of Virginia and had given to me as a Christmas gift. The dinner lasted so long that it was dusk before all the toasts were drunk.

Then the great hall was cleared for the dance, and the fiddlers were brought in, making merry. My father led out Lady Menister, and my mother danced with Sir Horton Dunsom. After the first stately dance the hall was turned over to the young people, while the older people sat and watched us strictly.

I noticed that Amyas Preston danced much with me, which fact pleased and flattered me very much. Then my father danced with me, and after that the dance was over, at a very late hour, eleven o'clock.

The Yule-log was covered up: so it may burn for many more days, for Amyas hath said he will remain with us as long as the Yule-log burns.

I only hope my grandchild's Yule-tide may be as happy as mine has been.

JANET QUINLAN, '24, Π Φ M

A BOARDING SCHOOL GHOST

Rappity—rap, tap, tap—rappity—rap—tap! From two of the inmates of room 52 this noise brought only more pronounced snores, but the third girl was wide awake.

“Please, everybody, listen; There goes that weird noise again. I hate sleeping in these windows! I’m scared. I’m going to move— For goodness sake, are you all asleep? I call that rather nervy, going right off to sleep, leaving me to my fate, when you *know* there’s a ghost in the house.”

Minnie hopped quickly out of bed and yanked it quickly and forcefully out of the little alcove, where it usually stayed.

“If this doesn’t wake ‘em up and scare the ‘spooks’ away, I’m going to— to—”

Her threat was unfinished, for just at that junction Eunice turned over and yawned sleepily, “What’s the matter? Is the house falling down?”

“No, it’s just Minnie and her pesky old ghost again!” This from the dark corner where Patsy’s bed was. “Anybody’d think she was two years old, or maybe three. That’s not anything but the vine beating against the window, silly. Get back into that bed before Miss Pursley comes in here and catches you. She’s sure to think we are having a feast. Oh, I’m so hungry!”

“If you were as scared as I am you wouldn’t talk about mere food. If you think it’s just the vine, come over here and sleep, yourself. You won’t catch me in that bed again!”

“Minnie, you old ‘fraid cat!’ Of course, I’ll come over there and sleep! *I’m* not afraid of vines. But please don’t talk so loud. Miss Pur—”

"Oh, I see! You're not afraid of vines, but you are afraid of Miss Pursley. She's no bear. I bet she'd be afraid, too. Watch out, I'm coming over there."

"I wish you two *would* get settled and let me go to sleep. I have to get up and finish my essay in the morning," said the studious Eunice, still lying peacefully in bed.

Finally Minnie and Patsy settled and peace reigned supreme for a while.

Rappity—tap—tap—tap—glug—glug! Patsy turned over uneasily and pulled the cover up over her head.

Tap—tap—rappity—rap—click—glug!

Patsy sat up in bed.

"My hair is standing straight up! I give it up. I guess I *am* afraid of vines, Minnie. I want my bed. You can have yours. There's *nothing* over there."

"Oh! you got scared, too, did you? I told you so! But *please* don't talk so loud, or Miss Pursley will hear you," Minnie mimicked.

By this time Patsy had groped her way across the room and was pounding Minnie vigorously. "I don't care if she does. I'm scared. Get out of my bed or let me in with you," she said between pounds.

"Get in then, because *I'm* going to stay here 'till it gets light. My, it's cold!" and Minnie's voice rose higher and higher.

Tap, tap, tap—! "May I come in?" at the door.

"There, I told you so!" Patsy whispered from under the cover.

"We're asleep, do you hear?" Minnie's voice came also from the subterranean depths.

Miss Pursley softly entered the room. Her drab bathrobe was pulled up close about her old-maid neck and her night-cap perched precariously on the back of her thin gray-brown hair.

"Minnie Deel Quincey! What are you doing over there? What's your bed out in the middle of the floor for? Where's Patsy?" For Patsy was away under the covers, fast asleep!

"Miss— Miss Pursley, there's a 'hant' in this room." Minnie finally quavered, "We were afraid. Patsy's here in the bed."

"Nonsense— I'll stand no more of your foolishness. Get over there in your own bed. No, don't get in with it pushed away out. Push it back against the windows.

Rappity—tap, tap—rappity—rap—cluck—glug! this time louder than ever.

"Oh! It's a burglar, I'm sure! He is trying to raise the window! I wish there were a man in the house. No one but poor defenseless women!" Miss Pursley was pale and shaky, and her night-cap trembled visibly.

"Now, girls, don't get excited! A calm mind is better than a weapon. I'll go get my revolver and electric torch and scare him away."

"Hurry, Miss Pursley, we will all be killed." Patsy, forgetting she was supposed to be asleep, jumped out of the bed and grabbed Minnie. The two girls clung together, with their eyes shut, while Miss Pursley secured her weapons.

Eunice slept peacefully on.

Just as Miss Pursley came in the door, the noise started again.

Rappity—rap—tap—tap—cluck-cluck!

"The burglar is at that right-hand window, I believe," Miss Pursley said, with a calmness she was far from feeling. She started for the window, the revolver clutched in one hand, and the torch in the other. The girls timidly followed.

Summoning all her courage and resolution, Miss Pursley flashed the light directly on the window.

There sat an old white hen, blinking stupidly in the light, her bill resting lightly on the window pane!

RACHEL STICE, '24, Σ Φ K.

A HOLD-UP

"Well, what do you suggest? We've got to get these clothes pressed. I will not miss that dance," said Jerry, desperately.

"If you hadn't been so particular about those roses, we shouldn't have gone to the florist's and got caught in that shower," said Jimmie in a disgusted tone.

"Something's got to be done, and the pressing club is closed," Jerry said in a dejected voice.

He glanced out of the window. The people who lived on the corner, and whose back door almost collided with the side of the apartment house where Jimmy and Jerry lodged, were starting out for a drive.

As the chauffeur slammed the door of the car, Jerry slapped his knee. "The very idea!" he exclaimed excitedly. "The cook in that kitchen next door just left, and she has been ironing. I saw her through the window. I'm going over and press my suit."

Jimmy, who was not so daring, would not "follow suit." Jimmy hurriedly changed his clothes, and, with the damaged suit under his arm, made his way to the back of the house next door.

The door was locked, but there were two boxes next to the house, and Jerry, determined to carry out his purpose, placed one on top of the other, and climbed up to an open window. As the window was not very high, he could easily push the screen out. *Crack!* The next thing he knew he was pinned between window and sill. He remembered the crack he had seen in the glass a moment before. As he tried to raise the

window, another crash. The glass showered all around him. Why had he kicked? This was surely tough luck! The noise did not bring any one to the scene of action, so Jerry again pushed up the window and crawled in. There was the electric iron, just as the cook had left it. He turned on the current and began pressing.

He was still pressing the trousers, when he heard a noise in the hall outside, and a hushed voice said, "He was right in there when I saw him."

The door openend, and in walked a policeman, followed by two others and a scared-looking housemaid.

"Who are you?"

"J. W. Laughlin, 270 East Clark Street," said Jerry, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just pressing these pants."

"Come along—"

"But—"

"Come along, I say—"

"But, old top, use discretion, search me! I haven't got anything. I am in tough luck. I can't go to the police office. I have a girl waiting to go to a dance. I've got an engagement!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

The front door opened and the family came in. On hearing the commotion in the kitchen, they hurried out to find the policeman trying to arrest Jerry. Mrs. Hildrett recognized him as her neighbor. They all had a good laugh at Jerry's explanation.

As it was rather late when Jerry finished pressing his trousers, Mrs. Hildrett offered her car that he might lose as little time as possible in getting to the dance.

SKETCHES

Daddy John's Explanation of the Scripture

As he carefully dusted the big, comfortable chairs in the sunny office, Daddy John sagely nodded his old, white, woolly head and muttered something to himself. Standing behind the judge, who was writing at the mahogany secretary, he nervously shifted his weight from one enormous foot to the other. His black, wrinkled face, with its huge, flat nose and thick lips, looked blacker than ever in contrast with his snowy shirt. His dark suit, though old and patched, was without a wrinkle. Rolling his eyes upward, in the most sanctified manner, Daddy John gave a loud *ahem*.

"Well," said the handsome old judge, "what's the trouble, Daddy John?"

Trying to look very modest, Daddy John answered, "Uh-uh-h, Mass Chalton, I jes wants to tell you dat I can 'spound anything in de Scripture."

Shaking with amusement, Judge Charlton choked out, "Well, Daddy John, I certainly am glad to hear that. That verse, 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork,' has always bothered me. Now, what does the word *firmament* mean?"

"Dat word *firmament*, piously answered Daddy John, "it am a species ob self-righteousness. Now when Paul and Peter was a persecutin' Pentecost in de wilderness—"

"Hold on, Daddy John," said the judge, "Pentecost wasn't born yet!"

"Yas-sah! yas-sah, he was!" shouted the old negro, "Pentecost was a done growed-up young man!"

LILY WINN, '22, ΣΦΚ.

Playing for Keeps

Bill gazed around the yard, measured the distance, and carefully drew a circle with the toe of a stubby, worn-out boot. His suit was soiled, and the right pocket of his coat bulged conspicuously. His beaming face, with its upturned little nose and thickly sprinkled freckles, shone with intelligence. A mop of yellow hair practically stood on end as a result of his recent attempt to "cultivate a pompadour just like brother's." A patch of knee, rusty from its many contacts with the hard earth, showed through a hole in a heavily ribbed stocking. A dirty, chapped little hand dived into the bulging pocket, and brought forth a handful of beautiful red, blue, green, and yellow marbles. The proud owner placed each one *just* so, within the circle. Then the left hand ransacked numerous other pockets, bringing to view, finally, a large glass marble. Happily he dropped on the right knee, grasped the big marble between thumb and forefinger, took aim, and shot. The marbles scattered.

"Better say good-bye to your marbles, Jim!" laughed Bill gleefully, as he nodded to an imaginary playmate on the other side of the circle.

EVELYN RICHARDSON, '22, Σ Φ K.

Ignorance is Bliss

The dim rays of the early morning sun smiled into room 244. It was not a handsomely furnished room, or a neat one. The walls, of deep buff, were practically covered with pennants, pictures, and magazine covers. The shelves and bureau, with the exception of a few books and toilet articles, could boast of only the same ornaments. On the floor and in the

chairs there was a conglomeration of opened cans, orange and banana peelings, pillows, nut shells, crumbs, and feminine wearing apparel. In a box near the bed was a chafing-dish, and everywhere within the radius of three feet of that were spots of chocolate fudge, even on Doris' and May's faces. Doris and May lay quite still, hidden under the cover except for their dirty faces and bare arms. Their steady breathing did not disturb the two tiny mice, playing on the blue-flowered quilt. Presently one mouse ran across the mass of mingled brown and auburn hair on the pillow, and in the course of his journey, became entangled. He finally got away, taking several souvenirs of hair with him. A blood-curdling shriek! A pink-clad figure sat up stiff in bed, wringing her hands, staring with startled, brown eyes around her, and screaming with all her lung power. But from the girl beside her came only the sound of slow, regular breathing. May turned and shook her vigorously. "Doris! Doris, somebody's under the bed. He pulled my hair!" she cried in a high-pitched, frightened voice. "Oh wake up, wake up!"

Doris emitted a low grunt as May continued shaking her. Finally she turned over, but still made no response. After May had shaken her until she was nearly blue in the face, she opened her eyes drowsily, and condescended to say in a sleepy, cross voice, "May, you're the unkindest thing in school. Gowan to sleep. Are you gonna back out of sleeping through breakfast with me?"

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, '22, ΣΦΚ.

Reward of Patience

The handsome floor lamp revealed, by its rose-hued glow, a broad, highly polished staircase, at whose foot waited a tall, finely built young man. His keen, restless eyes wandered

repeatedly from the spacious, richly furnished hall back to the staircase landing. With firmly pressed lips, he cast a hurried glance at his high crowned hat lying on the table. Impatiently he shifted from one shining shoe to the other. Once, after quickly thrusting his hand through his well-combed hair and almost upsetting its perfect order, he re-adjusted the silk scarf around his neck. Producing his gloves from his overcoat pocket, he gave them a sideward throw to the table. At last, he looked hopelessly up the gleaming stairs; and then, with a long drawn sigh and a decided frown, he seated himself on the bottom step. In a moment he was pacing the room. After a few turns, he stopped at the big front door, looking out into the darkness. There was a slight rustle on the stairway. He turned instantly. There, at his side stood a picture of loveliness laughing at him. Just as quickly a smile rushed to his cloudy countenance. Soon, he was laughing good-naturedly as he helped his partner into her coat.

RENA G. YOUNG, '23, Π Θ M.

BUSY?

A "Busy" stared me in the face;
I could not knock, 'twould be disgrace!
Well could I guess why it was there;
Well did I know who was in the chair
By the table, with tired looks,
Trying to concentrate on some books.
Well did I know that there must she
Be cramming Math and History;
English, French, and Bible IV
Were being "absorbed" behind that door.
I paused to consider. Yes, I'd knock.
She'd soon recover from the shock.
And so I did. I heard no sound,
So I opened the door and looked around.
The chair was empty, the books piled high;
They hadn't been scanned by her eagle eye,
And then my glance fell on the bed—
And there I saw her. Her curly head
Was still as could be; she had been in no hurry
To cram for those "mid-terms."
Oh, why should we worry!

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, '22, Σ Φ K.

DEPARTMENTS

Y. W. C. A.

A room-to-room canvas was made by the Cabinet at the beginning of school, to secure new members for our Y. W. C. A. Over 99 per cent signed up for membership, more than ever before. The prospects for the new year are quite promising.

A large number of students go out to the Old Soldiers' Home on the first Sunday of each month to assist Dr. White in the service by their singing. Last time they went, special vocal selections were rendered by the Misses Lucy Cooper, Katherine Carr, Rachel Witherington and Lula Norment.

Two visits have recently been made to the State Prison. On the last occasion, the Sunday before Christmas, Miss Catherine Brewer read "The Other Wise Man."

When Christmas time came, the girls responded liberally to the many causes which were presented. First, came Mrs. Sloop asking for dolls and toys for the little tots. Then we sent to the Samarcand girls the best basket-ball we could find in Raleigh. And to Balfour Orphanage we played Santa Claus by answering their Santa Claus letters. Also contributions were sent to the Chinese and the Armenians. These last causes were presented to the students in a little pageant given one Sunday night shortly before the holidays.

On the Sunday night before the holidays, the Y. W. C. A. held its Christmas services. Catherine Brewer read *The Other Wise Man*; and a beautiful tableau of the Nativity was presented.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Pi Theta Mu and Sigma Phi Kappa Literary societies hold their regular meetings on the second and fourth Saturday nights of each month. The following are programs from the society meetings.

Π Θ Μ

Roll Call.....	Secretary
Business discussion:	
Report of News Items.....	Elsie Warren
Piano Solo.....	Attawa Dixon
Paper: "Brief Sketch of Southern Poetry".....	Nellie Burgess
Readings: "A Similar Case" and "You're Always Good Company"	Mavis Lindsey
Vocal Selections—Grace Buchanaan, Katherine Carr, Lula Norment, Rachael Grady.	
Reading: "The Usual Way".....	Frances Crisp

Σ Φ Κ

Roll Call.....	Secretary
	(Answered by quotations)
Business discussion:	
Piano Solo.....	Mabel Pippin
Debate: Resolved, That the United States should enter the League of Nations.	
Affirmative: Rachael Stice, Rebecca Stice	
Negative: Ethel Hitt, Rhea Van Noppen	
Jokes	Elizabeth Hummell
Reading: "What Do we Mean by Nice?".....	Mary Barden
Reading: "In the Pantry".....	Catherine Brewer

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

Dr. Smith, who was conducting a series of services at State College, came over one day, and lectured to us during the Chapel exercises. His talk was extremely interesting, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. C. C. Hook, of Charlotte, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and Chairman of the North Carolina Legislative Council of Women, briefly outlined to us the work which the council hopes to accomplish.

Some of the students heard with much pleasure a most delightful program rendered by Schumann-Heink January 17th at the Auditorium.

A large number of students enjoyed the musical opera, "Robin Hood," at the Academy of Music January 13th.

Professor Charles Heck delivered a most interesting address in behalf of the Chinese cause. A number of the students volunteered to spend a part of their holidays in arousing interest for this deserving cause. North Carolina is the first State to adopt the plan of reaching the people through the students.

Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll came up to see us one night and gave us a most interesting and instructive talk on "Samarcand Manor." She pictured to us the life of the girls at work and at recreation.

The presidents of the classes and organizations of the school attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary Penick Baumann Sunday, January 9th.

PEACE-ST. MARY'S SERIES
1920-1921

LECTURE-RECITAL

BY

JOHN POWELL

AND

GEORGE HARRIS, Jr.

ST. MARY'S AUDITORIUM, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1920, 8:30 P. M.

* * *

PART ONE:

Lecture—"The Americanization of Music".....JOHN POWELL

PART TWO: Songs by GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

English Folk Songs (arranged by *Cecil Sharp*)

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies
Barbara Allen
Blow Away the Morning Dew
Lord Randal
The Crystal Spring
The Briery Bush
Lord Thomas of Winesberry

American Folk Songs (arranged by *Cecil Sharp*)

The Dear Companion
The Riddle-Song

Lonesome Tunes (American—arranged by *Howard Brockway*)

The Dying Soldier
Billie Boy
The Sweetheart in the Army
Frog Went a-Courting

SONG RECITAL

BY

MISS ELLEN RUMSEY, CONTRALTO

ACCOMPANIED BY

MISS SUE KYLE SOUTHWICK

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1921

ST. MARY'S AUDITORIUM

* * *

1. Ombra mai fu.....*Händel*
Danza, fanciulla Gentile.....*Durante*
Lieti, Signor.....*Meyerbeer*
From the Opera "Les Huguenots"
2. The Young Nun.....*Schubert*
Wanderer's Night Song.....*Liszt*
Legend*Tschaikowsky*
The Chestnut Tree.....*Schumann*
Disappointed Serenader.....*Brahms*
3. J'ai pleuré en rêve.....*Hüe*
Trois petits chats blancs.....*Pierné*
Chantez, Ries, Dormez.....*Gounod*
4. How's My Boy?.....*Homer*
Späcially Jim.....*Homer*
Mother Dearest.....*Russian folk song*
The Cunnin' Little Thing.....*Hageman*
The Holiday.....*Curran*

MUSIC

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE
BY CHORAL CLASS

* * *

Holy Night	<i>Michael Haydn</i>
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.....	<i>Ralph W. Cox</i>
Glory to God in the Highest.....	<i>Flaxington Harker</i>
	(LESLIE WENTZEL)
Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem.....	<i>Cox</i>
Angels From the Realms of Joy.....	<i>Cox</i>
Good King Wenceslas.....	<i>Cox</i>
See Amid the Winter's Snow.....	<i>Cox</i>
Angel Voices.....	
	(WANDEEN WEBBER)
Whoso Hears A-Chiming.....	<i>Cecil-Forsyth</i>
Sleep Holy Babe.....	<i>Cox</i>

The Choral Class rendered the special music for the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, December 19th.

On Sunday night, December 19th, a group of girls went about the city singing Christmas carols. They visited the Yarborough, the Governor's Mansion, the *News and Observer* printing office, and several other places.

EXPRESSION

On two occasions pupils from the Expression Department have read for us at chapel time.

Besides the two plays given by the first and second year Dramatics girls, the following delightful Christmas play was given:

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

December 18, 1920; 8:00 P. M.

DIRECTED BY

ELIZABETH WREN SLOAN

* * *

Holger, a Boy of Twelve.....	<i>Claribel Fountain</i>
Steen, His Brother.....	<i>Susie Hubbard</i>
Bertel, the Boy's Uncle.....	<i>Catherine Brewer</i>
Stranger, An Angel in Disguise.....	<i>Norma Connell</i>
Priest.....	<i>Lucy Cooper</i>
Gift Bearers:	
Student.....	<i>Wilson Hodges</i>
Queen.....	<i>Margaret McCluer</i>
Ladies.....	<i>Catherine Brewer, Mavis Lindsey</i>
Organist.....	<i>Mary C. Howard</i>
SCENE: An Humble Cottage transformed into a Church.	

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Wake Forest Student*, the *Carolina*, the *Technician*, the *Archive*, the *Muse*, the *Pine and Thistle*, the *Davidsonian*, the *Acorn*, the *Chathamite*, the *Blackstonian*, the *Tar Baby*, and the *Carolinian*.

We feel that we have derived benefit from our exchanges, and we shall be glad to exchange with other colleges.

JOKES

Miss Moseley: "What great work did Milton write just after his wife left him?"

Susie Hubbard: "'Paradise Lost.'"

Margaret McCluer (when the deer was brought on the stage in "Robin Hood") : "Oh, they've got a real, live mule!"

"Liz" Hummell: "I've got to drop Spanish. It counterfeits with my English."

Mary Thomas: "Come on, Elizabeth, let's clear up our room."

Elizabeth: "Oh, no, I am not industriously declined."

Miss Byrne (calling the roll): "Martha Fairley."

Martha: "Hello."

Miss McLlland: "At five o'clock this afternoon the train tickets will be sold. I want every girl to go to the chapel and sit by her railroad."

Dead-broke girl (answering roll-call at a society meeting): "'Who steals my purse, steals trash.'"

Miss Graham: "Was it the Penitentiary you went to this afternoon?"

Sprunt Hall: "No; it was the State Prison."

Found in a Bible test paper: "Solomon had the larva put in the temple for the priests to wash in."

Rebecca Stice (giving a quotation):

" 'The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interfered with by the bones.' "

Quiz: Give three ways of making hydrogen?

Answer on Martha Stanley's test paper: "I know but one way. Stick a test tube under the spigot and hydrogen will run in."

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VOICES of PEACE

VOLUME I

MARCH, 1921

No. 6

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For a long time we have cherished our Athletic Association, with its friendly antagonism between Greens and Whites, and its happy, spicy spirit. We have had from it so much fun, and such a manifold reward, both mentally and physically, that we dare not now let our interest slack.

In fact, we dare not but take more interest. For instance, in paying athletic dues. Our treasury is sadly in need of funds. And with spring comes the need for tennis outfits, new tape, etc.

Also, we all know the advantage of working off excess energy on the different courts, and in walking; and our teams, whether White or Green, need points. We do not, however, want a few girls to overtax their strength, while others remain indifferently inside. What we do want, is for every girl to get out of doors and exercise every afternoon. A sure way to ward off spring fever, and the necessary cure, "hickory oil," is to get out and exercise every day for at least half an hour.

Here we may apply the saying we have heard so many times, "It is up to the individual." May we never slack, and may our deeds prove our interest.

NEVER AGAIN!

"I, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly swear, that under no circumstances or conditions will I allow myself to be persuaded or forced to take part in another practical joke.

(Signed) SYBLE STOKES BARRIE."

Such a statement may sound, perhaps, a little rash to some people. But to me, having lived through this morning—it's most amazing how much can happen in one short morning—and barely escaped being a total wreck, it is the very essence of good sense.

To begin at the beginning, it was, as usual, all the fault of that "charming" and exceedingly "fun-loving" brother-in-law of mine, Joseph A. Wills. He has a most extraordinary propensity for planning such things, but, unfortunately, he fails to think of the consequences. I think this day, though, has taught him a lesson. Anyway, when he started for the office, just after lunch, he stopped in the front door-way, and, when Polly, my sister, wasn't looking, winked at me, and solemnly shook his head and crossed his heart.

As I stated before, it was he who suggested the so-called "practical" joke. And I, to whom the suggestion was made, being naturally an unsuspecting person, thought it remarkably clever. Polly is so careless with *everything*, and with her beautiful silver in particular, that I thought if she were really scared one time—but little did I think there would be such a row.

Probably if I hadn't been here it wouldn't have happened, because Jo couldn't have pulled it without an accomplice. And there's no one else here who would have helped him. The twins are mere infants. But it isn't my fault I'm here. I'm sure no one would ever have thought of it, if Polly hadn't

suggested that I live with them this winter, and go out to college as a day-pupil. Of course, I was wild about the idea and persuaded dad to see it the way I did. I'm not spoiled, but I *do* hate to live in a school — where you're continually taking orders, and where your very speech isn't your own. Here, under Polly's guardianship, I'm practically free; about the only restriction being—that I can't have dates on school nights.

But whether it would or would not have happened had I not been here is not for me to worry over. What is more to the point is the fact that I *was* here, and that it *did* happen. And now I'm trying to write an account of it.

Last night Jo and Polly went to a dance out at the Country Club, and didn't come home until awfully late, so Polly was tired, and had her breakfast in bed this morning. Jo had almost finished his when I went down, and greeted me with a remark about being "a little early for lunch." I ignored his sarcasm, and begged him to tell me about the dance.

"'Twas a peach, Syb, old dear, but you wouldn't be interested in the particulars, as none of the "Cradle Roll" were there." He adores to tease, and my comparative youth is his pet subject.

This time I didn't even answer, and for a few minutes neither of us spoke. The early spring sunshine came through the French windows, flooding the blue and ivory breakfast-room with warm light, and making rainbows in the glasses on the table. The bowl of golden nasturtiums in the center looked like a part of the sun, broken off.

Then Jo picked up a brightly polished fork, and balanced it on his finger.

"Syb," he said, "Polly doesn't lock up her silver at night, does she?"

"No, she doesn't," I answered, "and I think she's running an awful risk. She doesn't seem to realize—"

"Listen," he interrupted, and came around and sat on the arm of my chair. "If you'll just do your part, I know a way we can scare her into locking up even her *hair-nets* every night."

I was eating toast, so could only nod my assent.

"It's this," he continued, "we'll hide all of her best silver, and make it look as though a burglar had been here. Come on; it's almost time for me to be at the office, now."

I hadn't finished, but I was too excited to eat, so I got up and obediently followed him across the hall to the dining-room.

He went immediately to the cabinet in which all the silver is kept, and gathered up all the best, including that dad and mother gave them for a wedding present, and some very old Wills' silver. I think one of Jo's great-great-great grandparents brought it over on the *Mayflower*, or something like that. Anyway, I know it has a long history, and that Jo thinks more of it than of anything else he has.

He gave it all to me except one spoon. Then he went to the window, raised it, and dropped the spoon on the porch outside.

He came back to me, smiling. "See, little sister, mine. When Polly-love comes in to see about lunch, she'll miss the silver. Then she'll notice the open window, and the spoon on the porch just outside—circumstantial evidence. Lock the rest up in your trunk, and, if things get too hot, you can call me at the office. 'Slong!"

And before I could answer, he had gone.

I stared rather dully at the silver in my arms, then gathered it more closely, and ran upstairs, tip-toed past Polly's door, and, with just a little prick of my conscience, deposited the bundle in the bottom of my trunk.

I went back downstairs to finish my breakfast, but the maid had carried the things away, so I wandered into the den, and picked up a book. I settled myself comfortably in the window-seat, and had been reading probably an hour and a half, when I was stunned by the most unearthly shriek I ever heard.

I dropped the book simultaneously, and fairly flew to the dining-room. I had a feeling that the noise came from there. I was out of breath when I got to the door, and could only stand there and gasp at what I saw. For on the floor over by the open window lay Polly, in a dead faint. I was scared silly, and didn't have the slightest idea what to do. By the time I was able to collect my senses, Hill, the twins' nurse, and Jane, the maid, rushed in, and began to work on her. I dumbly obeyed Hill's order to get some ammonia, and when I returned Polly was conscious and was sitting with her elbows on the table.

She dismissed Jane and Hill, and turned to me. Honestly, I have never seen such a look on a human being. She was as white as chalk. I wanted to confess then and there—and, oh, how I wish I had—but I remembered my promise, and refrained.

“Syble,” she whispered hoarsely, “a burglar broke in last night and took all of my silver! Oh, what will Jo say!”

“But, Polly darling, don’t—”

“What made me so careless! My beautiful silver!”

She was sobbing now, and I didn't know what to say or do.

In a few minutes, however, she was calm, but too weak to move.

“Syb, go and call Jo, immediately, and then call the police, and tell them to bring the bloodhounds. Hurry!” she commanded.

“All right, and—” but I didn't finish.

I took particular pains to close the door, and then went back to the den. I stayed as long as I thought it would have taken me to 'phone both places. Then I went back to Polly, and told her that Jo said not to worry, and that he would be up at once. I also fibbed about the police, and informed her that they were on the way.

"Polly, you'd better go to bed. You're as pale as a ghost. I'll call you when they come, honestly," I implored. She looked so queer, I was really worried.

"No," she said calmly, "I'm going to stay right here."

"All right then, I'm going back to the den and finish my book." I spoke as carelessly as I could.

I picked up the book and began where I had been interrupted. But I couldn't read it. I read the same paragraph over almost a dozen times without seeing a word in it. I tried the morning paper, but instead of the printed page before me, I saw Polly's white, scared face.

Finally, after about half an hour, I decided to call Jo. After a few minutes of waiting, I heard his voice through the 'phone.

"Jo, listen to me. I'm going to tell Polly all about it. She's positively ill, and— Yes. You'd better come on up and help explain. Well, all right. Hurry!" I lowered my voice to keep it from penetrating the dining-room. Then I replaced the receiver, and went out into the hall.

Everything was strangely still, and I started upstairs to the nursery to play with the twins. I had just reached the top step, when I heard Polly, in her room, talking to Central. I rushed in and almost shouted at her.

"Hush," she warned, "I'm trying to get the police station. It's been at least thirty minutes since you called, and no one has come yet."

I snatched the 'phone from her surprised hands, frantically replaced the receiver, and knelt, pleading, beside her.

"It's just a joke, Poll. Oh, don't look at me like that. Can't you see, dear? Your silver is safe. It's in my trunk. We just thought—"

She stared blankly.

"Wha-a-t?"

"I said your silver is here. Nobody took it. We—"

But just then the door burst open, and Jo rushed in. His expression was a mixture of fright, love, and contrition.

And— Well, I left them then. While he plead for forgiveness, I went and got the silver from my trunk, and put it where it belonged.

I hope I'll *never* see it again!

ELEANOR ROBERTS, '22.

THE DREAM

I dreamed that I walked in a garden one night,
A garden of roses and fair lilies white;
A garden where daffodils laughed in the breeze,
A garden of lilacs, and hollyhock trees,
A garden where all was beauty, it seemed.
And, to make it more beautiful, brooklets streamed
Around between flowers, and sang as they ran;
'Twas a garden of wonder, a Paradise land!

I stood for a moment and then something strange
Occurred as I stood there, a terrible change.
The flowers were withering, steady and slow,
Because of the weeds which around them did grow;
Which drank the clear water and ate up their food,
And made the place evil where it had been good.
And, as I wondered what made it this way,
It seemed as though somewhere I heard some one say:

"This is life's garden; a human heart,
Made lovely or evil, as each person's part
In this life is. Each ugly weed
Is growing because of an evil deed
And each fair lily, or gorgeous rose
Is a good deed which, maybe, the heart only knows;
Yet every happiness or every care
Is planted in symbol, permanently there."
And then the voice ceased. I awoke with a start!
What kind of garden had I made of my heart?

—MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, '22.

NATHANIEL MACON

All my life I have heard about Nathaniel Macon. His old home in Warren County, North Carolina, is only twelve miles from my home, and I have often been there. The tales about his marriage, his coffin, and his grave, are told to children in that section along with Mother Goose Rhymes. Much of this paper is made up of facts that I have picked up here and there in Warren County.

We mortals remember our destroyers longer than we remember our benefactors. Have we not heard more about Napoleon, who tore France to pieces, than about those glorious Capetian kings who made her the nation she is today? We are prone to look for the showy and spectacular rather than for the true. It is for no other reason than this that we do not hear any more of the life and achievements of Nathaniel Macon.

Nathaniel Macon was born in Warren County, North Carolina, December 17, 1758, of very poor, but respectable parents. His parents were Gideon and Priscilla Macon. It is said that Abigail Sagan, his grandmother, was the first white woman to go to Warren County. The Macon estate was about nine miles from that lovely little old aristocratic town of Warrenton. Nathaniel was the youngest of eight children. When he was five years old his father died.

After Mr. Macon's death Mrs. Macon was in very poor circumstances, but in some way she sent all her children to school. Nathaniel went to an "old field" school, and was taught by Dr. Pettigrew. He was unusually bright and could learn his lessons in half the time the other boys needed for theirs. The unusual brightness of the lad attracted the attention of Dr. Pettigrew, and the old schoolmaster always had a word of encouragement for him.

When Nathaniel was only a little boy, people could see that he was unusual. His spirit and his ideas were different from those of the other boys. He had much rather be reading a book than playing marbles. His mother always found him willing to bring in wood or water, and to do any other job that small boys are supposed to do. He was never known to quarrel over anything. On Sunday afternoons, when the neighbors would come in, Nathaniel would sit on the porch and listen to the conversation about crops, negroes, or politics; rather than slip off to some forbidden mill-pond or water-melon patch with the other boys.

Dr. Pettigrew watched with interest the growth of the lad. When he was fourteen the schoolmaster declared that he had taught him everything he could, and that he should now leave the "old field" school and go to some college, or university. The old man went to see Mrs. Macon about it and they made plans for Nathaniel to go to Princeton College. Nathaniel was very much pleased at this idea and he looked forward with much eagerness to the day when he was to start.

One fine autumn day, in 1773, the whole countryside gathered together at the Macon home. They had come to bid farewell to Nathaniel. In that day of stage coaches it was quite a different thing for a person to travel from Warren County to New Jersey from what it is today. Young Macon was going to be among unknown people, in an unknown land. He did not know when he would come back, and it was on this account that he hated to leave his dear old mother. After many goodbyes and tears he left for that far-distant state of New Jersey.

Nathaniel found Princeton a lovely place. He liked it and enjoyed his studying. He studied law, but he did not care for it and never practiced it. He liked history, and he read every historical work he could get his hands on. He

could not afford a light to study by and so he read and studied by the firelight. This weakened his eyes, and, as a result, in his old age he suffered from extreme near-sightedness. While at Princeton he made many friends among both students and faculty.

In 1779 he left Princeton and came back to North Carolina to join her troops, and to fight against the British. He fought for two years as a private. During this time he was elected a member of the State Legislature from Warren County. When this news came to him he refused to go, saying that he must fight and that some person who could not fight could serve as a legislator. General Greene heard about this unusual young man and sent for him. General Greene was a big man, and he understood how Macon felt. When Greene asked Macon why he did not answer the call, he replied, "Sir, I have often seen the faces of the British soldiers, but I have never seen their backs. I am determined to remain in the army until I do see them." General Greene told Macon that he could be of more service to his country by going to the legislature than by fighting. So he consented to go; but he never would accept any pay for his service. He said that it was no more than he should do and that he did not want any pay.

Macon's political career began when he was summoned to the Legislature in 1784. His public service lasted forty-two years. In that time he was in the Legislature five terms, in Congress twelve terms, once a delegate to the State Convention, once a speaker of the House of Representatives, three times president of the Senate, and, finally, president of the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina.

When he was not serving his country he spent his time at Buck Springs. Buck Springs was the old Macon estate that now belonged to Nathaniel. There, with his wife and two baby daughters, he led an ideal life. He had seventy slaves,

big herds of cattle, and great flocks of sheep. The estate comprised two thousand acres.

He was an ideal husband and father, ever gentle and thoughtful in his manner. His wife, Hannah, was of the same type as Nathaniel. They had been brought up under the same circumstances and in the same surroundings and they had the same habits and ideals.

Farming was his business and he went about it in a business-like manner. He was what we would call a modern, progressive farmer. He never planted an acre more than he could cultivate properly and he never had a cow or a sheep more than he could care for as it should be cared for. After he had made himself famous in the outside world he would still work with the hoe in the field. He was also a great lover of thoroughbred horses.

Hard working men like Macon need recreation, and Macon had plenty of it. He was very fond of horse-racing, fishing, and fox hunting. He was also very fond of company and his friends often came to visit him and to go on hunts with him. The friend of his that probably hunted more than any other with him was Randolph, his life-long friend of Virginia. President Monroe also made frequent visits to see him.

The house that Macon lived in was a small, simple one, with many little "offices" in the yard for his guests. His slave quarters were not the usual damp, dirty, barn-like sheds; but, instead, comfortable, clean, warmly built cabins.

Macon was a great reader of the Bible and he read in it that his days were three-score years and ten and if by reason of strength they should be lengthened, yet there would be trials and tribulation. So it was that when he reached his three-score and tenth year, he left the public service and went home to live for the rest of his days on his plantation.

He spent his last days very quietly at home. He passed much of the time between his retirement and his death in reading his Bible, fishing, or hunting. But he soon became very feeble and quite near-sighted.

In some strange way Macon knew he was going to die at the time he died. He knew this for several days before his death and he gave all the funeral directions himself. He called in his neighbors and said good-bye to them. He shaved himself, dressed in his best black suit, got into his coffin that he had had made some time before, and died. He was buried two days later. An eye-witness said that there were seventeen hundred people at the funeral and that no man, woman, or child left without having eaten all he wanted, for Macon had planned a big banquet especially for the occasion. His grave was near the house, by the side of his wife's.

Macon's love for his country was the secret of the success of his life. He put America first in everything, and nothing that he could do for her was too great or too good. He was never happier than when he was performing some task for her. His spirit toward his country is plainly shown when he refused pay for his services during the war with England.

His love for his country, and his marked ability, together with his fascinating personality, gave him wide-spread popularity. It was said that he died without a single enemy. I have my doubts about this, but I do know that he was loved by all who knew him. As a consequence of his wide-spread popularity, he had many visitors. The latch-string was on the outside for all those who wished to visit Buck Spring. All a man needed, in order to have Macon's friendship, was honesty.

Macon lived in a time when our new government was just beginning. At this delicate period of a nation's life many wise and noble men are needed, and at this time in our history there were many great men. Some of them were:

Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Gallatin, and Macon. We have heard about the glory of all these men except Macon, but his service is no less great for our not having heard about it. I am sure that everybody will agree that his work was invaluable to the United States government.

His word on a subject was regarded as authority by both Senate and the House of Representatives. Whenever there was a hitch, Macon was called upon to adjust it. He never gave positions or honors to his friends or relatives unless they were capable of doing the work.

I cannot begin to enumerate all the things that Macon did during his forty-two years in public office. They are innumerable as well as invaluable. He was a Democrat in the broad sense of the word. His political principles were deep-rooted and subject to no changes.

In 1794 Congress met to have a debate on the slave question. They were to decide under what restrictions, if any, slaves could be imported and sold. There were many great men arguing on both sides, and the discussion was heated. When they had been there for several weeks without coming to any decision, Macon told them how he felt about it. He said that, according to the Constitution of the United States, the importing and selling of slaves was a question of commerce, and Congress had no right to interfere. Congress was convinced and interfered no further. This was of great significance in the history of our country, as by this the Civil War was warded off for a number of years.

The Macon Bill was framed by Macon in 1808. It was passed by the House but defeated in the Senate. It was a bill providing for the continuance of a trade embargo with France and England. Authorities on the subject say that it would have prevented the War of 1812. Politics had entered the Senate, and it was owing to its foul play that the bill was not passed.

During this period much was being said about the Missouri question. Congress debated it from time to time without ever getting anywhere with it. Here, as in 1794, Macon came in with a famous speech, on the *Missouri Compromise*, and moved the whole assembly. He was bitterly opposed to the plans that some had made for Missouri, and by convincing them that they were wrong, he influenced them to accept the Missouri Compromise.

His last public service was rendered to his own State. He was made president of the Special Constitutional Convention of North Carolina in 1835. The service that he rendered here was probably his greatest. Many important things came up at this convention. Some of the most important amendments to the Constitution were: the abolition of free-slave suffrage, the disqualification of negro office holders, the disregard of religious belief for office holding, the providing of a tribunal for impeachments, and the providing for future amendments. We can readily see how important these amendments were. We owe much to Macon for making them a part of the Constitution of our State.

Whenever he was on a committee he attended to the work immediately. Without exception he gave his undivided attention to everything he did. It was said that no one had ever known him to be late a single minute for anything, not even a committee meeting.

Never have I read of or heard of a person that had a character like Nathaniel Macon's. He was every inch a man. He lived according to the dictates of his own heart, and inspired those around him to live likewise.

Macon had all the qualities that go to make up a great character. His sternness made all those under his authority know that he meant what he said. Yet he made everybody around him feel at perfect ease. He could talk to the proudest despot on earth with the same ease with which

he could give an order to one of his slaves. Sincerity and faithfulness are also two outstanding traits of this great man's character. He loved his friends and would stand by them till the last. He was a friend of the people and he had their interests at heart when he was in office. In all his actions he was very abrupt. He never burdened any audience with a long-winded address; he didn't believe in them. Whenever he had anything to say, he got up, said it in a few simple words, and in a very emphatic way, and sat down. His letters, also, were short and to the point, but the meaning always clear.

All his habits were good. He made it a habit to do a good turn for every man, woman, or child that he came in contact with. To appear with fresh, clean attire every day was also a life-long habit. Another habit that I think an excellent one was, that on every Sunday afternoon he had all his slaves come up to the Big House in clean clothes to a religious service. Macon would read the Bible to them and have one of the old negro men lead in prayer. It mattered not how much some of the older boys would have liked to go swimming or fishing, they dared not go, for well they knew the consequence if they did.

Macon liked women and he liked to be with them, but was far from being a ladies' man. He was courtly in his manner towards them. It is said that when he was a young man he never wrote sickly love letters to girls as Washington and Jefferson did. He talked to women as if he gave them credit for having some intelligence. He never flattered them or spoke sweet words to gain their favor. He talked common sense and the women liked this. After his marriage women took the same part in his life as before. He conversed with them on the same terms as he conversed with men. There are several records to the effect that Macon was a firm believer in equal suffrage.

Tradition has brought us many anecdotes and stories of Macon. He must have been an odd sort of man. The best known of these traditions is the one about his marriage. He was very much in love with Miss Hannah Plummer, and so was another man. Macon and his rival decided to play a game of cards for the hand of Miss Plummer. They played the game in the presence of the lady and Macon lost. Then he said, "Hannah, notwithstanding I have lost you fairly, love is superior to honesty, and I cannot give you up." Miss Plummer felt the same way about it and they were married.

Macon was very much opposed to having his picture taken, and he never did have it taken. When his friends would insist, he would tell them that only vain people cared about having their pictures taken and that he would not. After his death Randall painted his picture from descriptions of him. An old neighbor, who knew Macon well, Mr. Edgerton, said this picture was a perfect likeness.

When Macon gave an order to people under him he meant for that order to be carried out. Once, when he was going to be in Washington for a long time, he left an order for an old colored man to keep a certain flock of sheep in a certain pasture until spring. The sheep began to die and the old man knew that they were all going to die if he didn't move them to another pasture. One of the neighbors asked Uncle Henry why he didn't move them. The old uncle replied, "No, sir, I aren't gwine to move dem dar sheep one step out of dat dar pasture. Master Nat done tole me to keep 'em in there until spring-time come, and I am gwine to done it if every one of dem dies." When the old uncle's Marster Nat came home, all his sheep, but one, were dead. Macon was very much pleased at the obedience, and said that he had rather lose every sheep he had than lose confidence in old Uncle Henry.

Macon was very fond of his thoroughbred horses and he had about fifteen all the time. He kept their records very

accurately, on the fly-leaf of the family Bible. This Bible is in the possession of a distant neice of his, Miss Laura Alston. The records are from 1794 until his death.

The climax in Macon's peculiarities is reached when we come to his ideas concerning his funeral and his grave. The year he retired he had his coffin made and put away under his bed. A few years later he thought that this would be a very good place to keep his seed cowpeas over winter, so after that his coffin was annually filled with peas.

Macon picked out the spot where he wanted to be buried. He chose a site on a little knoll that was as rough as could be. I have seen his grave and I am sure it is the roughest, rockiest, most uncultivated piece of ground I have ever seen. He said that he did not want a monument of marble at his grave, but that instead he wanted every friend of his to throw a rock on the grave as he passed by.

So it was that Nathaniel Macon lived and died. There are no marble monuments engraved to the glory of this wonderful citizen, neighbor, and statesman. He asked that there should not be. Instead, he has living memorials. Randolph-Macon College was named for Nathaniel Macon, and his life-long friend, John Randolph, of Virginia. The college, Randolph-Macon, is half-way between Macon's home in North Carolina and Randolph's home in Virginia, in the place where they used to meet to go on hunting trips together.

In Warren County, twelve miles from Macon's old home, there is an industrious little village named for him. There is also a county in the southern part of the State named in honor of him. Macon, Ga., and Macon, Va., are both named for him.

Macon was a wonderful man, and he did as much for his country as any man has ever been able to do. We have not heard much about his works. He did nothing for the glory

of being talked about. He gave all he could give, and did all he could do to help our Nation be the Nation that George Washington had planned it to be. Macon is dead, his name is unknown to the world, but his influence has lived through all these years, and will continue to live through all the ages, as long as Americanism lives.

NORMA CONNELL, '22.

FORGOTTEN?

The park was alive with people, some hurrying about their business and others walking in leisurely fashion along the paths or sitting on the benches. Spring was in the air and every one seemed happy.

An old man was sitting on a bench half hidden by some fir trees. The sun cast its warm light over his silver hair and wrinkled face. His thin frame was covered with a shabby, old, blue uniform. As he sat there gazing into space, he was a forlorn figure.

A little girl came along the walk and stopped before the bench. Big blue eyes, filled with sympathy, looked at the old man. Then, glancing around quickly, she raised her stiffly starched white skirts and sat down on the edge of the bench.

"Nice day, ain't it? I ran away from my nurse," she said timidly.

The old man came out of his trance with a start.

"What did you say, little girl?" he asked, seeing her for the first time.

"I said it was a nice day," she replied eagerly. Taking courage at a little attention, she began to ask questions before the old man could answer.

"You're a soldier, aren't you? My grandfather was a

soldier, too, only he wore a gray suit. Where did you fight? What you looking so sad about? And—”

“Wait a minute, little lady,” he said kindly, “just one at a time. I’m an old soldier, and I fought in the Federal army, many years ago. Now I’m living at the Old Soldiers’ Home. When you spoke I was thinking of the good old days back home.” As he finished speaking his old eyes filled with tears.

The little girl stirred uneasily and then moved a little nearer. Suddenly she reached out and touched his withered hand. “I’m so sorry,” she said sweetly. Just then she looked up and saw a woman, in a white cap and apron, coming hurriedly along the walk. “Oh! here comes my nurse. She’ll make me go and leave you,” she exclaimed, sorrowfully. Putting her hand into the pocket of her white dress, she pulled out a crisp dollar bill and pushed it into the old man’s hand. “Grandfather gave it to me for my birthday,” she explained, “but I’d rather you would have it.”

Before he could remonstrate, she had run back to the nurse and was soon out of sight. The old man looked down at the bill in his hand and murmured, “And her grand-dad was a rebel! Wonder what he’d say if he knew she gave his money to a Yank.”

FLORA SHOLES, '23.

DRESSES FOR JEAN

Jean, with her freckled nose flattened against the window pane, paid no attention to the country through which the train was speeding. She pushed her heavy black hair back from her white forehead, and sighed. She did want to go back to college and graduate, for her mother had sacrificed so much for her education, but it was hard to leave home.

Then, too, all her class-mates would have a great many beautiful new clothes when they returned to school, and she had nothing new except a plain black taffeta dress, that was packed snugly away in her small, unassuming suit-case. She looked down at her two-year-old brown suit and smiled. What were clothes, anyway? She was going back to college with the expectation of leading her class, and it was weak and silly of her to even give clothes a thought!

The passengers in the crowded, stuffy car grew tired and restless. They lolled lazily in their seats, and looked around in search of some fresh interest. A fat, bald man, dressed in a palm beach suit, leaned back and snored loudly. A fussy, short little woman, sitting across the aisle from Jean, tried to quiet a wailing, curly-haired infant.

Jean pulled out a magazine and began a story, but she did not read long, for the magazine soon dropped from her hands, and she fell asleep. The day wore on, the sun sank lower and lower into the western horizon, and the shadows grew longer.

The sun finally disappeared, the early fall twilight deepened rapidly into darkness, and still Jean slept. Finally, the train stopped with a jerk and she slowly and dazedly

opened her blue eyes. She stared incredulously around for a minute, and then, as the words of the porter, "All out for Raleigh!" reached her ears, she grabbed her suit-case and hat, and hurried from the train.

She found Miss Pittman and a group of laughing, chattering girls waiting for her in the crowded station, and after many rapturous greetings and screams of delight, they got on a car and went out to the college.

It was too dark for Jean to see the stately old buildings, but the bright lights that shone from the windows warmed her heart. She was delighted at seeing her school-mates again, but she could not help comparing herself to them. They were stylishly dressed, and a great many of them were pretty. Her clothes were old and shabby. And pretty? Jean had never been called pretty, although her face was sweet and strong.

Margie, her room-mate, had not yet returned, so Jean went up to the bare room, took off her hat and threw it on the bed, and started to open her suit-case. Just at this moment Janet and Grace—two of her best friends—came rushing headlong into the room. They fell upon each other's necks in joy and laughed and talked at the same time.

Care-free Janet was tall and slender, and her merry brown eyes were always twinkling, while short, stout Grace was not so impulsive, and more reserved. They had to hear all about what Jean had done during the summer. Jean told them all she could think of, and asked them how they had spent their vacations.

Janet had just begun her story when the room bell rang, so, of course, it was not finished that night. The girls reluctantly departed, saying that they would come back in the morning.

Jean turned once more to her suit-case. She unfastened the straps and books, opened the case, and stared. Instead

of the plain taffeta and gingham dresses she was expecting to find, beautiful, rich-colored silks and satins met her bewildered eyes.

"Why, I have the wrong suit-case! Surely, all of these pretty things are not mine!" she exclaimed.

Jean examined the tag, and found that it was her own, but grew more troubled. Surely some great mistake had been made, and these beautiful clothes were not her own! She dumped everything out on the bed, and, pinned to the last dress, found a note. She tore it open, nervously, and read:

"DEAR DAUGHTER:—Doubtless you will be surprised when you open this and find these dresses. However, I hope you will be not only surprised but also delighted.

Your Uncle John, who died last summer, left a part of his property to you, and I decided that you would enjoy some pretty clothes as much as anything else, so I spent part of the money for your wardrobe.

I thought it would be nicer to keep it a secret, so that is the reason I did not tell you before. I will send your trunk on later, when your school dresses arrive.

And now, Jean, I hope you will have the happiest and most profitable year you have ever had.

With a heart full of love,

"MOTHER."

Jean read the note twice and then folded it tenderly and put it in her Bible.

"Mother's the sweetest thing in the world to me," she exclaimed in a tearful, trembling voice. "And I thought she didn't know how much I wanted pretty clothes like the other girls have! I'll write her this very night and tell her how much I appreciate the clothes, and how much I love her!"

She jumped up, found some paper and wrote a hasty note.

She sealed and stamped the letter, and left it on the table to be mailed in the morning.

Then she undressed and crawled into bed. She soon fell asleep, and in her dreams she saw herself as she would be in the future—stylish, pretty and attractive.

MARY E. BOOKER, '22.

SLIPS

Oh, the slips! Oh, the slips!
That the girls at Peace do write!
They're ragged and smooth and tidy,
All the kinds that girls indite.

On Monday and Thursday mornings
The dean's box is brimming o'er;
And while they are being looked over,
There's a "Busy" on the door.

There are slips for calling and shopping,
Some girls to the library must go;
Another would like to see a friend;
And all hope for "Yes," not "No."

'Most all the requests are granted,
But we're nervous until we look
And see that our names are written out
By Miss McLelland, in the book.

MARY E. BOOKER, '22.

SPRING

The sun poured down on the barefoot boy, who tagged on after a crude plow, pulled by a little mule. He scratched the red dirt around the stunted corn. Away out there in the hills there was a death-like silence, broken once in a while by a dove weeping for its lost mate. The barefoot lad followed the plow from one side of the corn-patch to the other. Perspiration streamed down his dirty, freckled face. A tattered straw hat shaded his face, but his sparkling blue eyes shone from under it.

The silence came to an end when the lad, overcome by the beauties of the hills and the blueness of the skies, began to sing. Rare tones came forth—big, deep, mellow, full of love and purity.

The lad sang on and on. Off in the distance a farm-bell rang. He unhitched the mule, jumped on its back, and galloped down the trail. His clear tones came back and echoed in the hills until they were lost in the distance.

NORMA CONNELL, '22.

PEACE

The little square room was hot and stuffy. Paper was scattered everywhere. The radiator buzzed a sad little tune into the stillness. Before a large desk, littered with paper, sat a little, dried up, pale, bald-headed man. He humped limply over his desk and wrote in rather rapid jerks. Once in a while he would stop and scratch his bald head with his

long, thin fingers, while his sharp, little eyes rapidly scanned his work.

The big heavy door moved slowly and a tall young girl brushed briskly in. She threw up her hands in horror and said, "Gracious me, dad, are you trying to stew?" She rushed over to the windows, pushed them up, and turned off the steam. The little man turned slowly in his chair and cast a wistful look at his work. The atmosphere of the little room changed from one of stuffy quietness to one of air and bustle. The girl pulled off her long, white kid gloves, and smoothed out her dark satin dress. Seating herself on the edge of the desk before the little man, she smiled and beamed.

"How are you feeling, dad?" she asked sweetly.

"Tolerable," mumbled the little man.

"I'm so glad," she said, rubbing his wrinkled old hands with her soft, white ones.

For a while all was quiet; then the girl timidly said, "Oh, dad! I saw the prettiest dress today."

The little man calmly said, "You did?"

"Yes, and oh, dad—"

The little man turned to his desk and wrote a check. Without a word he handed it to her. The girl heaved a sigh of relief. Eagerly taking the check, she kissed him half a dozen times and flew out.

As the door closed behind her the little man arose stiffly, went over to the windows, and pulled them down. Then he turned on the heat and the buzzing began again. He sat down, humped limply over his desk, and began his work again as if nothing had happened.

OF COURSE!

"A gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss Hilda."

"O, Caroline! Did he wear a blue suit?" Hilda asked rapturously.

"Yassum, I believe he did."

"And is his hair red?"

"I disremembers; I b'lieve he had his hat on."

"O, glory! I just know it's Red! Red has come! I just knew he would come!" Hilda rushed upstairs.

She brushed her hair back and dabbed powder on her nose with shaky hands. She had known all the time that Red would "come across." Of course, he was not going to let that old ball game keep him away when he had not seen her in a whole year, even if she had been contrary about it. Of course, she could wait and see him next week, but she was not going to do it just for that old game. He could come now or never. He had said, "Never!" But she had known all the time he would come. Oh, where was her tie? She rehearsed little speeches to say to him as she frenziedly turned things topsy-turvy looking for it.

"What's the trouble, Hilda, and where are you going?" the girls next door yelled, when she at last flew out of her room and down the hall.

"Red's here!" she called back without stopping.

At the door of the parlor she paused to think of her speech, and to calm her thumping heart. She must be very composed and not let him know she was the least bit excited. She stepped inside.

"Why, hello, Sis!" said some one across the room.

"Well, brother!" Hilda said faintly.

WRITING A LETTER

Seventeen-year-old William sat well up to the table, elbows digging into the tablecloth, his strong, handsome, boyish face cupped in his hands. Before him lay his own favorite monogrammed stationery, envelopes, and a bottle of Carter's best blue ink. His dreamy blue eyes stared hard at the paper, then gazed abruptly out of the window at the sunshine on a bed of flowers. Suddenly he raised his pen, as if an idea had come to him, then dropped it as quickly, as if he had dismissed it. Tousling his wavy hair, he wriggled in his chair, stopping finally to reach into his pocket and extract a piece of gum. With this reinforcement, his jaws worked spasmodically and he looked at his paper again with serious eyes.

Just as his pen began to move, the door burst open, and in marched Sam Junior, blowing lustily on a shining new horn. William looked up, frowned, gazed at his unwritten letter and again at his noisy baby brother.

"Take this nickel, kid, and run to the store," suggested the generous-hearted William.

Sam Junior dropped his horn, stared at his big brother with wonderment in his baby-blue eyes, and held out chubby fingers for the money. With a happy little "Tanks," he was out of the room with a bound.

William sighed, and settled down to his task again. The pen moved slowly, forming the words, "My Dearest One." At this point the door flew open again, and in danced nineteen-year-old Betty, with golden hair and shining brown eyes. She wore an unfastened brown taffeta frock.

"Billy, dear, mamma is out, and you'll have to fasten my dress." She turned her back and stood waiting, as William

disgustedly dragged himself out of his chair to do her bidding. Then, with a glance at her watch, and with a dab of powder on her nose, Betty was on her way to the movies.

William tiptoed to the door, thrust his head out, and listened. The coast was clear. From his coat pocket he cautiously drew forth a picture of "The One," stood it before him on the table, flopped into his chair, and breathed a long, sad sigh, as he gazed lovingly at her. His pen moved swiftly and unhesitatingly, now. His mouth curved into a beautiful, tender smile, as he finished, "With all my love, Bill."

EVELYN RICHARDSON, '24.

THE GRAY FIGURE

It was an oppressively warm day in early fall. Dusk was falling, and the park was sleeping. The last street lounger had shuffled away. Even the policeman on the corner had moved to another beat. A belated cabman's bus rumbled by. Only the trickling fountain was left to lull the birds to sleep.

I crossed the grass, seated myself wearily on a bench under a spreading oak and watched the lights pop on here and there. There was no one in sight. Suddenly there was a crackle—a rustle of leaves! I glanced up and saw a gray object slowly approaching me. I leaned forward, clutching the arm of the bench. Yes, it was unmistakably *he!* Well did I know what he wanted, and, alas, I had forgotten so soon! Consternation seized me. I was not prepared to meet him. How could I have failed to remember? This was my fourth visit to the park, and each time had been a warning. What should I do? I looked hopefully towards a far corner of the street, where a smiling Italian peanut and pop-corn pacher was

accustomed to stand, crying his wares. Even he had deserted his post.

Nearer and nearer came the figure! I looked around in confusion. Still, no one was in sight. I would not run away—I could not escape! There he was, upon me! I leaned forward, fingering my purse despairingly! Our eyes met. Then, like a flash, an idea seized me. I quickly thrust my hand into my pocket and found two left—only two peanuts—and I brought them forth and threw them to the little gray squirrel, who caught them and scampered away!

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22.

NEWS NOTES

Mrs. Wandeen Webber, head of the Voice Department, gave a delightful program in the auditorium in honor of the legislative body of North Carolina, on the evening of January 31st.

The student body had the pleasure of hearing Kreisler at the City Auditorium on the night of February 5th.

The Sophomores entertained pleasantly on St. Valentine's Day at dinner. The place cards were small red hearts, and in the center of each table was a heap of candy hearts. After dinner all adjourned to the chapel, where a Valentine play was given by the first year Expression Class.

Mrs. C. T. Bailey gave a five o'clock tea in honor of the Seniors at her home on Blount Street, February 14th.

The Preparatory Class decorated the dining-room on

Washington's birthday. After dinner the minuet was danced by eight members of the class.

Two basketball games have been played between the Whites and Greens. The Whites won the first game and the Greens the second.

Mrs. Sloop, of whom we are all so fond, was a guest of the school for a few weeks. Her talks to us were interesting and much enjoyed.

The Agricultural students of State College gave a reception in honor of the Peace girls in the Hall of Agriculture, February 19th. The entertainment was much appreciated and enjoyed.

The Junior-Senior reception took place on the evening of February 26th. The parlors, halls, and Miss Graham's study were thrown open to the guests.

Mr. Garth, executive secretary of the Synodical Young People's Work, spoke one night in chapel about the Young People's Conference to be held at Peace in June.

We have had visits from several former students: Lenoir Mercer, '19; Isabel Faison, '20; Anabel Sloan, '20; Edna White.

JOKES

Miss McLelland: "I don't want to see any girl leave the building without high shoes. This morning I saw oxfords and pumps running about the campus."

Fire Marshal (during a drill): "Mildred, where is your room-mate?"

Mildred (anxiously): "Upstairs, burning up. I couldn't make her come down!"

Miss Wentzel (at the table): "Elsie, where do loganberries grow?"

Elsie: "I think these came out of cans."

Lilly Winn (pouring water at the table): "Pass the vacant glass, please."

Charlotte: "Wasn't that a good lunch we had for dinner?"

E. Crawford (to girl in practice room): "Play the *Etude*. It's old, but I always did like it."

Bet: "How do you feel?"

Lib: "Yes, I think so, too."

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VOICES OF PEACE

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VOLUME I

NUMBER 7

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VOICES *of PEACE*

VOLUME I

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 7

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The Staff wishes to announce that this issue of *Voices of Peace* is, with a few exceptions, the material that was to have been published in our May number, which, on account of a printers' strike and other conditions, did not appear. This number is issued to fulfill our business obligations to last session's advertisers and subscribers.

EDITORIALS

The collegiate year of 1921-22, the fiftieth consecutive year of Peace's existence as an institution of learning, opens with unusually bright prospects. At present there is every indication of a general and wide spread regeneration in everything that makes a school what it should be. Enthusiasm has taken hold of the entire student body, and there is not an individual who has not begun to take marked interest in some important phase of campus life, Y. W. C. A.,

Athletics, or Literary Societies. There is no trouble in getting speakers and leaders for the Y. W. C. A. and Morning Watch services. The tennis courts are always taken, and the friendly rivalry between Greens and Whites has begun. The Society invitations were received with hilarious glee, and the momentous question of *Pi* or *Sig* membership decided. Every one is working for the same goal—a better Peace.

The new girls, upon whom the future of the school depends, are responding heartily to their various responsibilities. May they put into their life here just what they expect to get out of it. If they do, Peace will doubly reward them. We welcome the new students with open arms, and we are depending on their loyal support.

THE BEST CURE FOR HOME-SICK BLUES

Of course everybody sometimes has the home-sick blues,—all worthwhile people do. However, the disease is most prevalent among school girls. It is as inevitable as balloons at the fair. Like other contagious troubles, the disgrace lies, not in the disease, but in its continuance.

Many of our girls have already found the best cure of all—fixing up their rooms. Cretonnes of every color and pattern cheer nearly every room. Big, soft pillows invite us to window seats for gay, noisy chats or thrilling, whispered confidences. In such surroundings, where would tears find *standing* room—not to mention *running* room?

Our eyes need to be their clearest to make nice hems, and do gay, attractive appliqué work, and peer into the dark corners to discover the first sprouts and roots that come

from carefully spaded, unpromising looking bulbs. Oh, Peace will soon be a veritable flower garden! Everybody is buying plants, bulbs, and black dirt!

And now let us point the moral of our little tale: "If a little is good, more is better."

FALL

'Twas a quiet and restful evening;
The green ivy clung to the wall;
I stood and watched from my window
The coming of beautiful Fall.

The green of the earth was fading
To a dark and golden brown;
A carpet of red and yellow
Was spreading the trees around.

As I watched, I thought of winter,
The saddest time for us all,
And wished that this might linger,
This radiant, glorious Fall.

GRACE BUCHANAN, '23, Π Θ Μ

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en's the time o' year
When everything seems so queer;
It ain't winter and it ain't fall;
I guess it's almost nothing at all.

Goblins creep, so I've heard tell,
At Hallowe'en time o' year.
Pumpkins, too, are ripe and yellow,
But that don't seem to scare a fellow.

Yet, when I crawls up to my bed,
There's the queerest feelin' in my head;
The ole' floor just seems to creak
Underneath o' my bare feet.

And when I jump between the sheets,
Even to my backbone creeps!
And all around I seem to see
Things that really oughtn't to be!

Ghosts and witches, cats and mice
Seem to think my room is nice;
Here they run and romp and play
Like it was a holiday.

I've thought and thought,
And still can't tell
Why everything should seem so queer
At Hallowe'en time o' year.

HARRIET BROWN, '23, ΣΦΚ

THE GHOST OF AN OLD VIOLIN

"Dead men tell no tales," but sometimes violins do.

On a warm spring afternoon in about the year 1845, at the Boys' Academy in Hillsboro, North Carolina, a school boy sat pondering over a Latin grammar. A bee hummed outside the window, a crow called across the distant field. Spring had come with all its attractions to take a school boy's mind off his books, and it was with difficulty that this boy kept his somewhat drowsy gaze upon *facio, facere, etc.*

Presently his eyes followed his thoughts and he turned his gaze out of the window. He envied the little negro boy playing in the school yard, and his attention was attracted by the curiously shaped object to which the negro had tied a string, and was pulling around in the sand for a wagon. It looked like an old musical instrument.

As soon as school was out, the boy went to see just what the play wagon was, and discovered it to be an old, old violin. Of course there were no strings, nothing but a scarred, mutilated body; but the school boy loved a fiddle and he was so attracted by the odd shape of this old one, that he bought it from the negro for a quarter.

Vacation came and the school boy went to his home in Raleigh, carrying his much prized old curiosity. His father also was attracted by the old violin. In the fall they gave the violin to a merchant, going north to purchase his winter goods, and asked him to have it "fixed up."

In New York the merchant took the old fiddle to a well known music house, and was astounded when he was offered \$500 for it in its dilapidated condition. The merchant de-

clined the offer, stating that he was not at liberty to sell, but that he wished to have it put into good order. He was even more surprised when he was told that this old violin was a genuine *Cremona*.

When the violin had been put in good condition and was returned to the school boy, it was a beautiful thing. No such tones had ever been heard anywhere in that section, as those which poured forth from the old instrument when the boy drew his bow across the strings.

As time went by, this school boy became a man, and he and his fiddle became famous. They entertained many audiences, and his favorite selection was *Kathleen Mavourneen*. Then came the cruel war, and our school boy, like many of his comrades, went to the army, never to return.

During a few sad months, the old instrument remained silent at home. Then came the invading army, and the violin, like many other precious possessions, was stolen and carried away.

Years later, on a clear winter's night, the great nephew of our school boy, sat gazing into the fire. It was late. The household had retired. Everything was quiet. He was thinking of the old, old fiddle. On that day he had received a letter from a distant city seeking information of that once famous old instrument. The story of the violin had been a strange one. How and when had the negro boy of so long ago, come into possession of it? What a story there must have been attached to the old fiddle! Then, after many years, had come its disappearance from the family. Where had it gone and where was it now?

As he pondered the mystery, fascinated by the wonder of it, his thoughts turned to the dead school boy, his great-uncle of whom he had heard so much, and to his favorite old song, *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

Then, clearly, distinctly, out of the mid-night stillness, came the clear tones of a violin. The plaintive, pathetic notes of *Kathleen Mavourneen* swelled gently. He listened for a moment, spellbound, and then hastened to awaken his mother. Together they listened. Such tones! Deep, rich, throbbing, to the close of the beautiful old tune. Then there was silence. Mother and son waited. Not another sound came. There was no click of the gate of any departing serenaders—nothing but silence.

It was the ghost of the old fiddle.

ELLEN SEAWELL, '21, ΠΘΜ

YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN

Did you ever stop to think
How unhappy it would be
If your fountain pen could only tell
The things you've let it see?

It knows the blood-red secrets
That you have written Mother,
And the contents of the hurried notes
Which have asked advice of Brother.

Numerous are things you've written
That would surely bring the blushes
To your cheeks. Just think!
The letters to your crushes!

SARAH BOYD, '23, ΠΘΜ

STUDY HALL

When I was just a little girl,
I used to love to hear
The tales my mother told me,
Of her college days so dear.

Of the feasts, the dates, and parties,
And—yes—of study hall,
But I didn't grasp the meaning
Of what *that* meant, at all.

And so I grew, and came to Peace,
With plans for days of joy,
Heart bent on parties, feasts, and dates,
And fun without alloy.

But oh! behold, to my surprise,
I found that wasn't all!
Besides the good times here at Peace,
There's always—study hall!

KATHERINE CARR, Π ⊖ M

MAMMY DELIA

Surely in the whole history of the South there is no figure more interesting or fascinating to study than the negro mammy. She is the first figure in our minds at the mention of "the old plantation," the most wonderful character in tales of "li'l nigga children" or "de good ole days 'fo de war." To those who do not know her, perhaps she seems, in the pictures writers have drawn of her, unreal, exaggerated; perhaps, at the mention of "negro mammy", they see only a fat negress with innumerable dirty negro children pulling her skirts as she washes, or cooks, or peels potatoes on the cabin's front porch; but with those who know her, or *knew* her, the mere mention of her name seems to touch the very heart strings.

My negro mammy died two years ago, and when she left there was a vacancy in the household, which nothing can ever fill. The very first recollection I have of Mammy Delia takes me back to one day when I was very tiny. I had bumped my head and some one nice and fat was holding me in her lap and singing, and wiping the tears away with something soft. I think then was the time my baby mind first realized I loved her, even though I didn't know who she was.

Mammy Delia always woke me up in the morning, bathed and dressed me, and, before I became old enough to eat in the dining room, fed me in the nursery, or out on the porch. I always ate what Mammy Delia wanted me to. If I hadn't, some night when I was sleeping by myself, a horrid man made of rice and gravy, with prune eyes, biscuit

head, and potato hands would have come, and maybe taken me away, and made me eat all day or maybe killed me.

Mammy Delia always told me stories. The books I had weren't noticed when she was near enough to climb upon, and beg for stories. Sometimes it was "Law chile, I ain't got no time to be a-foolin' with you," but usually it was "Come on over hyah, honey, Mammy Delia's got a new one fu you." And into her dark blue calico lap I'd climb, and snuggle down, and go "way away" with Mammy Delia, sometimes to the jungles where "laons" and "tigas" were, and sometimes 'way back where "Peter Rabbit" and "Bru Fox" and "Bru Bar" lived, and sometimes to Fairyland, where princes killed dragons, and climbed glass mountains and married beautiful princesses and lived happily ever afterward. And sometimes there were stories about going to school when I got "six."

Mammy Delia lived in a little yellow cabin in our back yard. No one lived with her except Uncle Harry, her husband, pronounced "no count" by everyone, white or black, who knew him. For him Mammy Delia labored to keep the little cabin spotless, for him she'd beg "Marse John" for a "little drap o' liquor," for him she'd cook breakfast many mornings, before the cook would come to cook ours. Many times I've heard her beg Dad for money to get Uncle Harry out of jail, and everytime she'd say, and say sincerely, that he wouldn't do anything to "git thar agin."

When I began to go to school, Mammy Delia would walk almost to the school house with me, then hand me the little lunch basket full of cookies and fruit, kiss me, and walk slowly home. By the time I came home she had always made me something good, and was always waiting on the porch of her cabin for me. I always told her every tiny incident of my school day. When something funny had hap-

pened she chuckled till she shook, but if the smallest thing had gone wrong she sympathized in a way only she could sympathize. For the first two or three years of my school life stories came after this discussion, but later I'd play with other children in preference to paying Mammy Delia a visit. She'd watch us, and we'd go to her for cookies, or an occasional story, but there was not the closeness there had been before.

Mammy Delia's cabin was always a harbor to my wearied soul or troubled conscience. When I had been bad, or had been fussed with, I always went there for sympathy and comfort; when I had done something which troubled my conscience but which had not been found out, I went there for advice. Mammy Delia always advised me to tell my mother about it. Not to was acting a lie, and I believed for a long time, that many lies kept in one would kill him by eating out like a cancer, or a powerful acid.

Mammy Delia was indeed a picture on "yearly meetin'" days, or when she was dressed for a funeral. She wanted to look her very best at a funeral. A gaudy pink rose bud crêpe took the place of the dark calico, a lace shawl replaced the black fringed one. Instead of a bandana, or unruly "pig-tails," her head boasted of a yellow straw hat, with pink roses, blue forget-me-nots, and every conceivable color of plumes. After the funeral Mammy Delia would come to tell us about it. The success of it depended, in her mind, upon the clothes the family of the deceased wore, the amount of tears they shed, and the price of the coffin. I really think she enjoyed funerals more than any other public gatherings she went to. Once she came to Dad with a hundred dollars, which represented her savings for no telling how long. She gave it to Dad and said, "Marse John, I ain't got much longer to live. I knows as how you'll tek kere of me 'twell

I dies, but effen I should ever ax you fo' that money, you say, 'No, Delia', and effen I gits on my knees, you say, 'No, Delia, you ain't gwine to have that money! You keep it, Marse John, 'twell I dies, and den, Marse John, spend it all. Give me a funeral dat'll *dazzle* dem niggas!"

Mammy Delia was lonesome when I grew up, and she had no child to take care of, and tell stories to. She spent lots of her time in the kitchen, making things for her "chillun" as she called us. There never was a night that something wasn't left on the table for us to eat before we went to bed, and left by her loving hands; and if it were a dance, no matter what time we came in or how many we brought with us, Mammy Delia was ready to give us hot cocoa, sandwiches, pickles (for which my mouth has watered ever since she left), cake, salad, or fried chicken and beaten biscuits. And the picnic lunches she fixed! King George's *chef* could not have prepared any more delicious food than that which Mammy Delia packed in big baskets for us on picnic days.

When a new piece of furniture was bought, Mammy Delia usually criticised it, and went from the room mumbdling about it, and shaking her head. When I had a new dress, Mammy Delia noticed it before anybody else, and it was the "purties' thing," or "so purty", or made me look "like a li'l angel" or a "grown up lady," or a "sight sho-nuff."

The last picture I wish to leave with you is the saddest. On September both my brothers joined the army, in April Mammy Delia died. The loss of them ate a hole in her big, big heart, the worry for them affected her mind so that she talked constantly about them, even to herself, and in her sleep. Every morning she came to "ax Miss Nellie" if she could "send her boys a mou'ful t'eat, caze dey didn't git no home cookin's whar dey was." And while she talked the tears rolled down her wrinkled black face. While she was

cooking she would sit down at times and wipe her tear-stained face with her apron and wonder "whar" her boys were. After my younger brother went to France she was sick practically all the time. For weeks she stayed in bed, muttering about him all the time, and then one day the end came, quickly and quietly; the last word she said was my brother's name.

Could any life have been spent less selfishly? Could any life in its crude, simple way have been more beautiful?

There were so very many mammies; there are so very few left. Though there is no visible monument erected to their memory, there is an eternal monument to them, in the many, many hearts and lives they have touched, and made more beautiful; and while Southern people live, the memory of negro Mammies can not die.

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, Σ Φ K

THE GHOST OF PEACE

'Twas near the hour of midnight,
And I lay asleep in bed,
When there came a tapping at my door,
That filled me with horror and dread.

Now who would come at this time of night
And knock upon my door?
A ghost! or maybe a mischievous rat
Running across the floor!

I guess I should have said, "Come in,"
But somehow I didn't do it;
I put my head back on the bed
And thought I'd just sleep through it.

I felt my knees begin to shake,
And the wall went 'round and 'round;
I pulled the cover over my head
And tried not to make a sound.

How long I was still I do not know,
But it seemed like a century, when,
Suddenly, with taps steady and true,
The knocking began again.

Tap, tap, tappity tap!
Why didn't it go away?
Could it really be a walking ghost?
And what ought I to say?

At last I peeped out from the sheet,
And gazed and gazed at the door.
I thought I saw all kinds o' things
Standing on the floor.

But finally I summoned the courage,
In a voice squeaky and thin,
To say to my visitor outside the door,
"Er—er—I mean, come in—"

The door slowly opened,
I shuddered through and through;
The ghost gazed at me and said,
"Get up, Council summons you!"

RACHEL GRADY, '22, Π Θ M

OH!

We meet, exchange glances, and pass—a dozen times each day. Regardless of season, weather, time or circumstances, he is always the same. No matter what my mood or my attitude towards the outside world may be, he throws me glances of hope, optimism, and good cheer. He always carries his hat and cane under his left arm and holds his gloves just so. Often, after I pass him I look back, always to see him looking at *me*, too! It is evident that he approves of me.

His sleek black hair is parted precisely in the middle, perhaps by mathematical calculation, and his keen black eyes sparkle mischievously. His perfect profile can only be compared to a Grecian God's, and he has caused more than one hero-worshipper to pause, sigh, and pass on.

If I try to evade him, I am sure to meet him. He appears in the most unlooked-for places, on the street, in the shops, and in the homes of rich and poor. He is inevitable. So often do I see him and feel his presence, that he has become part of my very life—indeed I cannot imagine a world where he is not. Yet I know I shall never learn his name. I shall never hear his voice. Our hands will never clasp in greeting, for—he is the *Arrow Collar* man on the magazine cover!

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22, Σ Φ K

THE UNWANTED

The young man stood hesitatingly and listened to the heavy tread of Aunt Tempy as she slowly retreated down the hallway. Then, slowly crossing the porch, he sank into the cushioned swing.

An ideal night it seemed. He could hear the distant hallooing of the small boys far down the street, all so remote from this heavenly spot. Moonbeams streamed through the lattice, casting shadows here and there; a sleepy twitter came from the sparrows in the budding maples; and whiffs of Dorothy Perkins reached him from the vine-covered porch.

As though suddenly roused to consciousness, he jumped from his seat and hastened to a moon-lit portion of the porch. Drawing a very small box from his vest pocket, he carefully opened it. A thousand sparkles came from the gem as it caught the rays of the moon.

The porch door opened, a dark shadow appeared across the door way. The young man rushed forward with outstretched arms, but suddenly drew back, as a far from delicate voice sang out, "Hello, Bob, didn't know yer was so glad to see me!" and small brother Louis' freckled face bobbed into the moonlight and beamed affectionately upon him.

ANNIE SELLARS, '24, P Θ M

FORBIDDEN PLEASURE

He walked slowly up and down before the big white house, his cap pulled over his eyes and a look of anxiety on his dark, ruddy countenance. His shoes were worn, his trousers dirty, and his coat almost in rags. Suddenly he darted behind a tree as he recognized the owner of the big house approaching, and did not venture out again until the man was well out of view. After looking cautiously up and down the street, he crept down the alley leading to the back of the house, and into the woodshed. Bringing out a ladder he stole back to the house and, placing it against one of the windows, whistled three times and waited quietly. In a few minutes the window opened and a small boy slowly descended the ladder and joined his forbidden playmate.

ADDIE SOUTHERLAND, '24, P Θ M

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of the following College magazines: *The Trinity Archive*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Wake Forest Student*, *The Acorn*, *The Davidsonian*, *The Carolina Magazine*, *The Lehigh Brown and White*, and the *Technician*. These magazines are eagerly read and enjoyed. We feel that we have derived much benefit from them.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

On September 15, the Peace campus became alive again with girls both old and new. The members of the Y. W. C. A Cabinet were here to welcome all the girls. At 10:45 the following morning, the opening exercises were held in the Auditorium. Dr. White, President of the Board of Trustees, and Mrs. Clarence Johnson gave short, inspiring talks, and Miss Graham welcomed each of us in her usual cordial manner. Mrs. Webber delighted us with several vocal solos.

On the night of September 24, the Annual Faculty Reception was held. Members of the Music and Expression Departments rendered a delightful program, after which a delicious ice course was served by the Juniors.

The girls who were here last year will be interested to know of Miss Martha V. Davis, our former Registrar. She is now at the head of a Mission School in Korea, Asia. Her address is: Soonchun, Korea, Asia—c/o Rev. J. F. Preston.

A large majority of the Peace girls attended the first football game of the season, which was played between Randolph-Macon and State College. That night we were honored with a splendid serenade from State College.

Miss Graham attended the Synodical at Gastonia on October 10.

A great many of the Peace girls enjoyed the musical comedy, "Miss Lula Bett," on Saturday evening, October 8.

A number of the Peace girls attended Robinson's Circus on Saturday evening, October 3.

Mrs. Wandeen Webber, head of the Voice Department, attended the meeting of the North Carolina Synod in Tarboro, October 18.

A number of the Peace girls, accompanied by Colonel Olds, visited the Hall of History on Monday morning, October 3. On the following evening he entertained us with a very interesting talk on superstitions in Eastern North Carolina.

We attended the concerts of Frances Alda, on October 19, and Tito Ruffo, on October 20. They were among the first attractions of the series presented by the Rotary Club of Raleigh. They both proved a treat to us.

The entire student body attended the Fair on October 19 and 20. This is one of the important events of the year. The State College-Carolina, football game on October 20, was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels and Miss Marjorie Schuler were our guests at dinner on October 27.

DEPARTMENTS

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. held its initial service for the year, Sunday evening, September 18. The new cabinet made presentation of their several officers. They are as follows: Norma Connell, president; Ella Reynolds, vice-president; Lucile Howard, secretary and treasurer; Martha Fairley, chairman of missions; Mabel Pippin, social service; Margaret McKinnon, chairman of Watch; Elizabeth Gibson, chairman of campus social service; Carolyn Patterson, chairman of music. Martha Fairley and Evelyn Richardson sang a duet, and Evelyn Richardson also sang a solo. The president conducted the devotional exercises.

The Y. W. C. A. picnic at Mordecai Springs, September 17, under the supervision of Harriet Brown, was a most successful affair. Both faculty and students hiked out in the afternoon, and after playing games, cooked supper over huge bon-fires.

The Cabinet was at home in the Cabin, September 28, to Faculty and students. Punch and cake were served and a most pleasant afternoon was spent.

The Y. W. C. A. choir, under the direction of Carolyn Patterson, is one of the greatest assets of our organization. The choir is composed of sixteen voices, five violins, pipe-organ, and piano. The music is well rendered and adds interest to our services.

The installation service was unusually impressive this year. After the candle service, Ella Reynolds, chairman of the membership committee, gave an interesting talk on *Membership*.

Miss Nettie McMuller, Missionary from Hanchow, China, was our guest from October 23 to October 26. She gave most interesting talks at prayers and chapel time on her work in the mission field, and awakened our interest in our Far East Sisters.

We are proud of our 100 per cent membership this year. A large majority of the Faculty also signed the membership cards.

Every Saturday night the Cabin gives a friendly welcome to the "undated" and "stay-at-homes". Jokes and stories compete with the Victrola, while marshmallows are toasted before the open fires.

Dr. White will meet with the Cabinet at its next regular meeting.

ATHLETICS

The fight for "The Cup" is on! Friendly competition is already keen. Even the perpetual studiers are making points.

The work of Miss 1921 Treasurer was not in vain. Peace Institute Athletic Association boasts of two brand new basket balls.

Captains Hatch and Southerland have their forces lined up. White and Green banners breathe defiance to each other.

October 10. Field Day for the Rookies proved that our "new girls" are the real thing!

October 17. Points started and the Personal Box is already bulging. The adding machine goes *clump, clump*. Fourth floor resumes its former popularity during "skipping period".

Tennis and basket ball are the all absorbing interests of the afternoon.

Wednesday hikes are hard on shoes, but even then there are compensations for hungry girls.

SOCIETIES

Rushing season is over and we can all breathe a sigh of relief. Invitations were sent out October 16, and now the new girls have assumed the sophisticated air of having lived through the trying ordeal of initiation.

The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society gave a hay-ride and wiener roast on Monday afternoon, October 9, in honor of the new girls and the faculty. The party went to "The High House", a mile from Cary and after exploring the haunted ruins, roasted weiners over a big fire and enjoyed a picnic supper. About eighty-five students and teachers enjoyed the expedition.

On the following Monday afternoon the Pi Theta Mu's entertained the new girls with a moving picture party.

The dates for the first meetings of the societies have not yet been decided on. We hope that our programs will be more interesting this year and that our societies may mean more to us than ever before.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Hail to our Alumnae! We are always glad to welcome you back and may you always feel at home in your Alma Mater.

At the opening of school we had visits from several former students: Sarah Pate, '20; Hattie Mae Morisey, '19; Mary C. Howard, Lucy Cooper, Mary Mangum, Jessie Holliday, and Martha Dew.

Grace McNinch, our last year's Student Body President, attended the first Student Body meeting of the year, on September 16.

Much interest has been centered around the marriage of Annie McCormick, '21, to Mr. Tom McCormick, of Roland, on Wednesday morning, October 20. Mary Booker attended the wedding.

During the Fair we had the pleasure of having a number of the Alumnae with us: Sarah Pate, '20, Grace McNinch, '21, Eugenia Fairley, '21, Bennie Lee Upchurch, '20, Jessie Eason, Jessie Holliday, and Maxine Hurley.

Betsy and Elsie Monroe attended the wedding of their sister Mary, to Mr. W. A. Killough, on Saturday, October 22. Mrs. Killough is a graduate of Peace.

Among our last year's graduates who are teaching this year are: Grace McNinch, at Cary High School; Nellie Burgess, in the Centennial School of Raleigh; Dorothy Lumley, in Godwin High School; Beth Anderson, in Charlotte; Laura Bell French, near Statesville; Eva Bullock, in Rowland; and Elizabeth Sloan, in Garland.

Rhea Van Noppen is taking special Kindergarten work at the Ethical Culture School, in New York City.

Susie Monroe, '20, is taking a course in Bacteriology at Carolina this winter.

Elizabeth Anderson, '20, attended the Trinity-Wake Forest game here on Armistice Day.

Isabel Bowen, '19, is teaching at Easton, Pennsylvania.

Julia Murvin of Seven Springs was married to Mr. Harold Maxwell on Thursday, November 10. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell will be at home after December 1, in New Bern, N. C.

JOKES

Miss McLelland: "What did Artaxerxes give the Israelites to go home in?"

Frances Crisp: "Fords."

Sprunt Hall: "Oh, did you see the Governor's new car?"

Anne Thompson Bradshaw: "Yes, and did the butler get out and open the door?"

Old girl: "What is our lesson in Physiology?"

New Girl: "We have tuberculosis tomorrow."

Sprunt (on day of initiation): "Do you know who is going to take you through?"

Llewellyn: "Don't know—through what?"

Mary Thomas (on classification day): "Miss Becker, what do you learn in Social Problems?"

Miss Becker: "Oh, everything."

Mary Thomas: "Does it teach you how to go out in society?"

Grace Buchanan (as Miss Marsh handed her a French book): "Mercy! mercy! mercy!"

Miss Marsh (astonished): "What?"

Grace (apologetically): "I was just thanking you."

Pinkie: "Is Johnny a Gim Goul?"

Peggy: "No! He's a perfectly good Kappa Alpha."

Miss Becker: "From which part of Italy do the people with light complexions come?"

Norma Connell: "Germany."

Elizabeth Gibson: "I wish I could win a Phi Beta Kappa key."

Margaret Scott: "I'd rather have a Pi Kappa Alpha."

Miss Becker: "What is pathology?"

Brilliant Psychology Student: "It's a science that tells us that new ideas make paths in our brain."

Fortune-teller at Fair: "You are going to have money left you."

Grace: "I'm glad to hear it. I have only a dollar to my name."

Fortune-Teller: "Well, after paying me, you will have fifty cents left you."

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME I

MARCH, 1922

No. 8

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EDITORIALS

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

When one becomes a citizen of a country, he owes allegiance to its government, and in return is entitled to its protection and aid. Allegiance means loyalty. In order to be loyal, one must combine his efforts with those of his fellow-citizens and try to better the government in every possible way.

Just so it is with us. When we enroll as students of a college, we are entitled to her protection, and to all the benefits she can give us, and we owe her, in return, our whole-hearted loyalty, interest, and coöperation. In other words, we must play her a fifty-fifty game. Not one of us would appreciate being told that she is not playing square,—yet can we all truthfully deny such an accusation? Our college has never fallen short of her duty, for her protection and her help have

never failed a single one of her citizens. Have we, as citizens, returned good measure? Can a professional knocker be called a good citizen? Can a girl who fails to uphold student government be called loyal?

The students installed our Student Government, and the students alone can make it a success. The word *students* as I have used it means each one individually, and all collectively. The failure of a single girl to contribute her personal interest and cooperation will be a drawback and will put a damper on the work of the others. Let us concentrate every effort to make our school a college whose students, individually and collectively, answer to the description of good citizens.

COLLECTING

“Oh, here she comes again! I do wish people would leave me alone! You can’t keep a cent of money, for someone is always after you for it!” These, and similar remarks greet one as she goes on “collecting rounds.” As collecting is not a very pleasant job, either for the collector or for the one collected from, we think a few suggestions as to how to make collecting easier may not be amiss. There is no use of ignoring the question, for it confronts us daily. In fact, at Peace it has ceased to be a mere question, and has become a grave problem.

A girl is not asked to pay money that she herself has not previously promised, so in the first place we would say, *Don’t promise what you know you won’t pay.* It is certainly no crime to refuse to contribute to some cause, but it is wrong to refuse to pay what you have made yourself responsible for.

Taking it for granted that one does promise a certain amount, our second suggestion is, *Look forward in your finan-*

ces, so that you will have the money ready at the appointed time. There is probably no girl here in school that does not have a reasonable amount of spending money, and if she uses it judiciously, she can meet all her obligations punctually.

Our third suggestion is simply this: *Don't pick on the poor unfortunate who happens to be Treasurer!* It is not her fault that she has to come around and beg you for money that you promised to pay, so why should you have a grudge against her? You probably helped to elect her Treasurer, so why not try to make her task easier, instead of making her life miserable? If each girl would put herself in the collector's place for a short while, collecting would cease to be a bugbear, and our numerous debts would roll away.

TO OLD NORTH CAROLINA

To live in such a country
Of jessamine and pine,
To see the sparkling waters
Of dear old Caroline,
Is the only thing I think of
When I am far away,
And oh! the longing heartaches
That fill my heart each day.
I love you, Carolina,
With your sunny skies so bright,
From your burning sands and seacoast
To your lofty mountain heights.
No matter where I wander
O'er mountain, plain, or sea,
My heart will be returning
To my old beloved N. C.

HARRIET BROWN, '23, ΣΦΚ

SKELETONS HAVE BONES

Neither the steady drip, drip, drip of the rain, nor the deep sonorous echoing of distant thunder daunted the spirits of six indistinct, shadowy figures, as they cautiously felt their way down a long, narrow hall. Once, their stealthy, cat-like steps came to a halt when a board in the floor creaked unusually loudly. Another time, the echo of the old town clock striking twelve so rent the deep, gloomy silence that the figures stopped still in their tracks. They paused and listened a moment, and a nervous giggle escaped from one of them. "Aw, I'll tell you fellows," a shaky voice began, but at a warning "Sh-h-h!" from his comrades the culprit said no more.

In a few moments, they reached the end of the hall, noiselessly opened a door, and entered a dark room. As the thin shaft of light played around, it revealed a large expanse of smooth walls. The room was totally bare of furniture, except for a long bench at one end. The boys' faces, in the shifting light, were pale. Occasionally, a pair of eyes twinkled or a pair of lips parted in a frightened, tense grin, but most of the boys were serious. They proceeded to remove carefully two loose planks from the floor, and finally dragged from its hiding place a long, white, dangling, ghastly object that clattered as they held it up rather unsteadily. It was a skeleton.

Jim, in command, crowed, "Gee, fellows, ain't it a good one! We had a pretty hard time last night, getting it out of that old hollow tree, but it will be worth the trouble." Then, turning to his comrades, he snapped out, "Here, you fellows, take hold! Our old friend ain't got no meat on his bones, but he's the stuff for us! I kin just see Sis Jones jump around for once in his life! Gee, won't he be mad, though?"

"Hey, Jim," Hal chimed in, "you don't expect us to do the whole thing, do you? Take a hand on these old bones yourself! They ain't much on feeling, for they're awful cold, and sort of clammy."

Jim glared at Hal, and Hal glared back. Sandy, the "little one," came to the front as usual. "If you all don't shut up your jabbering, you'll have Sis and all the other old teachers down here in a minute, and then we'll catch it! I say, get to work! Where's the clothes, anyway? Have you got 'em, Holmes?"

"Yes, here's Miss Elizabeth's dress! Hope she don't find out who got it, for if she does, there'll be no more cookies and cakes for yours truly!"

The boys shook out the dress, someone produced a hat, and the skeleton was quickly dressed. When this was done, the boys stood back and admired their work. It looked like a real person! The dress fitted smoothly, the large, floppy hat was tilted forward, so as to hide most of the horrible face, and the folds of the skirt almost hid the claw-like hands. The boys gave a grunt of approval, for the result was better than they had dreamed it would be.

"In the dark, it certainly does favor Miss 'Lizabeth. Won't the old fellow be hoppin' mad when he finds it!"

The town clock struck one, and Bill, startled, pulled out his watch. "Hey, you all, it's one o'clock, and you know Sis comes in on the one-thirty train, so let's get to work. Holmes, you and Piggy go ahead, to make sure that no one sees us, and we'll come behind."

The queer procession again started down the long hall. This time they did not go to the end, but turned off, and went up a steep flight of stairs. Turning down another hall, they finally reached their destination.

Holmes and Piggy were waiting for them at the door, and, at a nod from Piggy, the boys carried the skeleton into the room and closed the door.

"Gee, but I wish we hadn't disconnected the light this afternoon!" came from Sandy, "it's sure dark!"

"Well, one consolation," said Holmes, the optimist, "if we had it, we'd be scared to use it, so I'm satisfied as it is!"

"Bring it on in here," ordered Jim, as he started towards the adjoining room. "No, I think we'd better leave it in here, for we'll have to slip out after he gets to bed. Then, too, he comes in here first, and it will be more effective in here," objected Charles.

"Well, leave it in here then," acquiesced Bill. "and after we prop the old dear against the table, we'd better be hiding, for Sis is apt to stroll in any time now. We can just get behind these chairs and things, for it's so dark he can't see us, and then we can slip out after he goes to bed. Won't we have fun tomorrow, telling the rest of the fellows? And we've got Physiology the first thing in the morning! Won't the old bird be hot, though?"

After everything had been satisfactorily arranged, the boys hid themselves, to wait for Sis. Their waiting was of short duration, for in a very short while groping footsteps came up the hall. The door was thrown open, and Sis paused for a moment on the threshold, searching for the switch. Finally, his fingers found the button, he pressed it, and lo! the light came on! Sandy had merely thought that he had disconnected the wires.

Mr. Jones glanced in a dazed manner around the disorderly room. In the brilliant light, the skeleton, leaning against the table at a rakish angle, lost all its power.

Several bushy heads ducked further down, and an astonished "Well, what in—" came from behind the closet curtain. Mr. Jones walked over to the closet, drew back the curtain,

and echoed, "Yes, what in the world!" He surveyed the room rapidly a second time; then his nice brown eyes began to twinkle. "Oh, I see! What a joke!" He threw back his head and began to laugh. Peal after peal of laughter followed. Would he *never* stop? thought six discomfited and sheepish boys. They were afraid to venture forth and afraid to remain.

Bill, in the closet door, too much dazed and surprised to say anything more, gazed helplessly about him. Finally, Mr. Jones stopped laughing long enough to gasp, "That's all right, Bill! You and your fellows can go now."

Bill spoke a gruff "Come on!" and the sheepish sextette sidled out of the room.

The next morning, the six boys entered the science room as the last bell was ringing. The class had assembled, and as they took their seats, the immaculate teacher entered from a side door. He was followed by two negroes, who carried—could they believe their eyes?—yes, it was!—the skeleton!

Mr. Jones turned to the class. "Well, boys, see what I have! For a long time I have been wanting a skeleton for this department, and now that we have one, we'll get to work at once and learn the names of all the bones. Jim, will you begin the recitation?"

MARY BOOKER, '22, ΠΘΜ

DID YOU EVER STOP TO NOTICE?

Did you ever stop to notice,
On these crisp, bright winter days,
How the great brown earth
Smiles at you, in a thousand different ways ;
How the friendly sun smiles down
And God's nature, all around,
Seems to glitter and to sparkle in its rays ?

If you'll only stop to notice,
When you feel a little blue,
How the trees seem to be bending low
And beckoning to you,
Then I'm sure you'll lose your sadness,
All your gloom will turn to gladness,
And I'm sure you'll find that you are smiling too.

C LAUDIA BAILEY, '23, ΠΘΜ

DYES SINCE 1914

The problems of dyes and dye-stuffs are some of the most serious problems that the world has to face today. They are questions of both economic and strategic importance. A country which has many large and flourishing dye plants is apt to be economically flourishing—like Germany previous to 1914. Since this is so, no country is as economically strong as she might be, unless she has a highly developed dye industry. A country which has many large and flourishing dye plants is apt to be powerful in war,—nay, even victorious,

in many cases—as Germany was in 1914 and 1915. It follows that no country is fully armed unless she has a thriving dye industry behind her. Therefore, no country is either economically, or strategically independent which relies upon a foreign, and hostile country for articles so necessary to her prosperity and power as her dye and dye-stuffs.

Some may think the above statements rash; therefore it becomes necessary to give the facts which led me to arrive at these conclusions. We cannot plunge immediately into the discussion of the relation of dye-stuffs to disarmament, because most of us would not understand what was being talked about. No one can read only the last chapter of a book, and appreciate the full meaning of the whole book, or even of the last chapter. Since we cannot understand these things, it becomes evident that, as in all other things, we must begin at the beginning.

For us the only beginning necessary will be a comparatively short summary of dyes and dye conditions, prior to 1914. In 1914, one is naturally confronted with the dye problems of the war; in 1918, with the question, whether or not Germany shall be permitted to regain her control of the world's dye market; and in 1921, with the question, whether or not any country shall be allowed to control the dye market. First, let us view the situation up to 1914. For thousands of years the human race has been using dyes,—not the clear, bright colors of today, but greatly inferior ones. The old Tyrian kings, however, appreciated beautiful colors, as is shown by the fact that when Tyrian purple was discovered, it was made the insignia of royalty, and a decree was issued that if anyone of humble birth should wear it, he should be executed. The art of dyeing progressed gradually, through the ages, but the nations lost the respect that the Tyrian kings had had for the industry, so that when, in 1856, a marvelous new method of dyeing was discovered, scant notice was

given it. So little was the consequence attached to it, that the formula was allowed to pass into the hands of the only country which did, at the time, appreciate the value of the discovery,—Germany. We must review the dyes used previous to 1856, and compare those poor impermanent dyes with the bright, fast colors of today, to understand Germany's farsightedness in procuring the formula, and England's carelessness in allowing her to do so.

Most of the dyes of ancient times were vegetable dyes. Those most used were red, yellow, green, and blue. The red was red madder, which is obtained from the roots of the *rubia tinctoria*. Yellow was made from the barberry root, from yellow-wood *quercitron*, Persian berries, saffron, aloes, and wild tumeric. The green was usually made from mixtures of yellow and blue. Blue was indigo blue, which was made from the entire plant of the *indigofera tinctoria*. These dyes were all very troublesome to make, especially the blue, which must pass through many long and troublesome processes before it can be used. Besides the tedious care requisite in their preparation, they had another great drawback, which was their impermanence. When exposed to the sunlight, they all faded or changed color.

Animal dyes were also used. The two most popular ones were cochineal dyes, and Tyrian purple. Cochineal is made from a tiny little bug which lives on the cactus plants of Mexico. Tyrian purple is said to have been made from the Mollusk. It is easy to see that the materials for these dyes were difficult to procure.

All these poor, and clumsy dyes have, however, been superseded by the bright, permanent aniline dyes. The only vegetable which has survived is indigo blue, but even this is now being abandoned, because a blue of better color, quite as permanent, and much easier to prepare—indophénol blue—has been created. As it is with indigo, so was it with all

the other vegetable and animal dyes; they have been replaced by the superior aniline ones.

Practically the only dyes in use now are the mordants and the anilines. The mordants, though not so much talked about, are quite as important as the aniline dyes. Mordants, made from barium salts, are used in fixing the colors. When colors are not properly mordanted they invariably fade. Besides this important function, mordants have still another, which is to determine the shade and brightness of the color produced. When we think of a world of drab-colored, faded clothes, of clothes all of one shade, we appreciate the value of this precious dye-stuff.

And now we must learn something of the aniline, or coal-tar dyes, which are the ones we are chiefly interested in today. Needless to say, they are practically the only dyes in use now, as they have, by their comparative simplicity of manufacture, and their superiority in color and fastness, largely replaced the old vegetable and animal dyes. The quality of the best of these dyes is unsurpassed. Their color is clear, bright and fadeless, and—a thing of great importance to the manufacturer—they are not so difficult to produce as the vegetable dyes.

Perhaps, now that we have learned something of the value and usefulness of these dyes, it would be interesting to learn something of their discovery. In the year 1856, William Henry Perkin, an English chemist, endeavored to produce an artificial quinine. In this project he failed, but he produced, instead, something which was of much greater moment, mauviene, the first aniline dye. He realized the importance of his discovery and, with money supplied by his father, went into the dye industry.

The dyers of England, however, far from realizing its importance, were skeptical about this new dye. With true British conservatism, and dislike of radical change, they

hesitated as to whether or not they would give up their old, uncertain in method, and use the new and sure one.

And while they hesitated they were lost, for one country there was which had no doubts as to the value of the new dye method. That country was Germany. Germany, with her far-sighted commercialism, took up the scorned dye formula, and with it started her dye industry. With this formula she made that business what it was in 1914—her largest, best equipped, and richest industry. She started, however, very modestly. A German firm procured the secret of the aniline dyes and began to manufacture them, on a modest scale, at Ludwigshafen-on-the-Rhine. They had few workmen, but they had the government behind them. With the government backing, the dye industry grew and grew. Plants sprang up all around the coal mines, and these plants grew in capacity, wealth, and power. But, ahead of all the others, strode the company which first began to manufacture coal-tar dyes in Germany. In 1916, the German firm, Badische Aniline und Soda Fabrik, was the biggest dye plant in the world. It alone employed 7,500 workmen, 197 university trained chemists, 95 engineers, and 701 clerks. The other factories were almost as large. Why did this industry grow in such a marvelous manner? Because it had the backing and aid of the whole country. The German universities gave their assistance in chemical research; far-sighted, patient bankers gave important financial aid; the plants themselves had highly efficient chemical departments; and, above all, the government aided them. With all this help, was it any wonder that the industry grew like Jack's beanstalk?

Having, now, a safe foundation to build upon, we can advance to the study of a more important subject,—dye-stuffs and the war. We all know something of the effect of the dye industry upon the war, but we probably do not in the least realize the extent of this effect. The problems of the

dye industry are connected in our minds mainly with the difficulty of procuring good black hose; it never enters our minds that they affected the entire world, and changed the course of the war for two whole years. If it had not been for the dye industry, Germany could not have wrought such complete desolation in Belgium, and would not have been so terribly successful for the first two years of the war; if it had not been for the dye industry, John Leyland and Richard Baldry would not have undertaken their dangerous expedition which had so important an influence upon the English dye concerns; had it not been for the same industry, America would not have faced, and overcome the dye problems which confronted her in 1914.

But such statements as this must be proved. Since Germany was the largest manufacturer of dyes and dye-stuffs in 1914, and since she was one of the chief actors in the great war, it is fitting that we should begin with her. The enormous size and wealth of the German dye business, and its effect upon the war, was very great. Since it was so great, we must more thoroughly investigate it. In 1914, the dye factories of Germany were producing 90 per cent of the world's dyes and dye-stuffs. As these German factories controlled the dyes of the world, they became enormously rich. Twelve German dye plants, alone, represented a capital of \$40,000,-000, and their yearly product amounted to \$100,000,000. They were, undoubtedly, Germany's best equipped and wealthiest industry.

But, you say, this has nothing to do with the dye industry's aid in the destruction of Belgium! I, however, say it has. If Germany's dye factories had not been so large and well equipped, they could not have supplied so easily the vast amount of high explosives used in the demolition of Lorraine, or the poison gas which took so terrible a toll among the armies of the defenders. For these high explosives and poi-

son gases were made in the dye factories, from some of the very same substances used in dyes. Two of these substances, toluol and phenol, are used in the manufacture of the high explosives. Toluol, combined with acids, makes trinitrotoluol; phenol, combined with certain other chemicals, makes picric acid, which destroyed the Belgian fortresses. While poison gases may not be made from actual dye constituents, nevertheless, practically all of Germany's poison gases were made in her dye plants. It is, then, apparent that Louvain, hence, Belgium, could not have been so annihilated had the German dye factories not been so large and efficient.

It still remains to prove that the German success would not have been so appallingly large, in the first years of the war, had her dye factories not yielded her their highly efficient aid. We know that two constituents of dyes are used in the making of high explosives, and also that dye factories make equally good poison gas factories. The country, therefore, which controlled, at the beginning of a war, the world's supply of powerful explosives would be successful, for a year at least, in that war. Germany controlled the world's dye industry, and, through the dye industry, the supply of high explosives. When the war broke out, she promptly turned her dye plants into munition plants and poison gas manufacturers. With this endless supply of mighty explosives and poison gases at their command, the German army swept over Northern France, and intrenched themselves in the positions which they held securely for four years. Two of the horsemen of the Apocalypse led that army, and helped to devastate France. The names of the horsemen were Conquest and Death, and the horses they rode upon were high explosives and poison gas. German successes would not have been nearly so numerous, had her dye factories not aided her.

Since, then, the first point has been proved, let us proceed to the second: that if it had not been for the dye industry,

Richard Baldry and John Leyland would not have undertaken their dangerous expedition, which had so important an influence on English dye concerns. Naturally, one now asks, "Who were Richard Baldry and John Leyland? What was the expedition, and why was it dangerous? And, above all, what influence did the dye industry have on it, and what influence did it have on the dye industry?" Again, let us start at the beginning, and the beginning was the rise of dye prices, the scarcity of dyes, and the effect of it all on England.

In 1914, the prices of necessary dyes and dye-stuffs rose enormously. The causes of this great rise are obvious. In 1914 Germany turned her dye plants into munition plants, and, naturally, she had plenty of use for her dyes at home. Because of this, she could not export much. In 1914, also, England blockaded the German ports so successfully that Germany, whether she wished to or not, could not export anything. You say that, in spite of this, as England should have had plenty of dye-stuffs available at home, the price should not have risen so abnormally high. England did have the dye-stuffs, but she had no knowledge of or practice in dye making. The dye-stuffs were there, in her coal-mines, but these dye-stuffs had to be converted into dyes before they would be of any use. And England did not know how to convert them. English dyers and chemists worked and experimented, but little immediate good came of their efforts. Meanwhile, dye prices continued to rise. In 1915 they had reached fabulous heights. The statistics below are interesting, and to the point:

DYE-STUFFS	PRICES IN 1914	PRICES IN 1915
Benzol -----	.20 @ gal.	1.25 @ gal.
Toluol -----	.25 " "	6.00 " "
Indigo -----	.15 " "	1.00 " "
Aniline oil -----	.10 " "	1.75 " "

The conditions remained bad, though the dyers and chemists gradually learned, and began to produce fairly good dyes. There were, however, such bad conditions in the dye industry that when two London merchants, Richard Baldry and John Leyland, heard, in 1916, of a Swiss chemist who possessed the German dye secrets, they immediately began to make efforts to procure them. It was necessary, however, to have the assistance of the government in so dangerous an affair, and, as everyone knows, governmental machinery moves slowly, especially in war time, so that it was long before they succeeded in getting the recipes. The Foreign office aided them; nevertheless, their agent had many adventures and dangerous experiences, before he placed the precious recipes in safe hands. He was dogged every foot of the way by German spies; several times his baggage was stolen; and once he was drugged, assaulted, and thrown into the gutter. Germany would stop at nothing to prevent aliens from getting possession of her dye recipes. In spite of her efforts, however, the agent reached England safely, and gave the recipes to the English merchants. John Leyland and Richard Baldry at once presented them to the British government, on condition that any British dye plant, which needed them, should have the recipes. With these recipes England could found a dye industry worth having.

Now we have gained a fairly clear understanding of dye problems and conditions in England during the war, as well as a knowledge of the enterprise of the two English merchants, and so we may proceed to our third, and final point, which has to do with the same things in America. The situation here was much the same, in its essential points, as in other countries. Yet, as it differed somewhat in lesser points and as we are more interested in our own industry than in that of other countries, it will be well for us to study it more in detail. In many points our plight was like that of Eng-

land. Like England, we could get no dyes from Germany, and the supply we had on hand was very small. This shortage is strikingly shown in these figures, which concern New York alone: In October, 1913, New York had dye-stuffs on hand amounting to \$167,183; in October, 1914, to only \$35,692. Like England, we had no home supply of dyes and dye-stuffs. One small company, Schoellkopf Aniline and Chemical Company in Buffalo, manufactured half of the American made dyes. We had been Germany's biggest customer, and had no dye industry at home. Like England, we had no knowledge of dye manufacturing. We did not know how to make even the simplest dyes, much less the best and most difficult ones. To make matters worse, we had no mordants, and without them, the naturally poor colors became poorer.

This, then, was the situation when, in 1915, the American dye industry began. There was no home industry worth the mentioning, no knowledge of dye making, few dyes on hand, and no mordants. With so little to begin with, the industry started bravely to meet its problems, and overcome its overwhelming difficulties. To begin with, the Buffalo company greatly enlarged its plant, and many new companies opened up. Then the Toch Company opened a barium mine in Tennessee, thus relieving somewhat the mordant situation. Corps of workmen were sent to Central America to obtain logwood, from which black is made, and madder, from which Turkey red is made. Others were sent to the oak forests of the South to get quercitron, a yellow dye used on calicoes. Thus, under the urge of necessity, the vegetable dyes were temporarily revived.

The aniline dyes began to appear at this same time. The manufacturers started by producing, in large quantities, the dyes which were easiest to make. These, however, were not

the best dyes. At first there was no attempt to produce the pretty shades and tints, and unusual colors that we like so much, because they were difficult to make, and the dyers were inexperienced. These came later on, but were high priced.

The industry advanced by leaps and bounds, till, at the end of the war, American dyers could make almost as good dyes as German ones. In 1921, they had equaled, and surpassed, the German dyers. We say that they had surpassed them, because they then succeeded in producing an aniline blue which equaled and excelled the old indigo blue, a thing which the German chemists had been laboring long, and unsuccessfully, to do. Thus far has the American industry progressed.

And now to our last point. In 1918, the big problems which faced the dye manufacturing countries, were whether or not they would permit Germany to regain her control of the world's dye market, and, if not, whether they were able to prevent her from regaining this control. We shall see the attitude of the various countries towards their new, and still weak, industry, and towards Germany's fight for her former dye markets. Since Germany plays so big a part in these problems, as she does in all other dye problems, we must begin with her, and see what kind of fight she made. The big German companies fortified themselves with enormous sums of money, to use in their battle to regain their old markets. \$300,000,000 was obtained for this purpose. Then the factories, instead of making the dyes that America needs, and is not producing, began to manufacture the dyes America is making. The factories recovered rapidly from the effects of the war. In February, 1920, they made 10 per cent of the pre-war amount; in July of the same year $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. The total amount, produced in three months, of the dyes which were being made in America, was 8,800 tons; the total amount of dyes which America

needed, was 800 tons. Below is the list, for six consecutive months, of the dyes which were being made in America:

1920	<i>Amount produced</i>
February -----	1,600 tons
March -----	2,400 tons
April -----	3,300 tons
May -----	3,800 tons
June -----	4,800 tons
July -----	5,500 tons

I cannot see the need of any better evidence of the necessity of government protection for the dye industry, than these figures. Germany has set out to regain her important dye markets, among which America ranks first. Let us see how the nations are meeting her efforts. England's answer to Germany's advances, was the repeal of her law, passed during the war, which forbade the importation of dyes and dye-stuffs. The English buyers of dye materials could not resist the temptation the German price-cutting offered, and many have become customers of Germany again. By her ill-considered act England thus strangled her new industry. Venezuela, Holland, and China have again become excellent customers of Germany.

The United States alone has, thus far, remained cool toward the German dye agents. This chilly reception, however, will not last, unless the government gives the dye plants the necessary protection. There are two questions, says French Strother, in the *World's Work*, that the dyers are asking. I give them, with his answers, below:

“(1) What will the government do to protect us from German price-cutting?

“Ans. It will go the limit.

“(2) Will the government foster the industry by laying a protective tariff on German dye products?

"Ans. It may, possibly, lay a low duty on them, but will do nothing to help the dyers at the expense of the public."

Upon the government's answer to these questions, depends the fate of the American dye industry.

The situation then, in regard to Germany, is as follows: England has strangled the dye industry by the repeal of the prohibitive dye importation law, and the people are already buying from Germany; China, Venezuela, and Holland have become as good customers as ever; the United States is temporarily chilly toward Germany, but cannot long remain so, unless radical measures are taken to protect it from German price-cutting.

We now understand one of the big problems facing the commercial world. There is another question, however, which faces a disarming world: "What shall be done with the dye factory, as an agent in chemical warfare?" If the world is to be disarmed at all, it must first be chemically disarmed. Future wars will be fought with high explosives and poison gases. In every dye plant, a country possesses a potential munitions and poison gas factory. If, then, a country is to be disarmed, what shall be done with her dye plants? That this is no mere idle question will not be doubted, if one recalls the facts concerning German dye plants in war times. High explosives are made from dye constituents, and can, therefore, be made in dye factories. Most of Germany's poison gases were made in her dye factories. If Germany regains her former control of the world's dyes, she will be capable of winning the next war. If any one country controls the dye industry, that country will be a formidable adversary in war. With these facts in mind the problem becomes a very real one. What shall be done with the dye industry?

There seems to be only one solution, and that is, to prevent any country from getting control of it. We cannot do

without dyes; therefore, we cannot destroy the dye factories. Yet, if things continue as they have started, Germany will soon have control of the market again, and so become a potential adversary. At least, if Germany does not get it, some other country will. In the face of all these things, the only thing that can be done it seems, is to prevent its control by any country. The means of preventing this are two; State legislation, or the League of Nations. Legislation is already under consideration in the United States and in Great Britain. The League of Nations has a clause that applies to it. The question of land armament, under which this dye problem comes, was brought up at the Washington conference, but it was decided that the question was too big to be handled then, and so it has been left for some future conference to take up. It seems imperative, however, that something be done soon.

LACY RANKIN, '24, ΣΦΚ

THE BONNIE B.

I was a hardy seaman,
Once tossed on the deep blue sea;
And still, in all my musings,
My Bonnie B. I see.

My Bonnie B. was as sturdy
As ever a ship could be.
'Twas on a storm-rid morning
Her ruin I did see.

We had made many a voyage,
Gone over many a sea,
With always the same good pleasure,
My "Bonnie B." and me.

We had as good a man-crew
As ever a ship did claim;

And all our fuss and frolic
Was just pure sport and game.

We set out on a Sunday
In the Spring of '98;
We had our cargo loaded
And sailed through the Golden Gate.

'Tis many a mile to New York,
Around that old Cape Horn;
But we set out all a-laughing
On that clear Sunday morn.

The wind was to the southward,
And my old ship did sail
In a course so smooth and steady,
That I did not fear a gale.

But as we rounded old Cape Horn,
The cold North Wind and rain
Whipped my old sails and riggings,
And my ship strove in vain.

She was sent a-dashing
Upon a sharp-edged rock;
And all my crew and cargo
Went down to Davy's lock.

I alone was rescued
From all my heart's great store;
Rescued by some natives,
Dwelling on that shore.

Here I sit in Frisco,
Longing for the sea;
A-thinking and a-dreaming,
Of my good ship, "Bonnie B."

OUTGROWING ONE'S FAMILY

Though very few ever admit it, there is a time in the lives of us all when we become victims of a disease, which, though a most common one, is not easily defined. I think that its best and most expressive name is one that was given to it by my old negro mammy. Once when I was afflicted with a well-developed case, Mammy was terribly upset about my deplorable condition, and bitterly remarked to my mother, "Miss Sarah sho' am done et up by de high culture!"

This disease affects us in sundry ways, which vary according to the cause of the disease, the susceptibility of the victim, and the manner in which it is treated by the victim's family. The case with which we are most familiar is the one contracted in boarding school. There, the germs float around freely and lodge in the mind and body of each new boarder some time during the first week of the boarding school career. But though the disease grows and develops from this time on, it never reaches its height until the victim boards the train for Christmas vacation. At this time it bursts into full bloom, and by the time the home station is reached it has complete control.

How common an occurrence it is for nervous, unsophisticated, timid little sixteen-year-old Fannie Lou Smith to be taken to the depot by a fond and adoring family, who put her on a train which will carry her away from under their protecting care to an entirely new and strange environment. She has a smooth braid of hair down her back, a shy look in her eyes, and a painfully self-conscious expression on her face; but, with it all, she looks proudly down at her new black shoes and first coat-suit. Her face is aglow with excitement, and shines so from the free use of soap that it could easily

serve as a mirror for a passer-by. She bids her family a prolonged, tearful, and affectionate good-by, boards the train, settles herself in the day coach, proudly extracts from her straw suit case a copy of *Elsie Dinsmore's Girlhood*, and begins to read.

Suppose we allow time to take its course, and have another look at Fanny Lou Smith three months later. The train is pulling into the little station, where, for a second time, the Smith family is eagerly gathered. They watch the crowd slowly emerge from the day-coach, and are horrified when Fanny Lou fails to appear. They are disappointedly turning away on the presumption that she got left, when their attention is attracted by a commotion at the end of the train. They look, and lo! from the steps of the Pullman there gingerly descends—not their Fanny Lou—but Miss Frances Louise Smythe! As she approaches, rather nonchalantly, the first thing that they notice is the dazzling whiteness of her nose, which has the same effect that the sun has when it brilliantly shines on a snow covered world. Her cheeks are completely rouged, and her pursed lips truly remind one of the mythical Cupid's bow. Her jet ear bobs horrify her mother, but the straw that breaks the camel's back is a copy of *Breezy Stories* under one arm. She greets each member of the family in turn, but, though her greeting is warm, it lacks sincerity, and there is a certain restraint about it that is extremely uncomfortable.

She goes on home, and everybody tries to make things seem as natural and pleasant as possible, but all attempts are in vain; for this blasé, sophisticated, fashionable young lady does not belong there. Her rouge-besmeared facial epidermis and disgracefully short skirt seem terribly out of place. Though outwardly, father assumes his care-free manner, his heart is secretly yearning for an old-time hug from his merry little girl; and mother sheds many tears into her handkerchief

as she directs the preparation of the fatted calf—not for her child, but for Miss Frances Louise Smythe.

The case is exceedingly rare when she is able to retain this superior position in the household. Before long, the family are unable to control themselves, and after she has been reprimanded a time or two, Frances Louise becomes sensitive, and gradually descends from this pedestal which she herself has erected. Between small brother and the cook, she is constantly reminded of her "high culture," and this is a sure cure. It will soon awaken in her a desire to do away with as much of it as possible.

In almost all cases of outgrowing one's family, a compromise must be made between the family and the afflicted one, for it is as much out of the question for the whole family to reach the height of perfection that the one member has reached, as it is for her to become entirely natural, and enjoy the same things she enjoyed before the great change. The most essential thing for her to do is to put away her "mourant d'ennui" manner and then there is a chance that she may reconcile father and mother to at least one of the five coats of nose powder, and that, after much wheedling, she may convince mother that her short skirts are not a disgrace to the family tree.

All the Miss Frances Louise Smythes are not feminine,—there are equally as many young men who leave home to work in the city or to enter college, as "Willie," only to come back playing the rôle of dignified "William."

Though the disease is an easily communicated one, and causes a great deal of discomfort while it lasts, it does much more good than harm. It is one that each person *has* to have, and it always leaves the victim immune, for, if the disease is entirely cured, it may truthfully be said that a person never outgrows his family again.

I WISH I WERE

I wish I were a teacher
In a young girls' boarding school;
I wouldn't be so awful strict
About the horrid rules.

I'd always mark 'em present
When they didn't come to class;
I'd make it very pleasant,
And the work not hard to pass.

And when I'd be put to chaperone
A group of girls down street,
I'd let them talk in merry tones
To every boy they'd meet.

I never would keep nagging
At the girls who're on my hall;
Instead I'd be a-bragging,
'Bout the behavior of them all.

And if I had just one wish,
I'll tell you what 'twould be;
That all who teach in boarding school
Would some day be like me.

ADDIE SOUTHERLAND, '24, ΠΘΜ

FOOTBALL

Janet was seated before a boudoir desk, thoughtfully toying with a picture in a gilt frame. Judging from the discontented frown on her pretty face, and her pouting lips, the train of thought in her mind was far from pleasant. Finally she looked up, turned the picture face to the wall, and with a satisfied, determined gleam in her eyes, said half aloud, "That's all right, Mr. Bill Marston! you *think* you can neglect me for your old foot ball games and track meets, but you'll soon find out. We'll see how you take *this!*"

Collecting, from the various pigeon holes, paper, pen, ink, and envelope, she began to write hurriedly:

"Dear Bill,

I hate to break the date that I have with you tomorrow night, but since your time is so completely taken up with athletics, I really think you had better rest up for next week's games, instead of calling on me as you intended.

Sincerely,

JANET BRISTOL."

She finished, sealed, and addressed the letter. This done, she breathed a sigh of relief, and, placing the letter beside an ink bottle, continued her reflections.

These reflections were interrupted by the unannounced entrance of her room-mate, who rushed breathlessly across the room and fairly shrieked in her ear, "Roomie, look! Have you seen it? Isn't it *too* wonderful? You're the luckiest thing in the world to be *his girl!* Every girl in the school envies you! Oh, oh!" and she thrust a copy of the *Evening Times* under Janet's nose. With a parting, "I'll be back in a min-

ute!" over her shoulder, the girl left the room, and Janet once more continued her reflections.

Spreading the paper on her lap, she read in huge head-lines:

"Marston stars in game with Washington and Lee. Personally complimented by the general's coach. Elected Captain of Wolf-pack for 1922!"

A picture beneath caught her eye. Yes, there he was! As she looked at the familiar face, with its good-natured smile, her own face slowly regained its natural happy expression, and she laughed aloud. Reaching for the letter she had written, she tore it into bits, and slowly fed it to the waste basket. This done, she began to write a second time:

"Bill dear,

Congratulations! I am so proud of you! Please don't forget to come to see me tomorrow night—am dying to see you!

The same old

JANET."

SARAH JANE BOYD, '23, ΠΘΜ

'TAIN'T NO USE O' NOTHIN'

What's the use o' bein' good,
And obeyin' rules?
Nobody gives a rap about you,—
Schools is schools!

What's the use o' studying?
Flunking's all you do.
Why should we care about our grade,
Just so we pull through?

Maybe folks won't all agree,
But what's the use o' fussin'?

What's the use o' anything?
'Tain't no use o' nothin'!

GRACE BUCHANAN, '23, ΠΘΜ

?

It's a feeling—a sort of achey feeling—that settles all around your heart. It grips it tight and makes it beat and throb. Caught unawares, you jump and blush, and your heart seems stuck where it shouldn't be, so that you stammer and say, "I don't know." It's a funny feeling, a sort of left-out feeling, that makes you think you have no friends, and then you soothe and pet and coddle that feeling, until you cry, "It isn't fair!" You lie awake and think hard, hateful thoughts; you make dark plans that wouldn't do to tell, and in the morning you are so cross and fussy that your room-mate leaves you and slams the door behind her. At breakfast the bacon looks horrid, the grits are burned, and the coffee tastes bitter, so that you push it all aside and, with a very superior and mysterious air, ask to be excused.

You walk in a hazy sort of way from class to class, indifferent to everything that happens and generally bored with the world. That feeling grips you again, in the evening, when you look out at the moon, and then you sigh, because there is nothing else to do. All through the day you have reminded yourself that your heart is broken, and now when you see the moon you know that queer feeling holds you to it and makes you look sad-eyed and droopy-mouthed. With a swift movement you turn from the window, and, catching sight of a box of candy and a book, shrug your shoulders and dive in among the pillows and candy. An hour passes, and glancing up, your eye falls upon a crumpled letter, lying innocently near—and you wonder. Then it all comes back in a flash—

ELLA T. REYNOLDS, '23, ΠΘΜ

A PICTURE IN GRAY

A wagon, a mule, and a man were coming towards me. The wagon was gray with dust, the mule was gray with natural color, and the man was gray with age. The wagon had one wobbly wheel, the mule had one lame foot, and the man had one knee stiff with rheumatism. The wagon was an old, unpainted affair with a great rubbed place on one side where the wobbly wheel had scraped the home-made body. The mule was a decrepit old animal and had great callouses on his side where the patched traces had rubbed. The man was the "poor brother" of the caricatures of St. Nicholas. He was St. Nicholas with all of the fine clothes, all of the jollity, and all of the good health taken away. His eyes were dull with loss of hope, his shoulders bowed with loss of youth, and his feet heavy with loss of rest.

The wagon, the man, and the mule were trying to sell pine straw for hen houses, in the afternoon, when people dislike being disturbed, in the winter, when few hen houses need new straw, and in the city, where there are few chickens. The man slowly and painfully climbed out of the wagon, shuffled up to a house and rang the door bell. His voice was weary and nasal as he asked, "Lady, do you need any pine straw for hen houses?"

The "lady" answered snappily, "No!" and slammed the door.

The old man shuffled wearily back to his wagon and climbed into it. He hit the mule with the stick of a former buggy whip and they passed on by me; the man, the mule, and the wagon.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of the following college magazines and papers: *The Carolina Magazine*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Acorn*, *The Pine and Thistle*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Leigh Brown and White*, *The Davidsonian*, and the *Technician*. These magazines and papers are looked forward to and read with great interest by all the students of Peace.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

November 19. The first of the annual series of student recitals was held in the chapel at five o'clock.

November 19. Sarah Boyd and Elizabeth Gibson attended a reception at the Woman's Club, given to the State College R. O. T. C. officers, by Col. and Mrs. Gregory, in honor of the sponsors of the military department.

November 21. The annual Presbyterian reception was given to the Peace girls. We all went and had the expected "big time."

November 26. The expression class presented the play, "Three Pills in a Bottle." Readings by Claudia Bailey, Frances Crisp, and Carroll Davis supplemented the play.

The entire student body attended the Carolina-Virginia game at Chapel Hill. This privilege is ours only once in two years and we always take advantage of it. That night we all went to the *Superba* to see the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

November 26. Thanksgiving Day, and a red-letter day on everybody's calendar, but especially so for us this year.

December 5. The faculty gave a recital that we all enjoyed thoroughly.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in being able to attend so many attractions at the Academy of Music and the Auditorium. We have seen Mrs. Fiske in "Wake up, Jonathan," Jane Cowl in "Smilin' Through," and the picture "Way Down East," and have heard Werranrath, Rachmaninoff, D'Alvarez, Anna Case, Frieda Hempel, and Sousa's Band at the Auditorium.

December 17. The second student recital took place at five o'clock, and the Christmas play in the evening. The cast of the play was chosen from the student body and the play was decidedly a success.

December 20. The choral concert was given, and then the carolers serenaded the Raleigh friends of Peace.

January 4. All back together again, after the happiest holiday ever!

Among the State College ball games that Peace has loyally attended at the Auditorium are the ones with Wake Forest, Trinity, South Carolina, and Carolina. Needless to say, they were enjoyed to the fullest.

January 17-21. Exam week. Oh, cruel fate!

February 11. At last the long-looked-forward-to day arrived, and the student body went to the Ag reception at State

College. Every one had a very pleasant evening and we feel deeply indebted to the Ags for giving us such a good time.

February 14. The Sophomores entertained at dinner with a Valentine party, and after dinner the Sophomore French Class presented a French play, under the direction of Miss Marsh. Every one enjoyed it thoroughly. It certainly did credit to our French department.

February 22. The Preps gave a Washington party during dinner, and afterwards a program was rendered by the choral class, and certain members of the student body, who danced the minuet.

February 25. The Juniors gave their annual formal reception in honor of the Seniors. This occasion is always looked forward to with intense interest and is always a great success. This year was no exception to the rule.

DEPARTMENTS

Y. W. C. A.

Welcome to our Y. W. C. A. cabin! It has been wired; and the girls will be glad to know that its electricity may be used for the purpose of hair-curling. It is always open to the date-less on Saturday night.

December 3. The Cabinet was at home to the student body, in the cabin. We told ghost tales, and toasted marshmallows.

December 12. A beautiful and impressive Christmas pageant was shown in the school chapel.

December 17. The beautiful Christmas gifts that Peace prepared, and gave to the Balfour orphans, and Crossnore school were on exhibition in the cabin.

January 8. A very inspiring service was held on "New Year's Resolutions."

January 21. Carolyn Patterson entertained the Y. W. C. A. choir in the cabin from five to six. Chicken salad, sandwiches and punch were served.

ATHLETICS

Athletics have been uppermost in our minds since the Basket Ball League began. Two teams have been picked from each side and each team is to play six games. Owing to weather conditions, only two games have been played. The second teams played a 12-12 game February 11. The first teams played February 23, and in this game the Whites won, 19-16. The next games to be played will be between the first and the second team of each side. These games are being looked forward to with much interest and speculation.

An Athletic Council has been organized and will settle all questions that arise concerning school athletics. The Council is composed of the Physical Director, the Athletic Advisors, Miss McLelland, the two captains, the lieutenants, and the President of the Athletic Association, who presides at the meetings. The Council meets twice a month.

As spring opens, the Tennis Courts are becoming very popular and every one is looking forward to the Tournament.

Track work begins after spring vacation and the meet will be held just before Commencement.

SOCIETIES

The Pi Theta Mu initiation was held November 22. Activities began at half past four in the afternoon and continued until ten in the evening. The campus scene in the afternoon was both comical and picturesque. The real initiation, however, took place between eight and eleven, in the gymnasium.

The Sigma Phi Kappa initiation took place on the following Saturday afternoon and evening, November 29. Frightened "Ohs" and "Ouches" were heard during the afternoon, but the girls are still safe and sound.

The first meetings of the Pi Theta Mu and Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Societies were held December 6. Interesting programs were enjoyed by both societies.

Since December 6, society meetings have been held at regular intervals.

A joint society meeting was held February 19. Besides the regular program, matters of interest to both societies were discussed.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Several of the girls who finished in the class of 1921 are teaching school. Among them are Dorothy Alderman and Margaret Robinson.

Eugenia Fairley, and Ellen Seawell are staying at home.

Mozelle Markham is doing office work in Raleigh.

Many of the old girls have visited us since November. Among our alumnae visitors were: Dorothy Alderman, Catherine Brewer, Dorothy Lumley, Anabel Sloan, Mary Man-

gum, Elizabeth Nicholson, Lula Norment, Eva Bullock, Katherine Carr, Jessie Holiday and Grace McNinch.

These old girls are always glad to come back to Peace, and we are glad to have them.

JOKES

Miss McLelland: "What did Moses do when he saw there was going to be a famine in the land?"

Sprunt: "Prayed for rain."

Mrs. Fowler (seeing some girls on the tennis courts): "If you girls catch cold and die, don't you come back to me!"

Miss Bradshaw: "Harriet, did you go to the Penitentiary this afternoon?"

Harriet: "Oh yes, and I had the grandest time I've ever had in my life! Saw all the people I ever knew!"

Molly Pigford (naming books of the Bible at table): "Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther—"

Miss Bradshaw: "Molly, who are they? Some of your friends?"

Mrs. McLelland (pulling a girl into a practice room): "Come right into this room and practice this hour! You've already missed four hours of your practice!"

Virginia: "But Mrs. McLelland—"

Mrs. McLelland: "No excuses now!"

Virginia: "But—I don't take music!"

Mildred: "Nellie, is this the dress you made in History of Art?"

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME I

MAY, 1922

No. 9

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EDITORIALS

VACATION

What shall we do with our vacation time? Shall we spend it all in playing and loafing? Or shall we do something that is worth while and that will help us and our school next year?

Some may ask what they can do to make their time count for something. All of us read at least a little during the summer. Many like novels for a change from the strenuous school work. But why not read at least *one* heavier book to keep our minds from completely deteriorating? We should take a little time each day, also, to read the newspapers and keep up with the outside world.

All of us will have different experiences and opportunities. Why not use these to the best advantage? Let us remember our various school organizations and activities, and keep our eyes and our ears open for any new ideas that we can adapt

to our own needs. When talking with students from other colleges, let us ask about their organizations, and bring back with us some of their enthusiasm and inspiration. There are numberless things that we *can* do; let us do something that is really worth while.

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

In just three weeks the school days at Peace of our class of '22 will end. What will our Seniors do in the "wide, wide world?" That is the all-important question confronting our graduating class.

As we are often told, countless opportunities are open to the woman of today. In fact the opportunities are so numerous, that we are as puzzled as Brer Rabbit, when he hesitated at the fork of the road, trying to decide which barbecue to attend. It is useless to enumerate the occupations open to us today. The call is loud for trained women.

The main need of every girl is quick action. We hope that many of our girls will continue their preparation in higher colleges, that they may be more fit for the very best positions. Where this is impossible, let us use Peace training and native wit. Let us choose the work that suits us and stick to it. Above all, let us not do as Brer Rabbit did, and stand in weak indecision until the golden opportunities are gone forever.

SPRING

When a gay, bold robin hops on your window sill and sings, "Come out and enjoy the sunshine!"—when the housekeeper sighs, "I must begin housecleaning soon!"—when a father, looking through his mail, mumbles, "Another infernal hat bill!"—when lovers whisper, "The flowers were never more beautiful!"—when the college girl groans, "I cannot decide between taffeta and organdy for Class Day!"—when the wee lad begs, "Mother, mayn't I go barefooted now?"—and when Mother reminds Dad, "Dear, don't forget the garden seed again tonight!"—well, it's spring.

NELMA CORTWEY, '25, ΣΦΚ

A FEMININE PAUL REVERE

Mistress Slocumb's smile of greeting, as she looked up from the tea things she was arranging, was like a burst of sunshine in the dim room. General Clinton and his wife were just entering the dining room, the latter carrying Mistress Clowcumb's baby son, Frank. How fond the General and his lady were of her baby, to be sure! But Lady Clinton was not strong, and perhaps she was tired.

"Let me take him, Madam. He is heavy, and you must be tired," she said in her rich, vibrant voice, advancing towards them.

"Ah, may I not keep him, good Mistress Slocumb? He is so like my Robert!" Lady Clinton clung to the chubby child and her lips quivered at the last words. She had recently lost her own small baby.

So they all sat down to supper, Lady Clinton still holding the placid baby.

The room was lighted by four candles which stood in pewter candlesticks, two at each end of the damask-covered table. The light, however, did not suffice to illuminate the whole of the large, low-ceiled room, the corners of which remained dark, with only the shadowy masses of furniture visible. The table, and those about it, were like a pastel picture against this dark background. The soft, yellow candle light gave a faint sparkle to the silver and glassware upon the table; made the gold lace on General Clinton's scarlet uniform flash arrogantly; glimmered gently on the soft ripples of Lady Clinton's prematurely white hair; touched the yellow ringlets on the cherubic baby's head, and turned them to gleaming, golden fuzz; and transformed Mistress Slocumb's dainty lace cap to a fleck of creamy foam, as it rested on her wavy black hair.

To watch Mistress Slocumb's manner towards her visitors one would not have suspected that General Clinton was not her most welcome guest, instead of being the commander of the army against whom her own husband was fighting. She was only a young woman but her dignity and grace of manner were unequalled. Though she was quite gracious, she talked little, and when her face was in repose, a haunting fear looked from her violet eyes. Her eyes were resting now upon little Frank, and she was smiling faintly as she sipped her tea.

Suddenly General Clinton set his teacup down with a crash, and, with a jovial smile, turned to his wife. "By the way, Margaret, did I tell you that the courier from Wilmington reached me this afternoon? General McDonald is on the way to Moore's Creek Bridge, where he hears the rebels are encamped with six thousand men. He'll get there at day break tomorrow. It will be a complete surprise, and, of course, there is no doubt of the issue."

Lady Clinton looked distressedly at Mistress Slocumb, who had started and turned deathly white at the General's words. She gave her husband a reproachful glance. He, however, misinterpreted the glance.

"Oh, there's no need for you to worry, Margaret," he said in his big voice. "It is impossible for Mistress Slocumb to get warning to the rebels. Why, just listen to the tempest outside!"

It was, indeed, a frightful tempest. The wind tore through the trees, and howled about the house. Rain came down in torrents, washing from the roof in sheets, and dashing against the windows. The streams, already swollen from spring rains, would doubtless overflow now, thought the General; and he had a moment's anxiety about the safety of the bridges his soldiers would have to cross.

Lady Clinton, however, in spite of the fact that Mistress Slocumb had recovered her usual calm, was afraid her husband would return to the dangerous subject, and therefore decided to get the poor lady from the room long enough for her to warn him away from the topic. In search of inspiration, she looked at the baby in her arms. "Why, Frank is sound asleep, Mistress Slocumb!" she exclaimed in surprise.

The hostess, who had regained her habitual calmness only with an effort, rose thankfully. Here was an excuse to leave the room. "I will take him up to bed then, my lady. I do not think I will come down again so I bid you both good-night." With a rustle of her silk dress she was gone.

Upstairs, she found the baby's fat negro nurse rocking and humming drowsily. "Here, Easter, you must put Frankie to bed." She laid the baby in the old woman's arms, and hurried into her own room.

A lighted candle stood on the tall bureau, but it was half smothered by the darkness, and gave only a very dim light.

A great, black, canopied bed loomed up in the semi-darkness. Mistress Slocumb never looked at either, but went to a closet, from which she took a long cloak and skirt. Hastily she put these on, clapped one of her husband's three-cornered cocked hats on her head, and left the room, her discarded dress lying on the floor where she had stepped from it.

On her way down she paused a moment to peep into the nursery. Easter was sitting in a low chair singing softly, and mechanically rocking the cradle with her foot as she sang. A candle sputtered faintly on a shelf.

Mistress Slocumb drew her great cloak close about her, and cautiously descended the stairs. In the dimness her face looked very white, and her eyes abnormally large. Safely out of the back door, she drew a breath of relief, and, struggling with the wind, made her way to the stables.

A few moments later she came out leading a saddled horse. She leaped into the saddle, slapped the horse, and plunged away into the dark woodland trail at a headlong gallop. Overhead the trees slashed in the wind, branches crashed and groaned; on both sides bushes and twigs, dripping wet, lashed at her as she tore past; from below came the squishing, splashing, thudding sound of her horse's feet on the wet ground. The rain had slackened and seemed about to stop.

Thirty miles lay between her and Moore's Creek Bridge; not thirty miles of good road, but thirty miles of wild country, most of it densely forested, and sown with creeks and small streams. The creeks were in a freshet, and the only way of crossing them was fords. There was no road, only a faint trail.

The horse tore on. The rain stopped altogether. Suddenly she was almost flung over the horse's head by his unexpected halting on the banks of a foaming creek. A break came in the hurrying clouds, and a sickly ray of moonlight

appeared. The water was ghastly, as it rushed and foamed by, already level with its banks and rising rapidly. Mistress Slocumb urged her horse into the torrent. The water curled and hissed about them, the horse swam valiantly, and the lady clung tightly to him and prayed. The current carried them down stream some yards, the water swirled and sucked hungrily, and then, with a desperate effort, the horse clambered up the other bank. The trail was regained, and the mad race resumed.

Miles sped by, and other streams were crossed. But, fast as they went, time went faster. The darkness changed to hovering gray, and there were still two miles to go. She was deadly tired, and it took her whole strength to keep herself from falling from the saddle. The horse was flecked with foam, his eyes were blood-shot, and he was panting with exhaustion.

The trees slipped by. Then the woods broke away and the horse stopped, heaving and trembling, in the middle of a clearing. Hoarse shouts of astonishment rose from the small army of men encamped there. They were just waking up, and here and there in the lingering darkness was the red flicker of a tiny fire, where some soldier cooked his breakfast. Several blue-coated men ran forward at the appearance of the exhausted horse and his rider.

“General McDonald—and six thousand men—will be here—at daybreak!” Mistress Slocumb’s voice failed, and she slipped from the horse into her husband’s arms.

LACY RANKIN, '24, ΣΦΚ

JUST A BAREFOOT NIGGER

I ain't had no schoolin',
Ain't never 'beyed no rule;
I'm just a barefoot nigger
Ploughin' 'hind dis mule.

But I loves dis sunny country;
I loves to see de corn,
I loves to hear de birdlin's
Wake up in de morn.

I loves to see my Mammy;
I loves to hear her call
And tell me dinner's ready:
"Come on home, John Paul!"

She ain't de prettiest nigger
Dat my eyes has set upon,
But she's mighty given to lovin',
'N kisses me each morn.

I knows de worl' is mighty,
I knows dere's lots o' fun;
But give me dis here country
An' my ole Mammy, Hon!

JEANNE

The morning was sultry, as August mornings are. Nobody except seven-year-old Jeanne wanted to stir outside in the heat. And perhaps, the reason why she so desired to run and play in the sun, was that she knew she was forbidden to leave her shady porch. For a long time this summer, she had lain ill with a terrible fever, and now that she was able to be up, it was hard for her to understand that, for a little while, at least, she could not run and have a good time with her friends, but must amuse herself quietly at home.

This morning she was unusually discontented. Her most beloved doll, Beatrice, neglected, lay in a forlorn heap in the hammock; picture books, discarded, were scattered over chairs, table, and floor; and the papers dollies, usually her most cherished friends, who lived in the large, well furnished house laid out on the porch matting, no longer pleased their little mistress. The ladies failed to be attractive in their pretty gowns, and they just simply were tired of "going to see." As for the young girls and the small children—she wanted to punish them all. In fact, as she stood there, a slender little miss with closely cropped brown hair, and frowned down on all her playthings, there was but one thing she desired. Just across the street under the protecting branches of a big tree, several children were noisily playing a game of ladies with their naughty children coming to see. Jeanne, with all her heart, wished to be one of those naughty children, so she could run and fight as much as she pleased. Even as she watched and envied, several of them were called home by their mothers, and the two who remained soon fol-

lowed their hostess into the house. Jeanne imagined that they stopped a few minutes in the pantry, and then continued their merry way to the big sandpile in the back yard.

Walking slowly over to the banisters, she leaned over and idly looked first up, and then down the street. The discontented frown lingered on the rather thin, pale face, and kept the warm lights from the smoky-blue eyes. As she was carelessly watching the few pedestrians out of sight, she saw a man, carrying a black satchel, come out of the house next door. Indifferently her eyes followed him up the street, until he turned in at her walk, a little surprised; she moved towards the steps.

"Is your mother at home, little girl?" he asked.

Jeanne answered him with a faint "yes," and motioned him towards a chair. Then she opened the screen door, and slipped noiselessly into the house. In a few minutes, she returned and murmured, "Mother's coming." Seating herself on the floor in front of her paper doll's house spread out there, she began quietly fingering her dolls.

The young man, fanning himself with his hat, tried to draw her into conversation, but failed. Jeanne had not forgotten that she was quite unhappy and did not want to talk. So, to nearly all of his questions, the young man received only a shake or a nod of her head, accompanied by long, steady looks from her blue eyes.

Soon her mother appeared, and the young man turned his attention to interesting her in his magazine. Opening his black satchel, he took out a number, and laid them on the table. Quietly, Jeanne left her paper dolls and leaned against the banisters. Soon her keen eyes spied one magazine partly hidden under the others which interested her, and her gaze never wandered long at a time from that spot.

The man noticed that she had come nearer, and when her mother was called to the telephone, he suddenly asked if she

wished to see his magazines, too. Taken by surprise, she looked at him solemnly for a few minutes to determine whether or not he were in earnest. Deciding that he was, for the first time that morning, a pleased smile lighted her face as she came nearer the table.

"I'd like to see this one," a faint little voice said as she pointed to one nearly hidden by the others.

"All right," said the man, as he pulled it out and handed it to her.

Jeanne's smile ended in a little laugh as she caught a glimpse of the cover, with its picture of two men assisting a woman into a motor. But as she turned the leaves, she became grave. A look of disappointment spread over her face as she finished looking at the magazine and handed it back to the man.

"Don't you like it?" he ventured.

She shook her head.

"Here are some more over here. Wouldn't you like these? There are a lot of paper dolls in them."

She glanced at those he offered, and again she shook her head. Going back to her paper dolls, she seated herself with her back to him, and apparently became interested in her ladies.

The man, strangely perplexed, silently studied the gingham clad child until her mother returned. As he was preparing to leave, he hesitated a moment, then, searching in his black satchel, produced another book. Packing away all of his magazines except this one, he went over to Jeanne and put it down beside her.

"Maybe you will like this one," he said, and hurriedly left the porch.

Jeanne, dazed, looked at it for several minutes. Then as she slowly turned the pages, a long "Oh!" of joy escaped her smiling lips.

With the precious book in her hand, she watched until she saw the man leave the house next door. Then, forgetful of all warnings, she rushed out into the hot sun and came panting to his side.

"Oh, Mister!" she exclaimed, "Thanks for the mens—I wanted them—to—to go with my ladies—there are heaps and heaps of 'em too. Oh, I am so-o hap-py!" and she skipped back to the porch before the man could say a word.

The magazine man smiled and forgot the heat as he went on his way, for he felt that his morning's work had not been in vain.

RENA YOUNG, '23, ΠΘΜ

NIGHT

Have you ever been a-walking when the darkness ruled on high?

When the day's dull care was over and stars twinkled in the sky?

When the breezes, fresh and balmy, brought the scent of sleeping rose?

Oh, you'll see more lovely pictures than the sun's bright fairy shows!

How I like to watch the Dipper, and stare at the Milky-Way! Search the moon for hidden faces, watch the moonbeams on the hay,

Count the stars that shine the brightest, watch the frosty clouds float by!

Oh, the earth is just my footstool and my throne is all the sky;

And in my beauteous kingdom, there I rule with joy, supreme,

Till my mind grows blank completely and I'm off to lands of dream.

ANNIE THOMPSON BRADSHER, ΠΘΜ

MY EXPERIENCE IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Even now, I remember with a distinct recollection, the unpleasant frown that settled upon my face, when I had begun the first day of the period of my life which I shall call my experience in a doctor's office. It was late July, the season of the year when all of us want most to do nothing, that Miss Stack, the assistant, had chosen for her vacation. My father, being the very busy doctor that he was, needed somebody at once, to help him, and the lot fell to me. This task was not a pleasant one, nor did I in anyway try to make it pleasant. In truth, I am afraid the poor assistant's ears burned many hours, from the thoughts that crowded into my mind. The only thing that comforted me was the thought that I could be with my father more and perhaps find a new way to his pocket-book.

The office in which I worked was by no means the type of office where one has electric bells, private telephone, office boys, and such conveniences, for I was all of these combined. My father's office was on the third floor of the largest building in the small town where we lived. It consisted of a suite of three large, sunny rooms and one smaller one. The largest and most pleasant of these, was the waiting room, the furnishings of which consisted of a long tapestry covered couch,

several big easy chairs, a footstool or two, and a long mahogany table. The most homelike objects in the rooms were the tall floor-lamp and the bowl of flowers on the table.

The next room, smaller and more severely furnished, was the consulting office. Father's large roll-top desk, with its litter of letters and papers, occupied a large part of the room. A shabby but comfortable sofa, three well-filled book cases, a chair or two, and a safe were the other articles of furniture.

The operating room was the lightest room of the suite. The tiled floor, the washable walls, and the frosted window panes were the very embodiment of horror. The operating table stood in one corner and the instrument cabinet near by. A basin and an electrical sterilizer were the other instruments of torture. All these were white, with nothing to suggest life or color.

Father's practice was to some extent limited. He had given up a great deal of the general work for surgery; therefore it was much easier for me to find him when emergency cases came. They did come and so did the patients, although the office hours were posted very plainly at the entrance. I was kept in a constant state of telephoning for the doctor during the morning visiting hours.

My day at the office began about eight o'clock and lasted until five and sometimes much later. Opening the office was probably the task which I disliked most. The janitor never came to clean up until the day's work was well on its way; therefore you can imagine the untidy scene which greeted me each morning. The first things to do were to air the rooms and to dust, to sterilize all instruments that were likely to be used, and to open all mail, except that marked "personal." The last task took much time, because I was frequently interrupted by the telephone.

I had not been long in the office before I realized that one is judged by his voice. I began to know some of the patients over the telephone. The voices varied: some were high feminine voices, some deep-toned masculine voices; some piping childish voices; some, giggling, stammering girlish voices; some, extremely polite! some, unpardonably rude,—but whether they asked, "Whar is the doctor at?" or "Is Dr. Smith in the office?" they were all to be answered politely. It has been a puzzle to me for some time to know why some people object to leaving their names and telephone numbers. Even the possessor of the most cultured voice, when asked to leave her name, would reply indignantly, "I do not care to, thank you. I shall call later." Then I would sit down dispairingly, thinking that I had blundered dreadfully, until the telephone would ring again and some kinder voice would make me forget my troubled feelings.

It was always ten o'clock before my father reached the office. He was usually greeted by a waiting room full of patients. By the time I heard his step in the hall, I was almost ready to tear my hair and scream from answering question after question of the patients. The source from which these came seemed inexhaustible, for they ranged from, "When is the doctor coming?" to such very personal ones as, "You ain't married, is you?"

At times the appearance of the waiting room was rather laughable. I remember, one morning, a larger number than usual were waiting. Every conceivable crack and crevice was stuffed with them. Impatiently I glanced around the room and suddenly it all struck me as outrageously funny. An old negro with his black shiny face cocked to one side, sat rolling his eyes from one side of the room to the other. His foot, swathed in a huge bandage, told the tale of gout. Next to him was a quiet faced, tired looking woman, holding a hot,

fretful baby of about two years, who grabbed incessantly at her hat and hair. Discovering that these attempts were fruitless, he set up a howl at the top of his lungs. I was ready to administer that much needed slap—but just then my father entered the door and my attention was called elsewhere.

The real work of the day began now. Each patient wanted to be consulted first, and when told, "First come, first served," was inclined to act rather rudely. I was needed everywhere at once; the waiting patients demanded a question answerer, my father demanded a trained nurse, the telephone demanded a telephone operator,—and I was all three. How I ever managed to make myself into enough persons, I do not know, but somehow I satisfied each. At the very busiest moment, the telephone would ring and I would have to stop and answer it, trying in vain to conceal my extreme displeasure. But the time would pass somehow, and when all the patients had been attended to, father would say, "Well, chicken, let's go home to lunch."

The afternoon office hours began immediately after lunch and lasted until three o'clock. These usually passed more quickly and more smoothly than the morning hours. Perhaps this lay in my somewhat higher spirits and kinder attitude. The number of patients was always smaller, for even such creatures as these would hardly brave the scorching sun. Some would come, however, to wait very impatiently until their turn came and, having received the necessary attention, would hurry away, muttering something about "no money today."

By this time the day was well on its way, but I had several hours yet of the "office dog." It seemed almost impossible for father to manage to escape patients and calls long enough to make his afternoon calls. I have seen him, sometimes, after many fruitless attempts to leave, grab his hat, rush out

of the door and down the steps, and jump into the car without leaving a word of directions. He rarely ever returned until long after I had closed the office and gone home, thankful that one more day was over, but dreading the next day.

After the first week, I learned really to like some of the patients. I remember especially an old negro, who came each day to have his hand dressed. He could not become accustomed to sitting in the room with "white folks," and each day he had to be urged to sit down until the doctor could see him. Like most old negroes, he had a great fear of pain. I remember, when he was waiting, how he used to cross his legs, first one and then the other, while great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was no coward though, for when the bandages were removed, the only protest that he would make was a frequently murmured, "O Lord, save this old nigger!" When at last, the hand had been dressed, his face would resume its natural look and he would bow himself out of the room with, "Thank you, suh! thank you, suh!"

One day I heard a slight noise behind me and, turning, faced a child with a rather tragic expression upon her small face.

"What can I do for you, dear?" I asked her sweetly.

The large brown eyes opened wider, and a small hand reached out to touch my dress, as she whispered, "Dr. Smif has bringed me a tisser and fordot to dive her any teef."

The most laughable experience I ever had was with an elderly man, who came one day while father was out. With my first glance at him I recognized a gentleman. He was dressed extremely well. His hair was neatly brushed and his little white goatee was in perfect order. In one hand he carried a cane, in the other a tall silk hat and kid gloves. After waiting a few minutes for him to speak, I smiled very cordially and said, "Good afternoon." My visitor did not

answer, nor even change the expression of his face. Laying his hat, gloves, and stick upon the table, he seated himself calmly in one of the big chairs. I thought that perhaps he was deaf, and spoke louder, "Do you wish to see my father?" This time a faint smile played around the corners of his mouth, but still he did not answer. I was growing angry at the attitude which he was displaying, and finally, unable to hold my tongue longer, I declared, in a very unladylike manner, "You need not wait. I am sure my father won't see you, when he hears how you have acted!" To my amazement the man showed no surprise at this outburst but continued to smile that same patronizing smile. I was furious by this time, and I think I should have left the room had not my father arrived at this moment. He went at once and shook hands with the old gentleman. Then he made some signs, which the patient answered in the same manner. Much to my horror, I suddenly realized that he was deaf and dumb.

Later that same day, just as I was leaving the office, I was startled by someone's rushing up the steps. When I reached the door, I met a young man, dressed in dirty blue overalls and a plain blue shirt. He was breathing very hard and his words came in gasps, but somehow I managed to understand him. "The doctor—gave Ma—some medicine—what was in—a bottle, and—when she went to—drink it—it biled up!" he gasped.

I could hardly control myself, for I remembered that it was sal hepatica that had been sent her. Assuring the young man that the medicine was all right, I turned to lock the door, and to leave the poor old office to rest until the next day.

PROVOKING

It certainly is provoking
And I think it is a sin,
That folks are always joking
'Bout me 'cause I'm thin.

If 'twas only that which worried me,
I wouldn't mind at all;
But folks laugh at me, don't you see,
Because I am so tall.

But I've often told my mother,
When all is done and said,
I wouldn't mind the other,
If my hair was not so red.

But I'm always grieving, don't you see,
Because my face is speckled;
I wouldn't mind the other three
If I wasn't quite so freckled.

BURT PERRY, '23, ΣΦΚ

MASQUERADING

The Hughes family lived a block or two from the main street of Westonville, in a large white house set far back from the road. Mr. Hughes, a real estate agent, nearing the age of fifty, was the father of two very athletic young girls. His eldest daughter, Sarah, was in her second year in college, and had kept house for her father since his wife's death, ten years before this story begins. His baby girl, Doris, was a holy terror. Her chief delight was playing tricks on unsuspecting people. She had just attained the age of fifteen, and had, in a mushroomy way, become a grown lady, and very disdainful of her former playmates.

Doris was a rather tall girl for her age and had a mature face. Formerly she had worn her crisp, auburn hair in a large plait down her back, and never had been seen except clad in a dirty white middy, and a pair of rusty looking tennis shoes. All day long she had laughed and frolicked with the neighborhood boys. She had always been ready to join the "Big Nine" in the back yard. But, suddenly, she had outgrown all of this. Today she lay in the hammock, calmly reading. She wore the customary middy, but it was cleaner than formerly, and she actually had powder on her nose. Her sister sat near her, sewing industriously on some bright fancy work.

Mr. Hughes usually came home from his office about five o'clock, but today at three o'clock he drove up before the house, and came quickly up the long walk.

"Sarah," he said very quietly, "I have been called to Boston on business, and will have to leave in the morning. If

you think it will be safe, you may go with me. Doris can stay here with Aunt Maggie."

Sarah considered. "Well, Father, I suppose I'd better go. I have been wanting to go for quite a while to get some new clothes. However, I hate to miss the dance at the frat house tomorrow night. How long shall we be away?"

"Oh, not longer than three days at the most," her father responded. "See to it that all plans are made for Doris and Aunt Maggie. You won't mind staying here, will you, hon?"

Doris spoke up quickly in her new grown-up tone. "Why, not at all, Daddy. You and Sal just go right on!"

Early the next morning Mr. Hughes and Sarah got off. Doris went with them to the train. When she came home, a group of boys were standing by the gate, but she didn't notice them at all. She took her place in the hammock, but sat there only about three minutes. She jumped up, and clenched her fists.

"I'll do it! She'll never know! I'm going to do it!"

She walked swiftly into the house, and upstairs to Sarah's room. There she proceeded to throw open the closet door, and to get out all Sarah's best clothes. As she worked, she talked aloud to herself.

"I'll just get Don to carry me. He won't mind; he's a good sport. I guess I can dance *most* as good as Sal. Which dress shall I wear?"

She sorted out the clothes carefully, laying aside a black lace evening dress. Then she got out her sister's huge feather fan, and her tall Spanish comb.

"I'll run over to Don's and ask him if he'll carry me."

She flew out of the house and through the yard. On her way across, her playmates saw her and one, "Pig" MacDonald, separated himself from the group and came towards her.

"Say, Doris, how about going to the picture show?"

"I really haven't time to be bothered now, Henry." And she lifted her head disdainfully and went on.

She saw Don out at the garage, and hurried towards him. "Hello, Don. Look-a-here, won't you take me to the frat dance tonight in Sal's place? I do want to go so bad!"

Don, a tall young man with sleek, black hair parted exactly in the middle, was a member of the frat, and a very popular young man with the fairer sex. He looked at Doris a second time before he answered. Yes, she was a pretty girl, and, by Jove, he would take her.

"Sure, Doris," he answered with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll take you, and be glad of the chance. I have just been wondering whom I'd ask."

"All right. Now Don, don't you forget me."

She walked hurriedly back towards the house, but again she met Pig.

"Say, Doris," he said, half angry, "What's eatin' you? Come on 'n go with me."

Doris looked him straight in the eye and answered him haughtily, "Henry MacDonald, I cannot go to the picture show with you. I can't be bothered with you kids any longer."

And with this parting shot, she left him standing there, gazing after her with his mouth open. "Well, now I wonder if she thinks she can run over me like that?"

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Now, let us take a peep at Doris at ten minutes of eight. She stood before the bevel glass in Sarah's room, and smiled at herself. She wore Sal's black lace dress, which fitted her exactly, Sal's high-heeled evening slippers, and Sal's lace hose. She had her hair piled on her head in the latest style, and curled around her face in a thousand ringlets. She had

stuck Sal's high Spanish comb in her hair, and wore all the jewelry that Sal had left behind. Really, the effect was startling.

Then she went down stairs and paced nervously back and forth on the front porch, waiting for Don. After a few minutes she heard the car purr up before the house, and Don came whistling up the walk.

"Ready, Doris? By Jimmy, but you look good. Come on, let's go."

After they had been riding along for a few minutes, Doris spoke up in a frightened whisper. "Don, I'm getting nervous. Suppose the boys won't ask me to dance?"

"Don't you worry about that, I'll attend to it. They'll jump at the chance."

When they got to the frat house, the dancing had begun. As soon as they went in, Don called two of his friends and introduced them to Doris. She got along swimmingly, dancing every dance with one of Don's friends. But after she had danced the fifth dance she hadn't a partner for the next one. She looked around her desperately, but saw no kind rescuer in sight. Her mind worked hurriedly.

"I can't stand here alone. Where is Don? There he is, dancing with that hateful Helen Grey. I'll just go over and sit behind those palms until this dance is over."

She sauntered leisurely over, sat down, and just as leisurely began to fan. After her brain had cleared, she heard some one talking near her. It was Mrs. Wesley Morgan. Old gossip! Doris caught her name, and leaned nearer.

"Have you seen that Hughes child making a fool of herself?" The words came to her distinctly in the aristocratic tones of Mrs. Morgan. "She has dressed herself up in her sister's clothes, and is literally making a little goose of herself. They say Donald Hayes is having an awful time getting the boys to dance with her."

Doris sat up straight. Were they talking about her? Was Donald having an awful time getting the boys to dance with her? Her face began to burn, she jumped up quickly and ran to the door that led out on the porch. She spied Pig MacDonald, leaning against a post talking to a group of boys.

"Pig," she called in a low, strained voice, "Pig, come here a minute!"

Pig looked up when he heard her call him, and strolled over towards her with an "I-don't-care" look.

"Say, Pig, won't you take me home? I'd much rather go home with you than stay here."

"Sure, Doris, I'll take you home. We'll have to walk."

"Oh, that's all right! Come on, call the rest of the gang, and let's go home and make some lemonade!"

BURT PERRY, '23, ΣΦΚ

ONE NIGHT AT TWELVE P. M.

The world was wrapt in silence,
In the wee small hours of night,
And through an open window
Shone in the bright moonlight.
Around a long, dark table
Three ghostly figures sat,
With heads bent low in silence—
This was no time to chat.
Were heads bent low in study?
Did silence come from toil?
What fiendish lessons forced them
To burn the midnight oil?
Fear not, my gentle reader,
For this, you now may know,
Was only a feast at midnight,
And a teacher roomed below.

ANNIE SELLARS, '24, ΠΘΜ

JIMMY

The brilliant light from the electric lamp illumined the plain, old-fashioned dining room of the Jones home. Big Sister Sadie arose from the supper table, and, smoothing out the ruffles of her crisp, blue, taffeta dress, gave a last disdainful sniff at her small brother, seated at her elbow, and strutted vainly from the room.

Jimmy, with his small head of brown tousled hair and his bright beaming face, caught the contagion of something unusual in the air and looked at his mother with a puzzled frown.

"Professor Brown's coming to see Sister tonight, Jimmy," said Mrs. Jones in her musical voice. "Maybe you had best go to bed early."

Perhaps it was just as well that this mother did not see Jimmy's clenched fist under the table, nor the determined set of his small jaw.

Meanwhile, in the hall outside, Sadie surveyed with satisfaction her slim reflection in the hall mirror. Her face was oval, with big hazel eyes and curling brown hair above her fair forehead. Smiling mysteriously, she softly opened the parlor door and seated herself at the piano. The soft strains of a familiar melody floated in through the kitchen window to the small, tired figure of her gray-haired mother, who bent wearily over the supper dishes. She smiled and went on with her work.

But the soft strains of Sadie's melody had another meaning for small Jimmy, who sat on the front-door step. It

meant that he must think, and think quickly. His small face wore a meaning look and his mischievous brown eyes kept faithful watch on the small front gate.

Suddenly he pricked up his ears. Then his face lighted up. Footsteps slowly and steadily approached on the gravel walk. A tall figure appeared at the gate. The new-comer wore a high-crowned, black beaver hat, a stiff white collar, and a long black coat. Jimmy at once recognized the crooked cane and the slow, plodding gait of the hated professor. "Now's my chance to git even wid you, ole man!" he mumbled to himself.

Jumping up from his perch, Jimmy started straight down the walk, meeting the professor at the gate. He wore his most saintly expression, and lifted his head proudly, as he said, "Evenin', Professor. Sister gave me a little message 'fore she left, to give you. She went to ride with our new doctor, an' said she's sorry she had a previous engagement and couldn't see you tonight."

The professor's happy, confident expression changed to one of disappointment and chagrin, but without a word of protest, he straightened his shoulders, turned, and walked away. Jimmy clasped his hands over his mouth, to smother peals of laughter.

Some time later Sister Sadie might have been seen pacing nervously up and down the parlor floor, while Jimmy slept peacefully in his bed upstairs, a smile of revengeful satisfaction on his mischievous face.

MARY LACY PALMER, '23, ΠΘΜ

A BIT OF RASCALITY

Above the dilapidated and scattered woodpile, suddenly appeared two little woolly heads. Two pairs of black eyes gazed questioningly at each other, and then the two heads nodded understandingly. Two small, dirty little bodies emerged from behind the woodpile, and stealthily approached the back door steps.

From the kitchen, the voice of Aunt Sindey rose in tones of determination:

“I’s gwine be dah,
I’se gwine be dah,
Yes, Lord, I’se gwine be dah, sho!”

Stepping out upon the porch, she placed on the top step a plate of steaming ginger-bread, without noticing a sudden shuffle behind the woodpile, where two mouths watered in anticipation.

As Aunt Sindey resumed her song in the kitchen, two small, dirty little bodies again stealthily approached the kitchen steps. The ginger-bread suddenly disappeared.

Aunt Sindey, emerging from the kitchen door, gazed uncertainly at the empty plate. Folding her arms akimbo, she gazed suspiciously at the woodpile. Then she muttered to herself, as she made her way back into the kitchen, “Jest wait till I cotch de little rascals! Jest wait!”

EXTRA

As I sat by the window, drearily watching the rain pour down on the street outside, I felt as miserable as I knew how to feel. The day, to me, had been endless, and everything had gone wrong.

In spite of all this ill-humor, I could hardly suppress a laugh when a huge orange and black umbrella, bearing advertisements which varied from "Brown's New Bakery" to "Ladies' Hole-Proof Hosiery," appeared, supported, apparently, by two small, but well-shaped legs that were gingerly picking their way down the street, zigzagging from one side to the other to avoid mud-puddles. I could hear a shrilly whistled, curious mixture of "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Beulah Land," which became more distinct as the umbrella drew nearer.

Finally, I could see a pair of patched knee-trousers, and then a red sweater, out at the elbows. With a backward tilt of the umbrella a dirty round face appeared, that I recognized as belonging to the little newsboy who always distributed the afternoon papers. He wore an old felt hat crown, with a hole in the top, through which protruded a lock of red hair that clashed terribly with the orange umbrella and the red sweater. I raised the window, and the noise evidently attracted his attention, for, with the rush of cool, refreshing air that greeted me, I received a bright happy smile that was equally as refreshing. His mischievous green eyes twinkled as he handed me a paper, and said in his pleasant childish way, "Pretty day, ain't it?"

And I decided that it really was!

SARAH BOYD, '23, ΠΘΜ

THE HUNT

The two tall darkies crept stealthily in and out among the trees, swinging their smoky lanterns, and whistling softly to the two eager hounds at their heels. It was an unusually dark night. The moon shone occasionally, casting long, ghostly shadows among the trees, and then disappearing suddenly behind some dark cloud. In the dingy light of their lanterns, the two forms looked ghost-like. Only the soft whining of the hounds told that they were not a part of the shadowy darkness of the tall trees.

The hounds grew more and more excited, and finally bounded on ahead, leaving their masters to follow.

For a while the dogs trotted quietly among the dead leaves and fallen twigs; then they suddenly leaped forward, and disappeared into the darkness.

The darkies quickened their pace. Their low voices and soft laughter told of their carefree happiness and hopes for success in their hunt.

Suddenly they stopped, and, raising their heads, listened intently. From far off came the sharp yelping of the hounds. They smiled meaningfully in the moonlight, and started off at a run in the direction of the barking dogs.

The moon, coming out suddenly from a cloud, showed two darkies standing under a persimmon tree. The two dogs leaped excitedly around the tree, barking furiously. One of the darkies held his smoky lantern high above his head, and peered anxiously among the tree limbs. By the dingy light, they saw two eyes, like tiny balls of fire, glaring intently down at them.

They chuckled softly to themselves.
“He’s dah, ain’t he, Sambo?”
“He’s dah, all right!”
“An’ he’s our’n, ain’t he?”
“Humph, nigger! Dat all de gumpshin you got ’bout possums? He’s our’n to git!”

An hour later, two triumphant darkies stole slowly homeward through the night. By the light of the moon might have been seen a gray sack, hung on a stout stick, which they carried between them.

GRACE BUCHANAN, '23, ΠΘΜ

IN AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

The moonlight, filtering through the heavy foliage, cast speckled shadows across the silvery little path that wound from the big house through the flower garden, and the delicate scent of lavender and mignonette hung over everything. Down the path came a young girl, her full white taffeta gown rustling as she walked. Her skirt was formed of billows upon billows, and hoops upon hoops. Tucked in here and there were little blue bows peeping from under the heavy lace and silk. Her waist rose slimly from the full skirt, and her face above the white fichu looked more like a pale white rose than the face of a girl.

Her black hair was parted in the middle, and drawn over her ears, ending in thick clusters of curls tied with blue ribbons. She had wound a wreath of arbutus through her hair, and the odor hovered delicately around her face.

Her full red lips were parted, and she hummed carelessly, under her breath, “Lorena,” the love song of the sixties. As she walked along, her tiny feet twinkling in and out beneath her many starched petticoats, she was the perfect picture of

girlhood. At a curve in the path, the moonlight shone full on her face, showing the tiny dimples at the corners of her mouth, and her pert little nose, which gave her an air of always seeming to say, "I'm going to have my way, today, tomorrow, and forever on."

BURT PERRY, '23, ΣΦΚ

NEVERMORE

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a morning dreary, as I skipped, frightened and weary,

Over many a stitch of knitting that was quite forgotten lore—
While I knitted, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping

As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis Mrs. McLelland," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this (what could be more?)"

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of her skirt

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors often felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis Mrs. McLelland seeking me at my chamber door—
Nothing could be more."

Much I marveled at the knowledge which she discoursed so plainly,

For it had so much meaning, so much relevancy bore;
And we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Except Mrs. McLelland could see through my chamber door.
One hard look she gave me, took my arm, and gently dragged
me,

Quoting always, "Nevermore!"

ELIZABETH TURNER, ΣΦΚ

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Trinity Archive*, the *Technician*, *The Davidsonian*, *The Lehigh Brown and White*, *The Acorn*, *The Pine and Thistle*, and the *Carolina Magazine*.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

March 8. Fashion and languages may change—but human nature never. Despite his classic language and his Roman attire, Marcus, the little boy in the Latin play, *Puer Qui Se a Schola Abstinnit*, played sick to keep from going to school.

March 17-24. The third quarter and the quarterly tests actually ended and everybody went home to rest, to get Easter bonnets, and to have a “big time.”

March 19-April 2. The Reverend Gypsy Smith, Jr., held meetings in the Presbyterian Church. We also had the pleasure of hearing him in our own Chapel.

April 2. A fountain came to Peace to be a home strictly for the “finny and feathery folk.”

April 16. The pupils of Mademoiselle Marsh presented two plays, *La Surprise d' Isedore* and *Pauvre Sylvie*. They spoke with true Parisian accent, so far as we know. We defy the French themselves to exceed their rate of word production.

April 17. All of us greatly enjoyed the songs sung by Miss Case and Mr. Brown.

April 21. S-h-h! the Trustees. They held their annual meeting and had luncheon with us.

April 21. The students of the Home Economics Department enjoyed a highly instructive Textile Exhibition at State College—not to mention the samples brought back to fill the pages of Memory Books.

April 22. Thrills and flowers and heart vibrations—Student Body Reception.

April 24. We went to the Electrical Exhibition at State College. All were particularly interested in the radiophone.

April 28. As You Like It. We liked it very much, as presented by the Expression Class.

Every Thursday at Chapel Time, we enjoy a recital by Mrs. Webber's pupils. The voices vary in range from "basso-by-thunder" to coloratura.

We are making great preparations for our May festival to take place on the campus during Commencement. Elizabeth Gibson will be the queen and Margaret Jenkins the prince. There will be several May-pole dances before the throne. Almost the entire student body will take part, under the supervision of the physical director. The Seniors will have charge of the booths for refreshments and souvenirs.

DEPARTMENTS

Y. W. C. A.

February 27-March 1. Miss Clark, Y. W. C. A. Secretary, was with us several days. She gave us inspiring talks.

March 5-7. Mrs. Smith, Young People's Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, spent two days with us. Mrs. Smith's talks proved very helpful.

March 12. Miss Segsworth, Secretary of Student Volunteers, spoke earnestly and forcefully at Y. W. C. A.

April 8. At our regular Y. W. C. A. meeting, Mrs. Blaine, missionary to China, told us of her experience as a missionary. Mrs. Blaine's talk was thoroughly enjoyed.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Sigma Phi Kappa and Pi Theta Mu Literary Societies held their regular meetings on the night of April 8. The following programs were presented.

Π Θ Μ

Roll Call	<i>Secretary</i>
Business Discussion	
Reading	<i>Lucille Ewing</i>
Vocal Solo	<i>Anna Wilson</i>
School News and Jokes	<i>Janet Quinlan</i>
Piano Solo	<i>Eunice Higgins</i>

Story: Van Dyke's "Humoresque"	Rena Young
Reading	Elizabeth Quinlan
Current Events	Mary Booker
Vocal Solo: "Because"	Carolyn Patterson

Σ Φ K

Roll Call	Secretary
Business Discussion	
Song: "Girls of Peace"	Society
Reading	Martha Sanders
Violin Solo	Elizabeth Turner
Story	Nellie Russell
Selections by Jazz Orchestra	
Piano Solo	Ella Sherard
Piano Duet	Mable Pippin and Fannie Monroe

ATHLETICS

On March 2, the gym students gave an exhibition under the direction of Miss Eichelberger. The exhibition consisted of tactics, club and dumb bell drills, Morris and Russian dancing, Pop goes the Weasel, Portland Fancy, and aesthetic dances. The exhibition was a credit to both girls and director. The events were graded on the number of mistakes made in each event. The Greens won.

The tennis singles are being played off and the doubles are to be played soon.

The track meet is to be held on Monday, May 8. It is being looked forward to with great interest.

Points stop counting May 8. Nineteen girls have already made the points necessary for a P. I. This is a good record and shows that the girls have been working.

Athletics have played a big part in the school this year and we hope they will mean even more next year.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Mary Mangum, of Wake Forest, spent Easter week-end with Lucille Hatch.

Mary C. Howard spent a day with us in April.

Elizabeth Anderson, '20, recently spent an afternoon at Peace. She is a member of the class of '22, Trinity College.

Sallie Johnson made us a most welcome visit on Easter Monday.

Jessie Holliday is a frequent visitor.

In February, Hattie Mae Morrisey, '19, spent a week-end with us. She is teaching in the "Caswell Training School" at Kinston.

Dorothy Blount, '20, and Grace McNinch, '21, spent Easter Sunday at Peace.

Mrs. A. M. Fairley and Eugenia Fairley, '21, paid us a week-end visit in April.

To the Alumnae:

We are hoping that a great number of the alumnae will come to Commencement. Let's have a rousing reunion and meet all our old friends here.

Mrs. Biscoe Redmond Howell, of Fayetteville, N. C., died March 26, 1922. Mrs. Howell was formerly Miss Elizabeth Howard, of Tarboro, N. C., and was a member of the class of 1912 of Peace Institute.

TO THE SENIORS OF '22

You have been good leaders;
You have helped us all along.
You have set good examples;
We will strive to follow on
In the path you've opened for us.
As a farewell gift we give you
All our wishes, most sincere,
That the future have for you in store
Greater joys than you have known before.
And then add one thing more:
Peace is better for having had you;
Better and prouder, too, for girls of such caliber,
Seniors of '22.

HARRIET BROWN, '23, ΣΦΚ

UNFAMILIAR VOICES OF PEACE

Addie Southerland: "I'm so tired of baseball games and social functions. I'm for the quiet life."

Margaret Scott (at 7 A. M.): "Up!"

Molly Pigford: "Wake me up at five in the morning. I want to study."

Lulu McLaurin: "I'm worried to death."

Miss Ingraham: "No preparation will be necessary for Senior English."

Sprunt Hall: "Put up a *Busy*. Let's make fudge! It's only eleven o'clock."

Mrs. Davis: "Have you read the latest 'Snappy Stories'?"

Mrs. McLelland: "Ding bust it! Skip practice!"

May Tankersley (going to the Carolina-State College baseball game): "Me for red and white!"

Elizabeth Gibson: "Are we going to have an Annual this year?"

Harriet Brown: "I'm scared to death!"

Any Senior: "Our privileges burden us!"

Mrs. Fowler: "You're just tired. Come on in and rest."

Miss Kirkpatrick: "Three cheers for Carolina!"

'Cile Howard: "I don't want to go home."

Miss Stancel: "Girls, your rooms are immaculate this morning."

Miss McLelland: "It's early yet, boys—only eleven o'clock. Stay as long as you like."





